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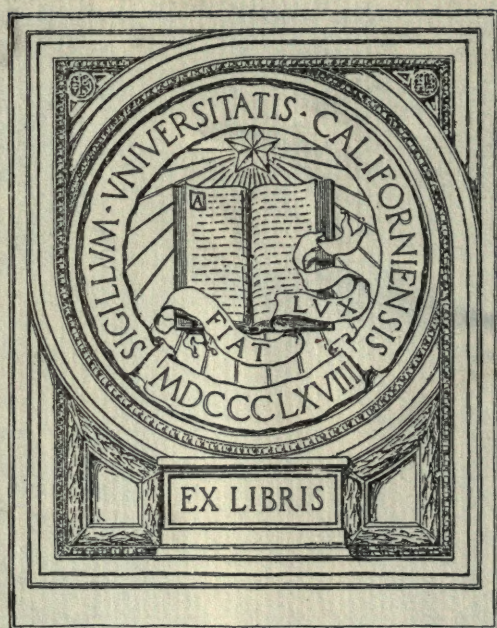
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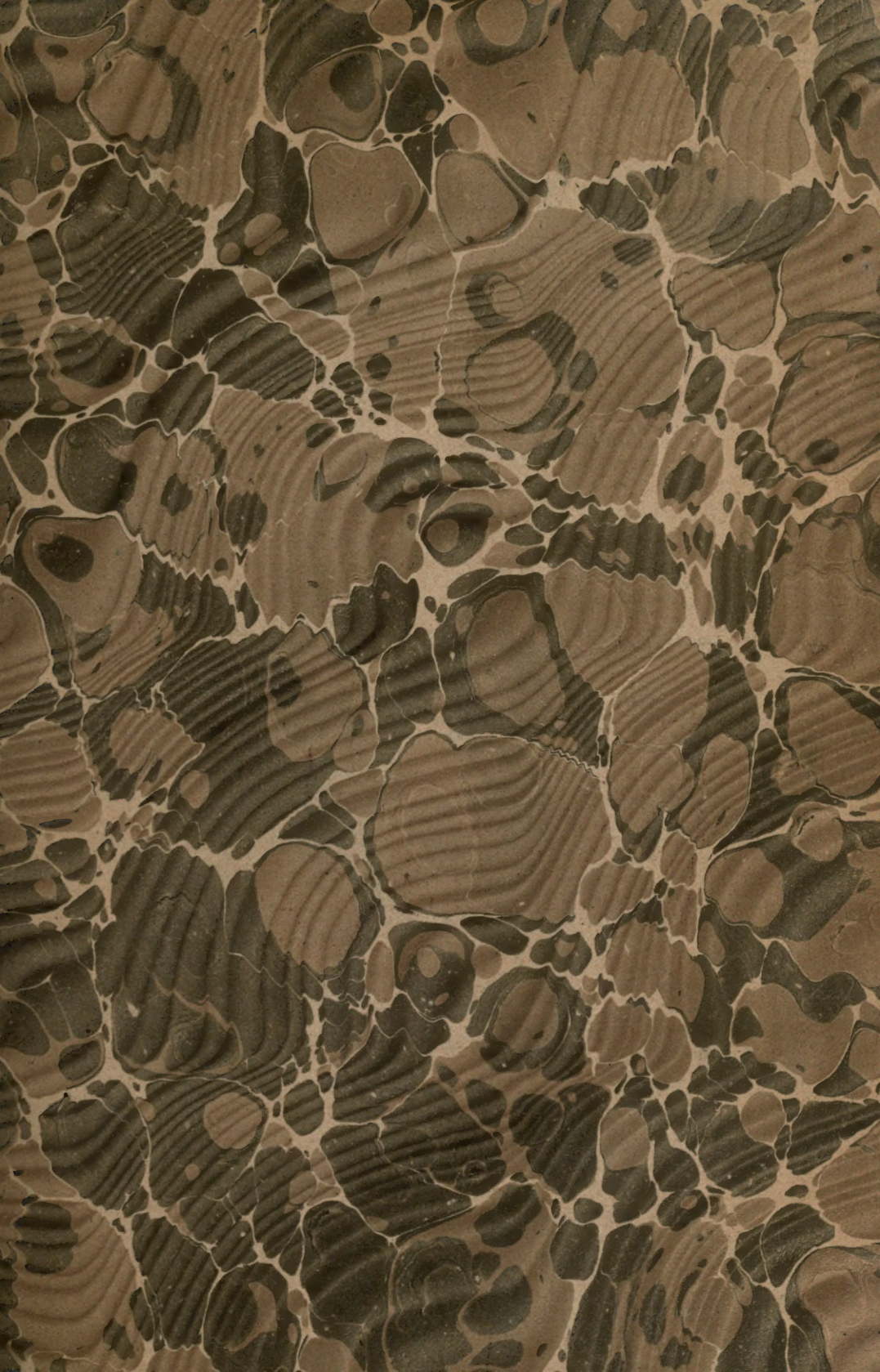
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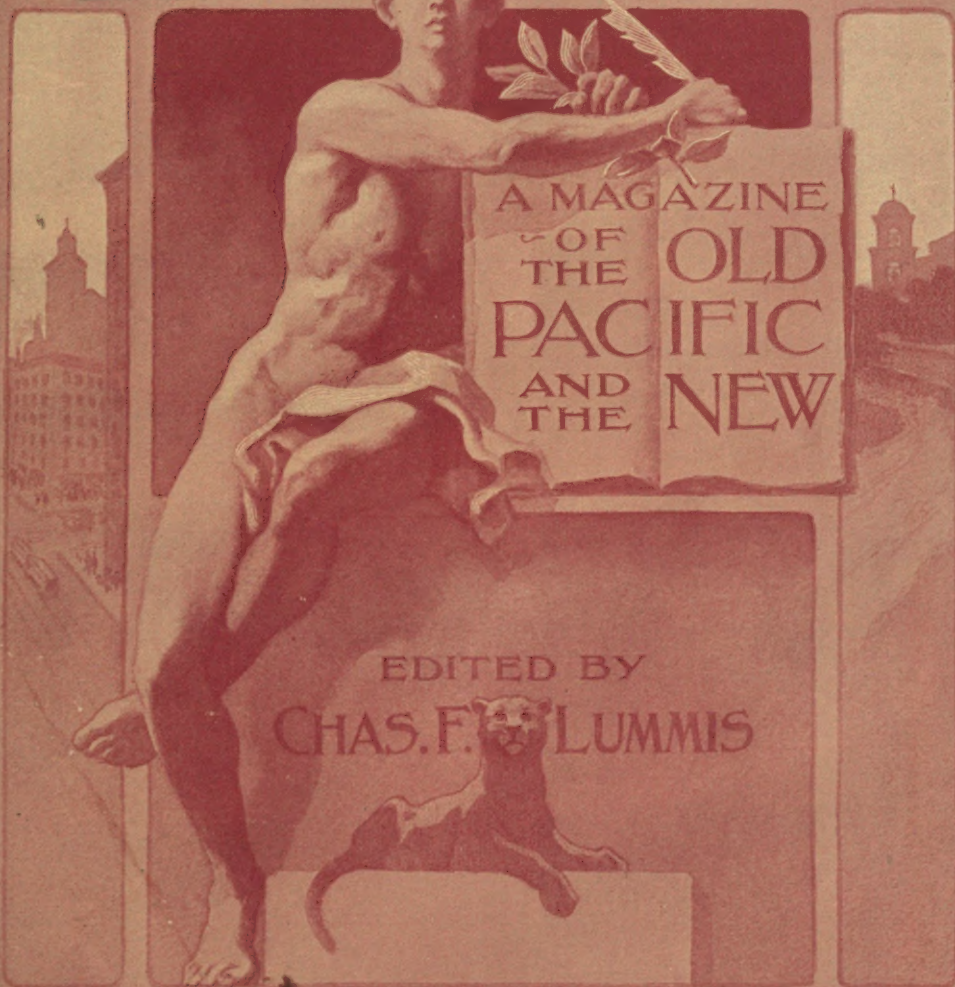
God's Country--The Desert

Vol. XXIX, No. 1

OUT WEST

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Out West

A MAGAZINE OF
The Old Pacific and the New

(FORMERLY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

EDITED BY

Chas. F. Lummis

AND

Charles Amadon Moody

STAFF—David Starr Jordan, Joaquin Miller, Theodore H. Hittell, Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Collier Graham, Charles Warren Stoddard, Grace Ellery Channing, Ina Coolbrith, William Keith, Dr. Washington Matthews, Geo. Parker Winship, Frederick Webb Hodge, Charles F. Holder, Edwin Markham, Geo. Hamlin Fitch, Chas. Howard Shinn, Wm. E. Smythe, T. S. Van Dyke, Chas. A. Keeler, Louise M. Keeler, A. F. Harmer, L. Maynard Dixon, Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, Constance Goddard DuBois, Batterman Lindsay, Charles Dwight Willard, Elizabeth and Joseph Grinnell, Frederick Starr, Sharlot M. Hall, Ella Higginson, Mary Austin.

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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1908

OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OUT WEST

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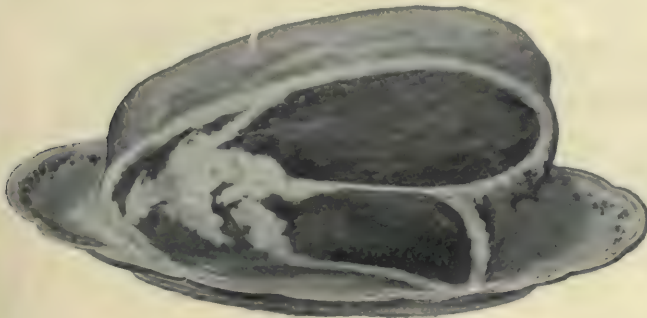
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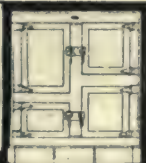
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GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—San Francisco Savings Union, N. W. cor. California and Montgomery streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof, and earn dividend from July 1.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE—The Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter street. For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on all deposits, free from taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones sts., San Francisco, June 26, 1908.

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Photo by Brennan

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Vol. XXIX, No. 1

JULY, 1908

GOD'S COUNTRY—THE DESERT

By SHARLOT M. HALL.



"WHITE WING" DOVE ON
GIANT CACTUS IN FLOWER

THE big dull-copper disk of the full moon swung up over the dark-lined mountains—true desert ranges, sharp peaks clean cut as horns, knife-like hog-backs, wave-edged ridges blue-black against a fathomless purple sky beset with stars. In front, lesser peaks and ridges swam up out of the wide uplifted plain like strong islands out of a sea of sand. Islands they were—the scarred and time-worn summits of great ranges lost deep under the wash of centuries. Down the wide, low cañons the idling night-wind drifted the perfume of blossoming mesquite and cat-claw and strange, wild shrubs and unnamed herb and flower in engulfing waves of fragrance.

Two riders stopped on a hill-top, and looked up at the moon and the sharp-jawed peaks and out across the dusky open where the sand-washes gleamed like rivers of silver in the moonlight, threading in and out among the dark shadow-patches of mesquite and cactus.

One was an old man, with forty years of the desert mapped in his face; it was as seamed and lined and brown as the hills would be under tomorrow's sun. "God's Country!" he said—to himself rather than to the silent rider by his side. "God's Country! We used to call the States that. We weighed every ounce of gold dust in our buckskin bags on Sunday morning—because when it weighed so



THE "HOLE-IN-THE-WALL," NEAR PHOENIX
This is typical desert country.

much we were going back to God's Country; going where the ground grew things to eat and nobody knew how to drink out of a canteen.

"Why, *this* is God's Country—the cleanest, freest, bravest land under the stars—if you know how to take it. I can find food and shelter in any corner of it; yes, and physic too, if it comes to that. They say Nature has put everything a man needs, sick or well, on any square mile of earth—if he has sense enough to find it."

The old man was a type—"desert mad," held fast in the spell of wide, clean, sun-filled skies unblurred by any smoke but the bitter-sweet trail of a camp-fire of dry yucca leaves heaped over an armful of pungent grease-wood; a wide, clean, sun-white land where the



PALO VERDE AND CREOSOTE AT HOME

only boundary marks were the monuments some prospector had set across a ledge—or the lesser heap of stones against the cross of rough mesquite where some desert wanderer had staked his last claim.

The desert is like a Sargasso sea, as full of strange human drift as that part of the ocean is said to be of derelict ships. Happy derelicts, many a one of these the desert has claimed; drifting through a golden haze which clothes every barren ledge and sun-burned hill-side with the glamour of hope. Beyond, beyond, just beyond, the sand glistens yellow in the sun and every broken boulder is flecked with "values."

Some of them have not been outside the desert in half a lifetime; a few times a year they straggle in to the little stores that mark the

last in-reach of civilization, exchange a meagre hoard of gold-dust or blackened, pocket-worn silver coins for beans, flour, coffee, a bit of bacon, whiskey always; boast guardedly over chunks of gold-specked ore, and fade back into the mirage behind the lean burros.

They bring strange scraps of desert myth and lore, gleaned perhaps from wandering Mexicans, or from the Indians that drift in and out as the cactus-fruit and mesquite-beans ripen, or the finer basket materials grow scarce elsewhere—wisdom of herb and plant, odd “cures” as good probably as anything in the regular pharmacopœia, and grim superstitions of haunted water-holes, outfits of packed burros that vanish into clean air as the traveller comes near, and the red camel with pouches of gold and a skeleton rider still



A TYPICAL DESERT OF THE FOOTHILLS

Tree “opuntias,” grape cactus, giant cactus and creosote bush

lashed to his back, whom many a man has sighted and no man could capture.

Ching Lee, the old Chinaman who gardens patiently in a tiny oasis and hauls his vegetables away to market at the mining-camps across the desert, had rheumatism. He crawled painfully along his neat rows of beans and sweet potatoes, and burned many prayer-sticks before his worn and faded rice-paper Joss without relief. Some passing prospector stopped to fill his canteens, and told the old man to boil a rattlesnake and bathe his limbs in the broth. The prescription was followed—and Ching is as well as any man.

The rattlesnake has a part all his own in the desert practice of healing. Rattlesnake oil cures rheumatism and the stiffened joints

a man gets working down in a wet mine; the oil rubbed in the ears cures deafness; and a rattlesnake skin, tanned soft and supple as chamois and worn around the waist, will keep a man well on the hardest trip—but the dust from the rattles will cause blindness which nothing will cure.

There is a plant which the rattlesnake fears—he will not crawl across it, and, if it is dropped on him, he uncoils and crawls away. Perhaps this is only a bit of myth, but every desert man knows the



A GIANT ECHINOCACTUS

This specimen is nearly six feet tall. Smaller sizes are used for making a very good candy and preserve

golondrina—the creeping plant with tiny, round, gray-green leaves and minute, white blossoms with a brown centre.

“Rattlesnake-weed” grows in the little open spaces from the pines to the white sand-hills that shift back and forth in each year’s wind. The leaves pounded into a wet mass are bound on a snake-bite, and the victim, man or animal, is given huge draughts of the bitter, dark tea into which the whole plant is steeped. The golondrina tea is used as a liniment for rheumatism, too, and the Mexican women know that it dyes cotton cloth an enduring purplish black.

If the golondrina is too far to find, there is another desert cure for any snake-bite—a cure well enough attested and one with which many an Indian has fought bullet-wound and sabre-cut, and mastered incipient blood-poisoning. The leaves of any flat-leaved opuntia, but especially the common prickly pear, are thrown on a camp-fire till the thorns are singed off and the skin puffs up in watery blisters, then split open and bound hot on the wound. So many a pack-mule has been restored to place in the train, and many a limb that a physician would have amputated has been saved to do its owner good service on desert trails.

Under the sunrise the desert lay revealed—brown mountain-



BEAR GRASS OF THE DESERT FOOTHILLS

This burns like oil when greenest, and is used by freighters for starting their camp-fires. The fiber of the long leaves are a favorite basket material with the Indians. "Sotol" is its Indian name.

ranges buttressed with foot-hills that lap and interlap against each other, set with spur-like peaks and jutting horns of dark rock, with deep passes between. Here and there along the sun-burned ranges, strange cliffs and ledges intermingled at angles—as if the very flesh of the earth had slipped away and left the naked skeleton exposed to any curious gaze. There were long trails of rough, rounded boulders far down the barren slope of many a peak, as if the remnant of some giant cannonading lay scattered as it fell. Down these boulder-sweeps the prickly pear spread a gray-green trail, and the cholla balls rolled in prickly, pale-yellow waves.

Out from the hills the wide plain swung away against the horizon,

cut with yellow-brown sand-washes edged with pale-green mesquite and palo verde, and broken with the rugged, cliff-ribbed buttes where some lost mountain still thrust up above the sand.

All along the foothills tall clusters of whip-like ocatillo flamed with crimson blossoms; the giant cactus wore crowns of waxen white, the cat-claw bushes were white with honey-sweet bloom, and the tiny golden balls of the acacia distilled pure fragrance.

Elsewhere, in the higher mountains that were still desert, the older mescal plants showed thick buds like a giant asparagus-tip pushing apart the thorn-edged leaves of the heart; the flat-leaved opuntias were covered with blossoms of carven amber, and the rose-and-scarlet echinocereus flowers glowed against the gray rocks.



"PRICKLY PEAR" IN FRUIT

The deep red fruit of the flat-leaved opuntias is a food-fruit of the Indians. It is used fresh, dried and made into a syrup or jelly.

Still elsewhere on the desert plains and sandy ridges, the great tree-yucca lifted its royal crown, of ten, twenty, fifty blossom-spikes—a yard, all set with hundreds of white waxen bells. And far away in the still truer desert, the dry, semi-level uplands crossed and rimmed with barren ranges, the lesser yuccas were content with a single white, flag-like spike, or two or three; and the creeping opuntias still spread a cloth-of-gold table for the bees, and the creosote bushes swayed their frail yellow blossoms against the green-white fragrant flowers of the dwarf mesquite.

Perhaps, in truth, "every league of land holds the need of a man," and perhaps every weed is indeed only an undiscovered flower. Not many things grow in the desert that the desert people have not some way used. It was as hard to starve an Apache to death in the

lean, dry foothills as it would have been to starve a coyote; he knew every moisture-hoarding root, every foot-seed and leaf and twig.

The Indian women of the desert tribes knew roots and barks that yielded dyes, and gums with which the basket water-bottles were pitched to make them tight, and others that were the secret of the glaze which certain pottery-makers could secure. They knew plants which supplemented the skill of the Medicine Men, and an expert basket-maker would adapt the material at hand, from mesquite and cottonwood twigs to the supple arrow-weed and thread-like filaments of the bear-grass.

The mesquite was the mother-tree of the desert. If there was a seeping underflow of water, it grew twenty or thirty feet tall, with



WHIPPLE'S OPUNTIA—"BUCKHORN CACTUS"

This has greenish yellow blossoms; the ripe fruit is pale yellow. The nest of a cactus wren may be seen on one of the branches.

horizontal branches nearly as long—and by common tradition as much wood under ground as on top. If the earth was parched and poor, there was more wood underground; the dark, iron-hard roots forced their way down and around in a circle perhaps twice the spread of the dwarfed top which the wise tree dared to expose to the sun.

Here was firewood; here was material for an enduring skeleton for the "stick-and-mud" huts; here were dye-bark, and pitching-gum, and basket-twigs; and, above all, here was a food-supply as dependable as any in the desert.

The mesquite was the bread-tree. In spring, while the delicate

mimosa-like leaves are still a tender green, every twig and branch is wreathed as in a bridal garment of richly fragrant greenish-white blossoms like silky fringe—or fluffy white caterpillars. Following the blossoms, the slender beans grow long and thicken to yellow ripeness; but if there chanced a winter of drouth the blossoms withered and fell, or did not appear at all, and Indian and wild deer and little sand-burrowing squirrels alike took a reef in their belts and waited for some lucky summer-rain or river-overflow to bring a second blossoming and a winter harvest.

The Indians ate the beans before they were half grown, raw or cooked; and when they ripened, whole tribes turned out to the harvest and stored great piles in basket-like granaries of twisted arrow-weed. The long pods enclose a seed rich in oil, and the pod



TYPICAL UPRIGHT OPUNTIA OF THE HIGHER DESERT FOOTHILLS

is itself sweet and of much food value. All day long, when the harvest is in, the old women sit and grind the beans between two flat stones into a meal that is baked into a hard bread, or used in mush, or stirred into the favorite rabbit-stew or into water and fermented in the sun to a sort of beer.

In the summer the thick gum which exudes from the tree in drops is gathered, and the children eat it and grow fat, as the gum-arabic pickers are said to do. The Apaches pitch their woven water-bottles with it, and the Mexicans use it, dissolved in water, as a cure for sore-throat.

If the mesquite-bean was the desert bread, the mescal-heart was its cake and wine—served over a longer period perhaps, but at its best in spring and early summer. The mescal, the Indian Maguey,

is an agave, akin to the century-plant, with smaller, shorter leaves, tough and strong and armed with brown, hooked thorns all along their dull-green edges. It ranges over the desert from the high pine-forests to the rocky ridges and foot-hills where snow never falls.

When the thick cordage-like root strikes fast, it spreads out underground in all directions like the mesquite, and sends up new plants from the root-joints, till, when the old plant dies after blossoming, there is a colony of young plans of all sizes to take its place.

Year after year the pointed head of leaves in the center of the thorn-armed rosette thickens at the base, till some spring a big bud



THE HOME OF THE GREASEWOOD, OR CREOSOTE

The bitter smoke given off by its burning wood and leaves was sometimes used by the Indians in torturing their captives.

like a clenched fist is thrust out; a giant asparagus-tip it might be, touched and tinted with rose and pink and bronze-wine over the pale, fresh green; as thick as a man's arm, and growing taller at the rate of six inches or more a day, till at last it stands ten, fifteen feet in the air, bearing a many-branched spike of rich yellow blossoms.

While it is still short, the strange, bright bud is sweet as sugarcane and almost as tender as asparagus, and is eaten raw, or baked, or boiled. But this is only a summer luxury; before the bud-tip emerges from the head of the plant, the Indian women and children leave the villages and go into the hills and cañons where the mescal-fields have been known for generations, and the baking-pits of long-

past seasons may be found overgrown with bear-grass and prickly pear.

Sometimes the old pits are cleaned out; more often, new ones are made in some spot not far from brushwood that will feed the fires. The mescal-heads are cut and heaped in piles—many heads, several days' cutting for all the party. Then the wood is dragged in, the pits lined with stones, and fires blaze on top till the earth and rocks are baking hot. The ashes are cleaned out of the hot pits as out of the



CREOSOTE IN BLOSSOM

old-time clay ovens in which our grandmothers baked brown-bread and pies, and the clean mescal-heads are piled in and covered over with leaves, hot stones, and a layer of earth.

Three days are allowed for a big baking, and the crisp heads come out soft and sweet and flavored, to the white man's taste, like molasses gingerbread. This baked mescal is eaten fresh, or pressed into tight rolls and dried in the sun, to be eaten like hard bread. Rolls of the baked mescal have been found in the cliff-dwellings

along with the corn-cobs and squash-shells and cotton-bolls of a forgotten people.

Not every mescal-head that was harvested on the rugged hillsides and along the deep cañon walls went into bread. The Mexicans have long distilled, in rude fashion, a fiery liquor from it, and the Apache had his own method of producing an "Apache cocktail," which has been described as "a cup of red-hot sulphuric acid, stirred with a Gila-monster's tail, and with a cholla-ball on top instead of a cherry."

One of the early desert poets, who was probably familiar with the drink, as he was with the customs of the Apaches, has described the method of making it.



MESCAL IN BLOSSOM

"The leaves of Maguey head they shave,
Then mash the substance to a pulp,
Compressing all the juice of bulb
Into a vat of stout rawhides,
From which the sun the juice oxides,
Forming a simple fermentation,
Producing Apache intoxication.
This liquor, distilled in horns alembous,
Causes a 'delirium tremendous.' "

The desert people have never lacked the means of producing a "delirium tremendous" when so inclined, and the same poet has recorded another method which is still in use and has lost none of its

potency. Every few months there is an outbreak of tizwin moon-shining on the Apache reservations, and wicker jars of the sprouting corn are found buried in secluded spots. The poetic formula for tizwin runs thus:

"The Tizween drink is much enjoyed;
To make it, Indian corn's employed;
They bury the corn until it sprouts—
Destroying food for drinking bouts;
Then grind it in a kind of tray,
Then boil it strong about a day;



READY FOR CATTLE FOOD

Most of the thorns have been burned from this opuntia. In this condition cattle eat this cactus greedily.

Strain off the juice in willow sieve,
And in the sun to ferment leave.
The fermented juice is called tulpai,
On which Apache chief gets high."

There was a lesser desert-bread harvest, in which the little brown acorns of the bushy scrub-oak, and the delicate nuts of the piñon-pine, and many grass-seeds had part. The corns were roasted around the camp-fires, and sometimes ground into meal for mush or hard, round cakes of bread. The nomad tribes followed the ripening of the food-seeds, and on the upland mesas where the grasses

grew tall the women wandered up and down brushing the ripe seeds with a little brush of bear-grass into the conical burden-baskets.

So the winter stores were gathered, but in late June and July and early August was the season of feasting, the harvest of the finest desert fruit—the bright red fig-like fruit of the giant cactus, with a ruby syrup oozing out of every break in the glossy skin.

Stately and tall among its lesser brethren the Giant Cactus seems the embodied spirit of the desert; its fluted trunk, as thick as a man's body, rising straight, or many-branched with strange, half-human arms, is the most striking thing in the desert landscape.



OCATILLO IN LEAF AND BLOSSOM

This plant drops its leaves at the first approach of the dry season. The small red fruits are borne in a row at the end of the long, slender stalks.

In scattering groves and singly it covers the low foot-hills and wide, sun-baked plains, and hangs like a daring climber on the deep cañon walls and rocky cliffs. Gray-green, its even rows of whitish, brown-tipped thorns set outward, it stands unchanged by the changing seasons till in May and early June the thick top and blunt arm-ends bear a circle of waxen-white flowers, in form like giant prickly-pear blossoms.

Then the wild bees, hived perhaps where some cactus-woodpecker has picked a nest-hole deep in the thorn-set trunk, and the green-winged humming-birds, whose nests cling unseen against the pale bark of the palo verde trees, have their feast-time while the silken



GIANT CACTUS IN BLOOM

flowers are open; but the birds and the Indian children know that their turn is coming.

The green figs grow large as an egg, and flush with pink, and redden, and drip lines of syrupy sweetness down the trunk to the ants and bees and feathery-winged honey-moths. Then the Indians leave the mountain-camps and the stick-and-mud huts along the rivers and the round "kees" of woven arrow-weed in the villages beside the irrigated fields in the valleys, and go out to the feast, armed with long, slender poles and every basket and bucket and bag.

With the poles the fruit is detached and lifted down carefully, for



ARROW-WEED ALONG A SAND-WASH

This plant—"the desert water-sign"—nearly always marks an underflow of water at some season of the year. The slender tough stems are used for roofing the "stick-and-mud" houses, and by the Indians for the entire house, inwoven and plastered with mud.

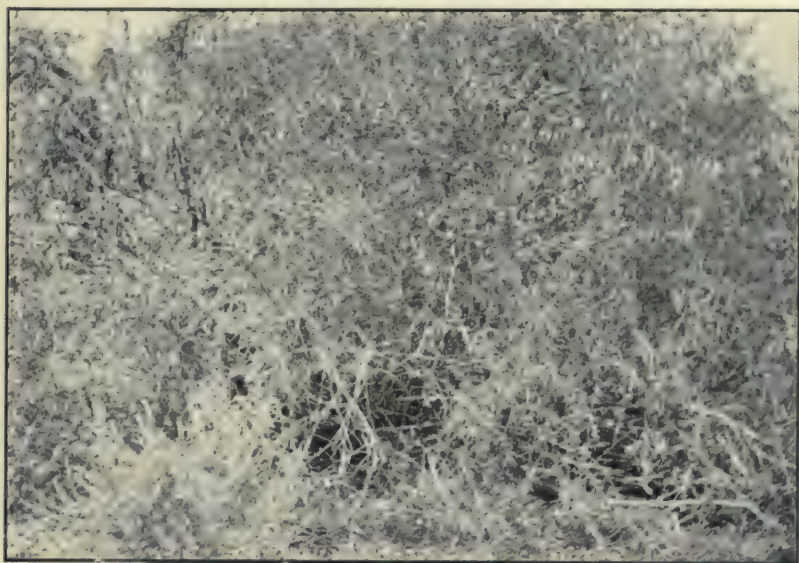
the broken fruits ferment quickly. The few minute prickles are brushed off with a brush of grass and the ripe figs packed away for the journey home. Many are eaten fresh, some are dried and pressed into cakes like figs, or rolled in corn husks. The broken fruits are boiled into a rich syrup and stored in earthen jars, or mashed and stirred into water and fermented in the sun to a drink which is mild at first but grows more intoxicating till the cactus-fruit feasts end in a tribal "drunk" of peculiar thoroughness.

The Giant Cactus fruit is sweetest and best, but the fruit of nearly

all the opuntias has some use, especially the prickly pear and the tuna, which are eaten fresh or made into a preserve—though old-time scouts believed that tuna-fruit would cause ague, and on a march the troops were forbidden to eat it.

The prickly-pear leaves are gathered when small and tender, and cooked as a vegetable; and the smooth, hard, earthen floors of old-time adobe houses were made by mixing the clay with the gluey juice of prickly-pear leaves pounded and soaked in water.

One of the arborescent opuntias, the "grape-cactus," bears grape-like clusters of yellowish, acid fruit, which the Indians use in fevers and as a blood medicine; and the bisnaga, the big, heavy-thorned



"SQUAWBERRY" IN FRUIT

This desert plant bears great quantities of orange-red berries somewhat like a currant, which are much used by the Pima and Maricopa Indians for food, both fresh and made into a jam.

echinocactus which is called "the desert water-barrel," has yielded many a cup of fairly palatable water to thirsty travelers.

To get at the water, the top of the cactus is cut off or pounded off with a stick, and the white-green pulp pounded till the water can be squeezed out. The Papago Indians sometimes mix their bread with this juice, and Dr. Bigelow, of the Whipple survey in 1853, tells of finding fire-blackened specimens of the bisnaga with deep holes in the top along the Bill Williams Fork of the Colorado river. The Indian guide told him that the Indians of the region cooked the pulp by burying hot stones in the cavity, and used it as a food.

In the little adobe towns of the old Southwest, the most picturesque figure was the dulce-vender, with his slabs of bisnaga-heart

crystallized in brown sugar spread out on a bit of dirty cloth or the top of a box. The flies were his best customers, but if sales were slow, the stock was not expensive; for he had only to go into the desert and load a burro with young plants, and at his leisure strip off the thorns and boil down the sliced-up heart in his own scrap of back yard. And if to the semi-translucent, brownish-green chunks on the box-top he could add rolls of corn-husks showing infolded the deep, blood-red of dried cactus-figs, the stock was indeed complete.

A preserve, too, was made of the bisnaga-heart, and recently an enterprising candy-maker in a desert town has copied and improved upon the extinct dulce-man's chief ware, and tons of echinocactus



A YOUNG CHOLLA, SHOWING FALLEN BALLS OF THORNS

This opuntia is dreaded by all animals, because of its thorn-armor.

go yearly into candies and sweetmeats. Three or four varieties are used in the sweetmeats and bear alike the names of "fish-hook cactus," "nigger-head," "desert water-barrel," and "bisnaga," but the true bisnaga has a rose-crimson blossom and thorns less curved than the "fish-hook," which is topped in June and July with a broad crown of rich yellow flowers, followed by many yellow fruits.

There is always a clean, subtle sweetness in the desert air, but when Spring touches the sun-filled spaces and calls every waiting bulb and herb and shrub into blossom there is pure fragrance in every wind that passes. The "cat-claw," a bushy acacia with tough,



SOME DESERT DWELLERS

In this group are the giant cactus, opuntias, mamillaria, echinocactus, echinocereus, crucifix thorn, grease-wood, catclaw, and other desert shrubs

pliant, brown branches armed with short, stout "claws," forgets to stand defiant on every rocky slope, and veils itself in soft, creamy-white blossoms like downy baby caterpillars intent on becoming butterflies. Wonderfully delicate and graceful, it sways above the brown rocks and fills the air with the odor of ripe melons or peaches. Like the mesquite, the cat-claw bears a bean beloved of the desert animals.

The pungent creosote, the "greasewood," whose resin-coated



OPUNTIA ARBORESCENS—"GRAPE CACTUS"

The pale yellow-green fruit of this cactus is borne in clusters like grapes. It has a pleasant acid flavor, and is used by the Indians as a tonic and cure for fevers.

glossy green leaves and supple brown twigs never lose the odor of some incense gum, infolds a succession of frail-petalled yellow flowers, faintly sweet and passing quickly to silver-winged seeds. The creosote has no thorny armor, but there is no plant of all the desert tribes more secure. The glossy resin-coat is its defence—bitter and nauseous to the mouth of the hungriest jack-rabbit or wandering burro.

Probably this very quality has given it a fictitious, healing virtue, for the leaves, twigs, and bark are all used; boiled into a fomen-

tation and a poultice for swellings and snake bites; the tea used as a wash for wounds that refuse to heal, and the leaves dried and powdered on cuts and sores. A lighter brew of the tea is used as a tonic, and if bitterness is evidence it should possess all the curative powers.

There was once a man who in his haste described the Southwest as "a place where they cut hay with a hoe and fire-wood with a sledge-hammer." He was remembering some experience with the desert ironwood—the palo fierro with which many mines and some of the "burro-line" railroads still fire their engines. When the creosote is covered with a silver mist of ripening seeds, the low foot-hills and wide sand-washes are a glory of pink and white, as of endless orchards of almond trees in full blossom.



PALO VERDE TREE IN FULL BLOOM

The droning music of many wings fills the air, bees and humming birds and honey-moths and hordes of bright, strange insects, all drawn by the clusters of locust-like blossoms that clothe the stern, thorn-armored tree with such gracious beauty. The honey-filled flowers are followed by a bean, sweeter and more prized than even the mesquite-bean; and the wood, dark and heavy enough to merit the name it bears, is as beautiful as some tawny tiger-skin under the jewel-like polish which it takes with proper handling.

As often as not the tall column of the Giant Cactus rises out of a veil of delicate green—the smooth green, graceful branches and lace-like leaves of the Palo Verde, which seems to have taken upon itself the duty of sheltering the baby "giants" till they are safe from

deer and cattle and jack-rabbits. In the remotest cañons these beautiful trees swing like green mist of falling water against the rugged rocks, and in the lower deserts they stand in spring, the very spirit of other-worldly grace and mystery, the green branches hidden in films of pale gold. "The shower of gold" it has been called, and the blossoms, silken and delicate as the crape-myrtle, seem to glisten softly in the sun as if powdered with golden dust. After the flowers come smooth green pods, ripening to yellow and bearing sweet beans.

When the little "stick-and-mud" desert home is built, with roof poles of palo verde or mesquite and sides of the white ribs of a dead giant cactus plastered over with clay, there will be a fence set around it of ocatillo poles, cut up on the hills where the tall clumps of this "fish-pole" cactus (which is not a cactus at all) chooses to grow.



WHERE THE BEAN HARVEST IS STORED

Every inch of the slim, straight length is set with inch-long spines, and the woody heart is tough and pliant as a whip. Set close in a trench, this is a fence no prowler, four-footed or two-footed, cares to pass, and if the poles are cut in proper season they strike root and grow and bear their crimson blossom-flags and row of round red fruits as cheerfully as out on the rocky hill-slopes.

Such a fence guards the little "burro-power" oasis where Ching Lee sorts his vegetables under the shade of the big grape-vine that, having outgrown its trellis of rough poles, has flung out its entwining arms across the apricot tree to the mesquite beyond, and mingles its purple clusters of fruit with the yellow beans.

Here, while the chug, chug of the pump ends in the splash of water into the earth-scooped tank as the burros plod round and round, and Ching ties green onions into bunches and packs string-

beans into wet gunny-sacks, the desert men, who have stopped to fill their canteens and water-kegs, hold an herb-market, and hoarded "cures" are traded back and forth.

This man down from the mountains opens his pack and divides a thick bundle of stringy, pale-brown bark thin as paper—the treasured alouseme of the Mexicans, the "quinine-bush" of the mountain prospector, the mountain-fever cure of scout and pioneer, *Cowania stansburiana*. This beautiful evergreen shrub has a wide range, but comes to its best in the cooler mountains. It might be mistaken for a young cedar of short, finely-cut foliage and brighter green till in May it is covered with cream-white flowers in rich profusion and of strange and overpowering fragrance. They are not unlike a very



AN OASIS—GARDEN OF THE PIMA MISSION CHURCH

small wild-rose in form, and successive but lighter crops follow the first lavish flowering till snow-fall.

Leaf, flower, twigs, bark are all bitter to the tongue as powdered quinine, and the bark steeps into a tea of the last degree of bitterness—said to break a fever quicker than quinine and to stop hemorrhage when all else fails. In midsummer the bark of the larger shrubs peels off in ragged strips, and the new bark following this is most valued.

With the bark the mountain man had a flour-sack half full of glossy leaves and brown twigs, now dry and brittle—the "yerba santa" of the adobe foot-hills, the sovereign remedy for coughs and colds. Steeped into tea and mixed with wild honey, the clear, strong tea used as a tonic drink, it is said to cure pneumonia and to hold consumption in check.

The yerba santa, a bushy shrub with deep green leaves, ranges from a foot to four feet tall and inhabits the sheltered slopes of certain foot-hills. Narrow in its distribution, it is all the more sought and prized by the barterers under the big grape-vine.

Down in Ching Lee's water-tank, another valued remedy for colds and lung troubles is growing—the "yerba mansa," a water plant like a slender leafed arum, with a thick root which is steeped into a cough-syrup and soothing drink.

Ching had another herb-medicine, the root of the bottle-weed boiled into an amber tea of rather pleasant taste—a cure for rheumatism and other ills. This plant, which is named from the curious thickening of the stem just below the flowering branches, grows



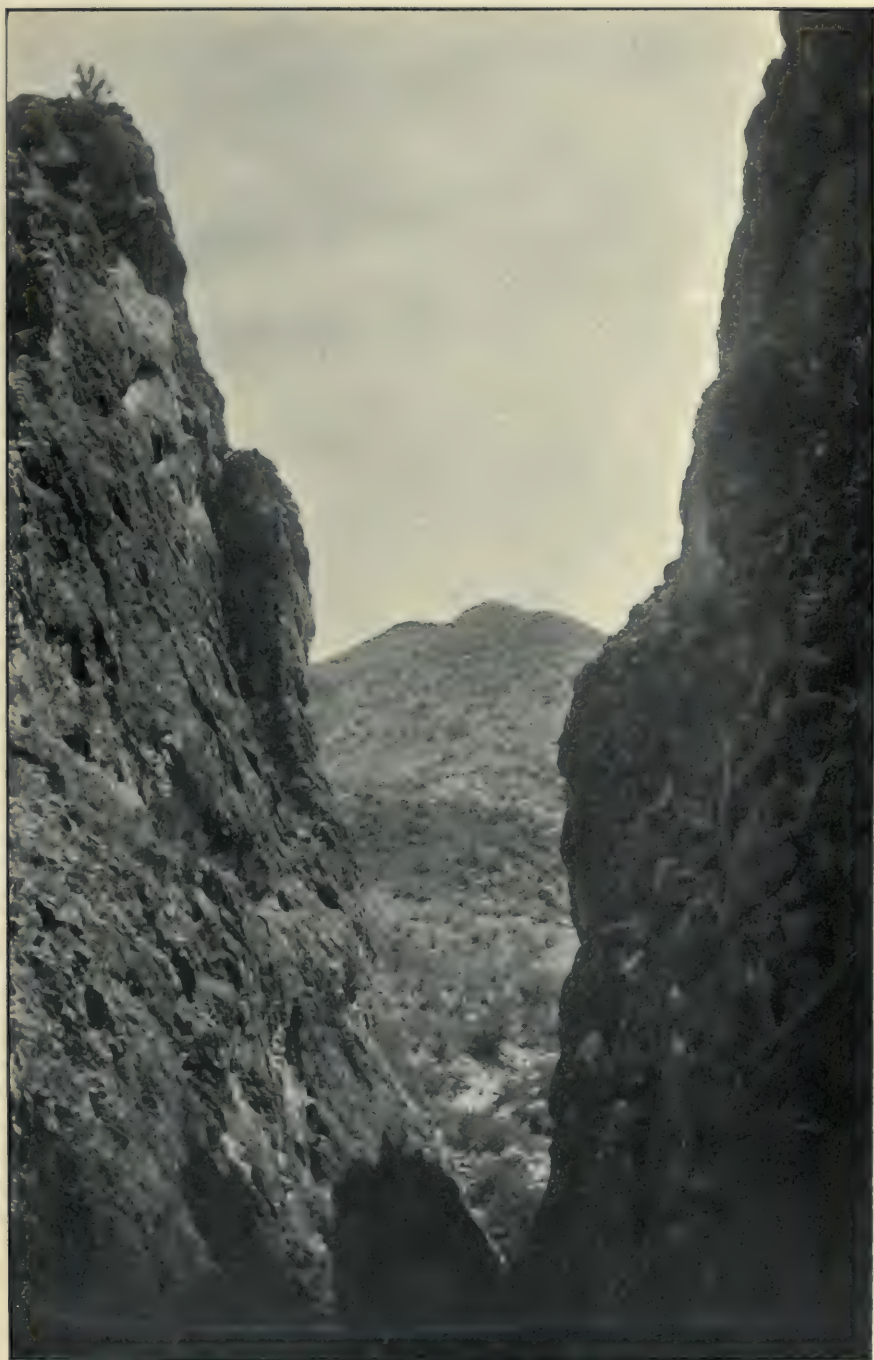
A BURRO-POWER OASIS IN THE DESERT

sparingly in the hills of the lower desert—an inconspicuous plant, easily passed by, but sought for its curative qualities.

Before the water kegs were filled, a Mexican came in with a roll of slender, green twigs like dwarf palo verde branches tied on top of his pack. It was "Brigham's tea," "Mormon tea"—the plant which furnished the Mormon pioneers a substitute for sassafras and for real tea as well. This leafless shrub like a dwarf palo verde ranges over the entire Southwest and is none so bad as a drink, whatever its medicinal value may be.

So, as the desert has its own sources of food, it has its own agents of healing, meeting, no doubt, the need of its people as truly as the lavish resources of other lands meet the multiplied needs which they have fostered.

Dewey, Arizona.



A CLEFT IN THE DESERT HILLS

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

VIII.

IN PURSUIT OF THE PREHISTORIC.



WISH you would shut the door, Niece Polly," said the professor crossly. "If there is a spot in this hotel where a draught isn't blowing three ways at once, I have failed to find it."

"How is your poor head?" Aunt Zenia inquired, solicitously. "I don't like to leave you when you are feeling so indisposed—"

"There is nothing to hinder you from going—nothing at all," the professor interrupted. "We shall be here in Cuernavaca a week or ten days, and I can make the trip to Xochicalco at any time. The guide and horses have been engaged; go along and don't argue. From women who argue, good Lord, deliver us!"

When the professor spoke in that tone, Aunt Zenia meekly capitulated.

"Very well," she said, skewering her hat in place by a well-directed jab of the hat-pin. "Hand me my camera, please, Polly. I wonder if five plate-holders will be enough."

Polly ran to the veranda rail as the sound of horses' hoofs, rattling on the cobbles of the *patio*, was heard.

"All aboard for Xochicalco!" she called.

Seen in the dewy freshness of the morning, Cuernavaca, which,



THE COUNTRY ROAD



"THEY PASSED CLUMSY OX-TEAMS——"

on their arrival the night previous, had impressed them by its picturesqueness, took on new aspects of beauty. The low-eaved *adobe* houses, washed over by faint blues or rose-pinks, were charming bits of color in their tropic setting. The Peru-tree of slender green leaf, jewelled with red berries, swept the tiled roofs with its lace-like foliage; bougainvillea wreathed the casements, and roses nodded from balconies; palms lifted their feathery fronds high in air, lending the finishing touch to the picture.

The guide turned to the right, and took the road that led to San Anton, the home of the pottery maker, where every hut boasts its kiln and every man is an artisan.

They galloped through the one crooked street of the *pueblo*, with its cane shacks crowded together behind the low stone walls over which blossoming vines ran riot, and were out again upon the highway, passing clumsy ox-teams and droves of burros, going to market.

"Are you aware," said Aunt Zenia, instructively, "that the road we are following is the old Acapulco trail leading from the seaport to the City of Mexico? Think what it must have been in the sixteenth century, when the yearly galleons from the Indies and Spain discharged their rich cargoes at Acapulco—a continuous procession of mules, freighted with Indian cotton, silks from far Cathay, spices and gums worth their weight in gold, passing along this highway, bells a-tinkling, drivers shouting—"

A violent fit of coughing interrupted her; Polly rounded the period neatly with:



"—AND DROVES OF BURROS—"

"And dust a-flying."

"No doubt," Miss Snodgrass agreed. "But think of it, Niece Polly—a little matter of some centuries afterward the stately galleons are only a memory, the pack trains with their jangling bells are gone—and *we* are here!"

For an hour the guide, a Mexican, kept to the road; then he struck off across the fields that skirted the hills, following a trail that zig-zagged about and picking a path among volcanic rock as the ascent became steeper.

Aunt Zenia was wondering, for the twentieth time, if they would ever arrive at the ruins, and for the twentieth time Polly was reas-

suring her on that point, when the guide, swinging sidewise in his saddle, motioned toward a flat-topped hill ahead.

"The Hill of the Flowers," he cried.

A *barranca* opened before them—a gaping wound in the seamed, scarred face of the volcanic country. There was but one way of reaching the other side, and that was by crossing a primitive stone bridge, narrow, and lacking rails to guard against a possible plunge to the rocks and the *rio* below.

The guide, still sitting sidewise in the saddle, nonchalantly rolled a cigarette as his horse stepped out on the bridge. Aunt Zenia hesitated a moment, then, clutching her cherished camera more firmly,



GOING TO MARKET

loosed the rein. Polly shut her eyes and clung desperately to the pommel as her mount, nose to the ground, followed.

"I should like to have an opportunity to inspect the bridge—it is surely prehistoric," said Aunt Zenia, "but we'll take the other, the longer, way to Cuernavaca. I'm not anxious to repeat this tight-rope performance."

She dismounted and started up the hill.

"Tell the guide to tie the horses where they can browse," she called back.

The *cerro*, which was three hundred feet or more in height, was once surrounded by a ditch deep and wide; but the accumulated debris of years had filled it level full in places. A succession of



THE RUINS OF XOCHICALCO

spiral terraces led to the summit, where, on a wide esplanade, were the remains of three truncated structures. When Polly and the guide arrived, they found her regarding doubtfully a brush-covered mound of earth and stones.

"Well, are you going to the top and have a 'look-see,' as Peter would say?" Polly wanted to know.

Aunt Zenia smiled.

"There isn't much to see"— She stopped and clutched Polly's arm. "Mercy! A *man*! What do you suppose he is doing *here*?"

"You might ask him," Polly suggested, mischievously.

"Just what I intend to do," Aunt Zenia returned, with a militant air.



DETAIL OF TEMPLE CARVING

The man was seated on a hummock with his back toward them. It was a broad back, and the checkerboard pattern of the cloth which covered it had a tendency to emphasize the breadth.

At the sound of voices, the man jumped up and faced about with an expectant look; but at sight of the two ladies the look of expectancy changed to one of astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, settling his spectacles more firmly upon his nose. "Bless my soul! I thought it was my daughter Zitella and the guide."

"Are you an archaeologist?" Aunt Zenia demanded.

"No, Ma'am! I'm a self-made man, and I don't care who knows

it. My name's Cook." He searched for his card case, found it, and presented a card to Aunt Zenia with a flourish. "Hiram Cook," he pursued, as if to identify himself beyond question.

Aunt Zenia's doubts were allayed, as Polly noted with amusement. Almost graciously she introduced herself and Polly to Mr. Hiram Cook, who was *not* an archaeologist.

"Either of you ladies been to see the monument on the hill?" he asked. "No? Well, it's a sight. My daughter is up there, with our guide."

"It would perhaps be as well to inspect the temple now," Aunt



MISS ZITELLA AND THE GUIDE

Zenia responded. "If you will kindly lead the way, Mr. Cook, we will follow.

As they struggled through the tall grass they saw ahead of them an open space, clear of brush and trees, in the center of which were the ruins of the temple, covering an area of fifty feet square. The edifice was pyramidal in shape, each insloping terrace having pent eaves above it. But the temple received secondary consideration; Miss Zitella came first.

She was attired in knickerbockers and jaunty riding coat, and wore upon her head a straw *sombrero*. At first glance, Aunt Zenia mistook her for a good-looking boy.

"You are from the States, aren't you?" bubbled Miss Zitella,

leaning over the pommel of her saddle and grasping Aunt Zenia's reluctant hand. "It seems so good to meet someone from—"

"Zitella," interrupted her father, "let's put the matter fair and square to the ladies, and get their opinion. It's my purpose, Ma'am," turning to Aunt Zenia, "to buy the castle, or monument, or whatever you call it. What say? The government won't sell it? Don't tell me that there is anything in this doggoned country that they won't *sell* for good American dollars. Zitella isn't in favor of it. I've been trying to talk her over before making a business call on Diaz."



PREHISTORIC BRIDGE, XOCHICALCO

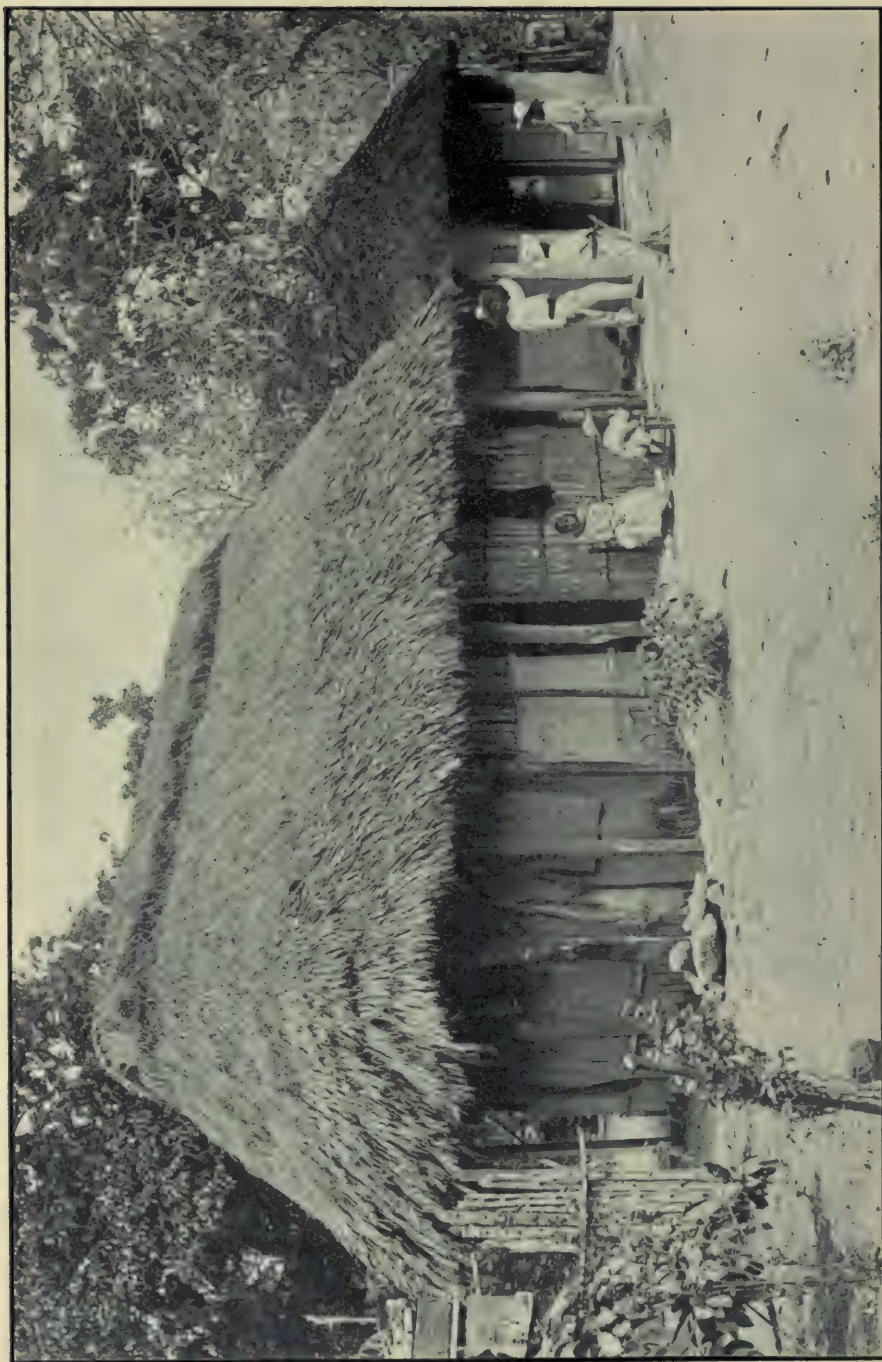
"But why on earth do *you* wish to buy the temple?" queried Aunt Zenia, with unflattering emphasis on the "*you*."

"Me? Oh, it's just a notion. Thought I'd have the stones carted over to Cuernavaca, and build me a summer house in the Borda garden. I tell you, Ma'am, the people of Chicago would sit up and take notice when they came to see old Hiram Cook. Now, what do you think of it?"

"I think," said Aunt Zenia, with the courage of her convictions, "that you are a dreadful man to even dream of such a thing!"

In a reckless moment Aunt Zenia had been known to drop into slang, but never before had she been guilty of a split infinitive.

"My aunt doesn't mean—" began Polly, apologetically; but Miss Zitella forestalled her.



THE INDIAN VILLAGE

"Just what I told him," she cried, gleefully.

"What's so very particular about this stone pile?" Mr. Cook stubbornly pursued.

Aunt Zenia gurgled helplessly.

"It's prehistoric," Polly volunteered.

Mr. Cook pushed his glasses up on his forehead, the better to see.

"These marks here—what might they mean?" He leaned against the wall and traced the carvings with a stubby forefinger.

"The pictographs? I would give a pretty penny to know. So would a number of people I might mention. Why, it would be name, fame and fortune for the person who solved the riddle! The



"OF CANE HUTS"

people who built the temple could answer the question; but no one of our day, I fear, may read the history writ in stone. Long, long ago, Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg, a priest of Guatemala, thought he had discovered the key to hieroglyphics found on monuments of the pre-Columbian era. He was the first to detect the similarity between the hieroglyphics in the Maya manuscript, in the library at Dresden, and those on the monuments in Yucatan, Guatemala, Honduras and Mexico. Nothing resulted from this discovery, however."

"Um!" commented Mr. Cook.

"You will observe that the temple is constructed of granite blocks,

about seven feet long. These blocks must have been brought from a distance, as there is no trace of granite in the vicinity of Xochicalco. You will also observe that the carving on the last tier of stones is continuous, representing a reptile coiled about the base of the pile.

"Regular old sea-serpent, ain't he?" Mr. Cook chimed in, feeling called upon to sustain his part in the conversation.

"The figures of men—notice the Egyptian cast of features and the Egyptian head-dress—are numerous," Aunt Zenia continued, recognizing that here was virgin ground for her seeds of wisdom. "The carving is fully two inches deep. I'm going to make thorough research into the matter of the Egyptian head-dress."

"Can't say I like the cut of his whiskers." Mr. Cook was still tracing the carvings with his fingers.

"Did you ladies come here on a picnic?" inquired Miss Zitella, wisely steering the conversation away from archæology.

"Er—something like it," Polly returned. "Will you share our lunch?"

Aunt Zenia's guide, who, with the help of the other guide, was emptying the saddle-bags, suddenly uttered an exclamation, holding up to view the neck of a beer bottle, and displaying in expressive pantomime the most poignant sorrow for his cafelessness.

"You can't eat the stuff," said Mr. Cook, when an examination of the lunch had revealed its fragmentary condition. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll send the guide to the Indian village. He shall engage quarters for the night, and bring us something—anything—to eat. I intend to stay right here and photograph these ruins as long as the light is good."

"Better give it up and come with us to Cuernavaca," advised Mr. Cook.

But Aunt Zenia was not to be diverted from her purpose; and the Cooks, with oft-repeated expressions of pleasure at having met people from "the States," and with promises to see their new-found friends in Cuernavaca, rode away.

Aunt Zenia watched them out of sight with a smile which she vainly imagined to be tolerant.

They are the kind of people who do an art gallery in thirty minutes," she remarked, "but they know no better. Here! Give this to the guide. Now don't bother me; I want to take a picture of the side of the temple before the light changes."

The guide took the money, and strode off down the hill to the place where the horses were tethered.

"He's hitting the high places," Polly observed.

"I hope it will be *frijoles*," returned Aunt Zenia, absently, her mind sub-consciously dwelling on hopes of dining.

Polly sat down, with what patience she might, to await Aunt Zenia's pleasure. Unconscious of it though she was, the peace and quiet of the afternoon had stolen into her heart; she dreamed awake, a smile on her lips.

Aunt Zenia's brisk voice broke the spell, and brought back her wandering thoughts.

"I haven't another plate left. Where do you suppose the guide is, all this time. I never was so hungry in my life."

"I've found a sardine can—empty, unfortunately," said Polly, unearthing the tin from a crevice with the toe of her boot.

"A sardine can! It sort of *humanizes* the immortal pile, doesn't it? By the way, Maximilian once entertained an idea similar to Mr. Cook's. He wanted to remove this structure, block by block, to Cuernavaca. The project was finally abandoned, but not before the temple had been partially demolished and the blocks of granite scattered on the ground. Is that the guide? At last! What does he say?"

"He says," Polly repeated, after a short conference with the Mexican, "that there is a *fiesta* in the Indian village, with very much eating, very much drinking, and very much fighting. What shall we do?"

"Do? Go back to Cuernavaca, of course. We'll be in luck if we get out of this mountainous country before dark."

"We are in luck as it is—we have survived the bridge," Polly made reply.

[To be continued.]

IN TUNE

By BERTHA McE. KNIPE.

IF I must walk alone
 By woodland ways,
 Or in the open fields
 Through opal haze,
 Then tune my heart strings, Master!
 Let them thrill, I pray,
 To every subtle sound
 Along the way—
 To every fleeting cry of raptured pain,
 To every sighing note in love's refrain,
 Yea, tune my heart strings, Master!
 May they thrill anew
 To every voice of pleading
 'Neath God's arch of blue.

Phoenix, Arizona.



MERCED RIVER BELOW MOSS CAÑON

A NEW PORTAL TO PARADISE

By WILLLOUGHBY RODMAN



DESCRIPTIONS of Yosemite are numerous, and all are inadequate. No human pen or tongue could truly set forth the matchless charms of this wonderful valley. Nothing could be added to the place itself. But a new approach has been found, which brings it nearer the every-day world. While the drives over the various stage-roads, which have heretofore been the only means of reaching the valley, were attractive, their first stages were so hot and dusty as to discourage the average tourist. Now a railroad to within fourteen miles of the valley eliminates what have been considered the only objectionable features of the trip.

The Yosemite Valley Railroad takes the tourist from Merced to El Portal, a distance of about eighty miles. The road follows the valley of the Merced, making frequent crossings of the river.

Although the mountain walls of its upper reaches are lacking, the scenery of the lower Merced is attractive. For a few miles, stretching wheat-fields afford views of typical Central California landscapes. Entering the foot-hills, the road closely follows the river, which at times is far below the track, again close to it. Flowing quietly in a narrow rocky channel, the lower river is in striking contrast with the dashing stream of the higher mountains.

For miles the banks are cut and seamed with ditches and other



THE PORTAL FROM A DISTANCE

Illustrations from photographs by Edgar A. Cohen

works of placer mines, while heaps of debris and "slickens" are in evidence. Several long ditches cut out of the mountain side, at times carried over water-courses or around cliffs upon masonry, and evidently constructed at great expense of money and labor, bear witness to the extent of mining operations and the energy of the old miners.

These, and gashes in the mountain sides, showing entrances to mines, and the cabin homes of the miners, confirm our belief that we have been transported to Bret Harte land, and before our mental eye come visions of rich bars, red shirts, six-shooters and big poker games.

A few mines are in active operation, notably the Bagley, where



IN THE PORTAL

a large stamp mill has been installed, and extensive operations are in progress.

As we ascend the river the scenery becomes more attractive, until at the terminus we realize that we are in the mountains.

The road ends where a broadening of the valley gives place for a little village of houses and tents.

El Portal, the terminus, is most aptly named. "Entrance" or "Gateway" seem commonplace, and would indicate the approach to an ordinary locality, but "El Portal" implies that beyond lies something mystic, entrancing. And so it is, for this resting place in the valley is the portal to an enchanted region.

Shaded by large live oaks, in sound of the river, cooled by mountain breezes, El Portal is a most attractive spot.



FALLS OF CRANE CREEK

After a night in beds which are the boast of the hotel and which compel repose, the tourist takes a stage-coach for the valley. As a mere drive, the journey from El Portal to Yosemite is tame when compared with old-time mountain staging. There are no steep climbs or break-neck descents, nothing to show forth the skill and nerve of the driver. A few old-timers work on the line, but their glory has departed. No longer the autocrat and aristocrat of the road, the defender of the weak, the driver is now only a driver. But one characteristic he does retain—he loves to “stuff the tender-foot,” and does it.

The shades of Hank Monk and his contemporaries hover not over the road. Even the pleasing dread of a hold-up is missing. But

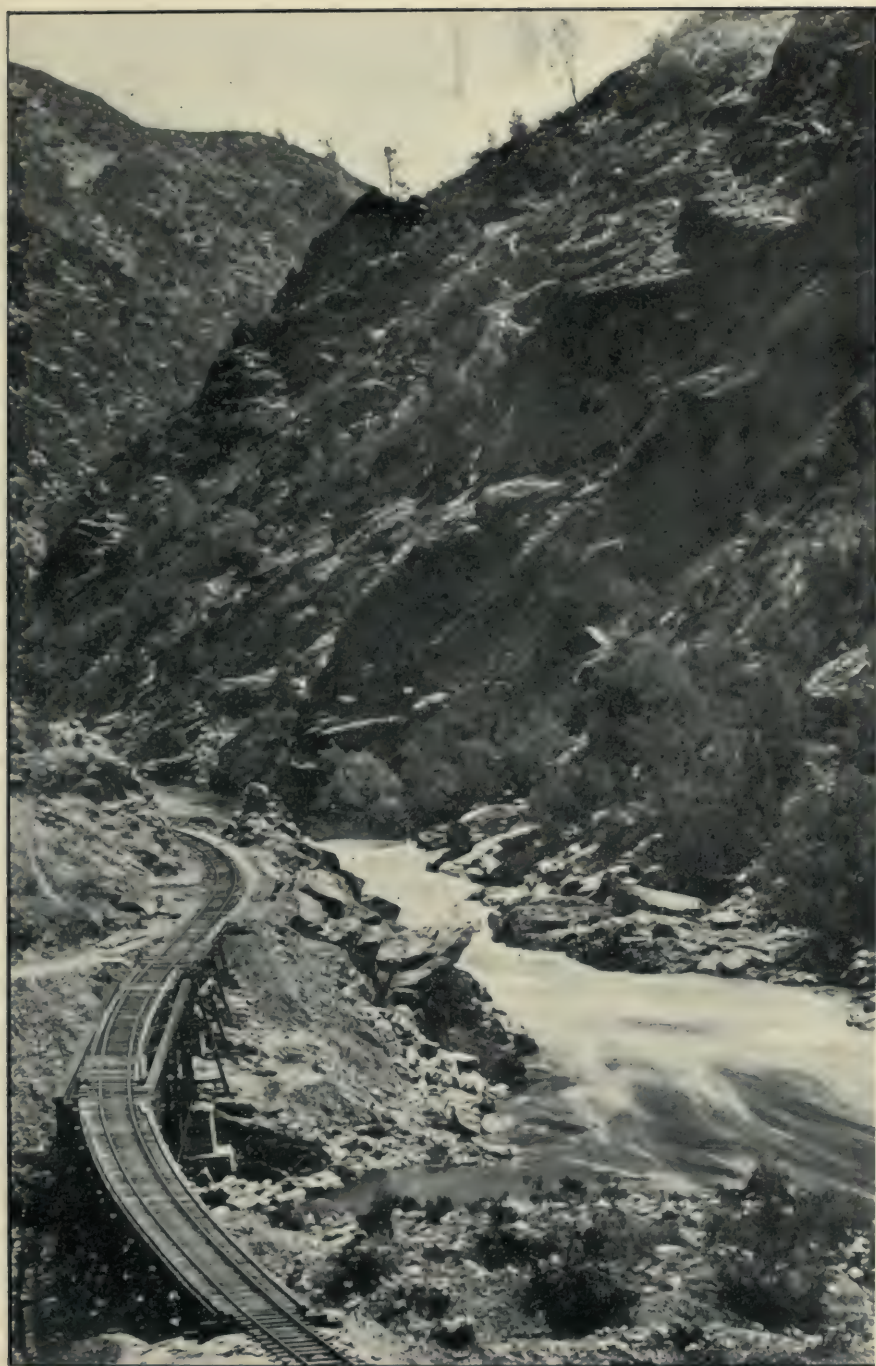


LOOKING OUT OF PORTAL

the managers of the line are enterprising, and this feature may be added to the numerous attractions of the trip.

The roadway, constructed by the Federal government, is broad and smooth. Passing is possible at any point, and a driver is deprived of the pleasure of “cussing the other fellow” while waiting at a turn-out.

As we proceed, the usual menagerie comes into view. Rocks and mountains become all sorts of animals. Old-men-of-the-mountain obtrude their rocky features. Camels, elephants and other creatures appear. A mountain will be “very like a whale” one minute, the next to become the exact counterpart of a sewing machine. Why is it people persist in seeing things in the mountains? Surely mountains and cliffs are sufficiently attractive in themselves, without our



CATARACT AT NORTH FORKS BRIDGE

seeking to see in them apes, camels, populists and other strange beasts.

Should this article come to the notice of the managers of the road and the custodians of Yosemite Valley, their attention is called to a serious omission. Neither on the road nor in the valley is there a "Lovers' Leap." Every 20-mile line in the East has its lovers' leap, but here in the grandest mountains of the United States there is no place where despairing swain and sighing maiden may plunge from parental pursuit. Of course there are numerous places from which lovers could jump. But no one spot has been fixed by tradition or designated by proper authority. It may be that the gentle breezes which at twilight breathe through the pines are the



ON THE WAY TO EL PORTAL

sighs of those who have sought in vain the romantic, oblivious leap.

The scenery grows in beauty and grandeur as the valley ascends. Foaming brooks plunge down the mountain. Streams leap in mad cascades from the cliffs. Mysterious pines sigh in harmony with the music of the waters. Foot-hills give place to mountains. Beetling crags and precipitous cliffs replace the gentle wooded slopes of the lower levels.

While the mountains supply the element of grandeur to the view, the touch of beauty is given by the river. Nothing could be more beautiful than the reaches and pools of this bewitching stream. At times it flows gently through arches of foliage, or rests in quiet pools, soon to plunge over a fall in sheets of foam and showers of diamond spray into a boiling whirlpool. In many places the bed



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS



THE ELEPHANT

of the stream is filled with enormous rocks, fragments of the overhanging cliffs. Around and over these the water finds its way.

No two views are alike, and the drive is a succession of delights. One never grows weary of such scenes. To the nature-lover, increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on.

At last some subtle prescience tells us we are nearing the valley. No specific change of scenery, no individual feature of the landscape gives the message, but we feel it.

Then the misty Bridal Veil tells us our dream has come true. El Capitan graciously permits approach to his domain. Then, one by one, the individual features of the valley, coming so rapidly as almost to appall the spirit, bid us know we have reached our goal.

There are higher water falls, higher cliffs and taller mountains than those of Yosemite; but nowhere in the world is there such an aggregation of wonders as in this valley.

With its verdant meadows, cultivated fields, detached shade-trees, and winding woodland roads, the floor of the valley has the pastoral charm of an Eastern or English landscape. Turning from these peaceful scenes, we look upon lofty walls of rock, with distant mountain peaks beyond. It may be that the long approach, with its increasing beauty and grandeur, is necessary to prepare us for the consummate glory of the valley itself—that the spirit must be attuned to respond to the supreme harmony of nature.

The greater number of tourists visit the valley early in the season. This is considered desirable, because the streams are full and the waterfalls more impressive.

It was the writer's fortune to visit the valley late in September, 1907. The volume of the streams had greatly diminished. Yosemite fall was a pitiful ghost of itself. At times only a thin thread of foam was visible, instead of the cataract of spring-time. Bridal Veil fall had greatly diminished. At times the wind would carry the entire stream away from its cliff. The most striking effect came when a sudden erratic puff carried the stream vertically into the air, producing the appearance of an inverted waterfall.

Vernal fall at first gave slight evidence of the effect of low water, but two weeks later it had dwindled to three separate streams clinging to the cliff.

To the writer Nevada is the grandest of the Yosemite falls. At full flood the stream leaps clear of its cliff with a thunderous roar. In September, the water follows the face of the cliff and roars more gently. But what the fall loses in grandeur, it gains in beauty.

As its spray-drops catch the sunlight, the foamy sheet of the cataract is a veil of lace sewn with diamonds. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than the Nevada fall in an early morning of autumn. Standing one day at the foot of Nevada, as

the early sun came into the valley, I saw the light shine through the crest of the fall. Ordinarily blinding clouds of spray forbid near approach to the falls. But in September one may stand on the rims of the base-pools. But the approach is dangerous, as the water-worn granite and sandstone boulders are so smooth as to render footing exceedingly uncertain. There are the usual legends of enormous trout inhabiting these pools, fish so fierce and strong that the breaking of ordinary tackle is their pastime. With fear and trembling I tried for one of these monsters in the pool of Bridal Veil. With eyes partly blinded by spray, chilled by the wind of the fall—the “Evil Wind” of Indian legend, I hooked and played a leviathan—eight inches in length.

A word as to Yosemite trout. They are wise with the wisdom and lore of the ages. The most fascinating flies, the most luscious baits are unavailing. Young fish may take a languid interest in fly or bait, regarding it slightly, then expressing their contempt by a flirt of the tail against one's hook. The elders rest in blasé indifference, not even taking trouble to recognize the angler's existence.

Like other natives, the trout have acquired their wisdom from the whites. Every tourist must try for a trout, and does so with tackle of all sorts and sizes. It is likely that the fish refuse through pure disgust at the means employed for their beguilement. In Little Yosemite, and other tributaries of the Merced, where the trout are less sophisticated, sport is excellent, but it is not so within tourist range. Indians are the most successful fishermen. It is said—by the rest of us—that they trap their fish, but this is probably slanderous.

It is difficult to tell when the valley is more attractive, in spring or autumn. Each season has its peculiar charm. In the spring the verdure is more vivid, the cataracts more impressive and wild flowers more numerous and more brilliantly colored. But the autumn has its wild flowers, shy, modest creatures which claim the field after the departure of their brighter sisters of the spring. And then, also, the valley has a charm which, whenever felt, wins the heart to vague, wandering dreams of beauty—the spell of Indian summer. No positive sign tells us of its coming. But a “nip” in the air, tints of gold and scarlet in the woodlands, a subtle influence tempting us to a gentle pensiveness—not melancholy, but not gay—tell us that the dream-time of the year has come. Indescribable, elusive, it calls to us to wander afield in the land of the lotus.

If there are places of greater beauty or sublimity than Yosemite in the autumn, they must be in another world.

Every one who has seen the valley must return, and those who have seen it in spring-time alone, are urged to make their next visit in the autumn.

Yosemite is said to be wonderfully impressive in winter, and we can well believe it.

Heretofore the valley has been inaccessible during nearly half the year. As the stage-roads approach over the highlands, the heavy snows of winter render them impassable. But the railway and the short drive along lower levels, has made approach possible during the greater part of the year. Upon completion of the Government road from El Portal, it is the intention of the authorities to keep it open during the entire year. The valley is now under the control of the United States, having been ceded to the Federal Government by the State, the change resulting in a marked improvement in conditions.

Two troops of cavalry are encamped near Yosemite fall; and khaki-clad troopers galloping through the roads, and the evolutions of guard-mount add a picturesque touch to the landscape.

In concluding a rambling account of a ramble, let me say: See Yosemite! If you have seen it, go again; if you have seen it twice, go again.

Los Angeles.

THE CALL OF THE DESERT

By MABEL ANN SMITH.

HAVE you lain throughout a summer night beneath a velvet sky,
Where, caught in trailing drifts of cloud, the moon went
floating by?

Have you heard the tread of four-foot things that round the
camp-fire prowl,
And shivered in your blanket at the lone coyote's howl?

Have you seen the morning sunlight gild the cañon's lofty wall,
Or the purple haze of evening fold the mesas in its pall?
Have you felt the flying sand-spray's stinging touch upon your face,
While the painted cliffs behind you stood unchanging in their place?

Who is there has known the Desert? He will love her to the last.
Still her magic spell will hold him, after scores of years have passed.
He'll be longing, while the city's din is surging in his ears,
For the land of golden silence, where the hand of God appears;

For that ample land, and spacious, lying far beneath the sky,
Slumb'rous plain and mighty headland, where the passing shadows
lie.

Think you to forget the Desert? Nay, where'er your lot is cast,
On your head her seal is graven; she will call you to the last.
Redlands, Cal.

SPRING IN THE DESERT

By SHARLOT M. HALL.



SILENCE, and the heat lights shimmer like a mist of
sifted silver,
Down across the wide, low washes where the strange
sand rivers flow;
Brown and sun-baked, quiet, waveless, trailed with
bleaching, flood-swept boulders;
Rippled into mimic water where the restless whirlwinds go.

On the banks the gray mesquite trees droop their slender, lace-
leafed branches,
Fill the lonely air with fragrance, as a beauty unconfessed;
Till the wild quail comes at sunset with her timorous, plumed covey,
And the iris-throated pigeon coos above her hidden nest.

Every shrub distills vague sweetness; every poorest leaf has
gathered
Some rare breath to tell its gladness in a fitter way than speech;
Here the silken cactus blossoms flaunt their rose and gold and
crimson,
And the proud saguarro lifts its pearl-carved crown from careless
reach.

Like to Lilith's hair down-streaming, soft and shining, glorious,
golden,
Sways the queenly palo verde robed and wreathed in golden flowers;
And the spirits of dead lovers might have joy again together
Where the honey-sweet acacia weaves its shadow-fretted bowers.

Velvet-soft and glad and tender goes the night-wind down the
cañons,
Touching lightly every petal, rocking leaf and bud and nest;
Whispering secrets to the black bees dozing in the tall wild lilies,
Till it hails the sudden sunrise trailing down the mountain's crest.

Silence, sunshine, heat lights painting opal-tinted dream and vision
Down across the wide, low washes where the whirlwinds wheel and
swing;—
What of dead hands, sun-dried, bleaching? What of heat and thirst
and madness?
Death and life are lost, forgotten, in the wonder of the spring.
Dewey, Arizona.

'SMALL THINGS IN THE YOSEMITE

By JOSEPH ANTHONY.



THE YOSEMITE! Is it possible that anything more can be told about it? It would seem as if the place had been visited, talked and written about until it and the subject had been worn out. But how little one does know of the Valley, or of what is to be seen and found there, even after seeing many pictures and reading many books!

Until we had been there we could not get things straight, and there are many things for us to learn about it yet, for a month's stay is no more than a starter.

How many things there were for us to unlearn. We expected to get a lot of nice sugar-pine sugar; there was just one tree, with a little bitter sugar on it.

We thought we might get one-half pound of pine-gum; with very little work we got two pounds.

People told us there were no rattlesnakes, and one of the first things that happened I came very near being bitten by one. We were somewhat anxious about being able to get around the valley and over the trails on foot. We were told the dust was six inches deep—that the trails were steep and dangerous. We could not think of using horses, or the stages, so tramped, finding plenty of dust on some of the roads, to be sure, but it was "clean dirt," and the trails are good—not a foot of dangerous way did we go over.

My wife walked one hundred miles and I one hundred and fifty, one hundred of which we carried baby on our backs, getting along with comfort and pleasure, seeing and finding things that people do not who have not learned to walk.

First of all we made our camp at Number Five, or Cho-Lack. The valley is laid out in camp-sites. People coming in must register at the guardian's office, then he will direct them to a certain place to camp.

For ten dollars a month Mr. Salter, who keeps the store, furnished us with a tent, stove, cots and new bedding, table, cooking and table dishes, and, as we told him, with all our camping-out that was the first time we ever had enough dishes. We got groceries at the store, and they cost but little more than in San Francisco. There was plenty of wood—only had to be brought about a quarter of a mile. Good running water just back of our tent.

The days of September were warm, the nights cool, and a camp-fire in front of the tent each evening made it very pleasant. From the camp we made short trips, each day a little longer one, to get toughened up, till at last we could walk ten or fifteen miles without feeling much tired.

Of the Indians who used to live in the valley we found many signs

and some relics. Near the foot of Bridal Veil Falls, in a dense thicket of little fir trees, is an immense boulder, entirely covered with thick green moss and lichens. Against the north face are still leaning great slabs of cedar bark, making a good o-chum, or Indian house, and looking very much as though the Indians had made it, but we could learn nothing about it, even from people who had lived many years in the valley.

At the mouth of Indian Cañon are the remains of six or more ochums. The cedar bark lies on the ground just as it fell or was torn down.

Of ho-yas, or mortar-holes in large granite rocks, we found one hundred and sixty-six. At Indian Cañon there is a flat rock about ten by sixteen feet, with forty-six holes in it—the most we have ever found in any one rock in the valley, or at any other Indian camp-site. This rock is about level with the ground.

Just west of the road to the foot of the Yosemite Falls is a large high boulder with thirty-eight holes on top. This rock they had to climb to get on it, and it must have been a favorite place with the women, for it was worn smooth in several spots. Near the foot of the trail to Eagle Peak there is a large boulder that was once the site of an Indian workshop. There we found a large flake of obsidian, many small chips, spear-head of slate, and a hammer-stone of granite. Many small chips and flakes of obsidian were found scattered over the floor of the valley. In Indian Cave we found small pieces of obsidian and a hammer-stone, and some picture-writing that has been almost worn, burned and chipped off by people trying to get relics. It was marked on a boulder with red paint, and covers about six feet square.

Of the Indians there now we met several, and they still make some fine baskets. Old Lucy made us a papoose basket to carry our baby in. It was a problem as to how to get around with her. We tried carrying her in our arms, but after going to Mirror Lake and back we saw that would not do. First thought of using a blanket to sling her in, then a kind of a board to strap her on, then a nice piece of light bark, then the right idea came—to get an Indian basket. We saw Lucy about it. She would make one in three days for three dollars and a half, and it proved to be the most handy, useful thing we could have had—the only possible way in which one can carry a child with safety and have free use of the hands.

Over rocks, through brush, up trails and down ladders we carried the four-months child this way, the longest climb to Glacier Point, four miles, and a rise of three thousand feet. After three days' visit we returned by way of Nevada Falls, fifteen miles, which was the longest one-day trip. The child was always pleased to be tied in

her basket, and never cried, except when hungry, many times having a good sleep while being carried.

We also got of the Indians some beotah, or acorn-meal mush. The acorns shelled, pounded to meal, the bitter leached out, and cooked in a basket, by putting hot stones in it, make a healthful food, which tastes good, with a rich underflavor of oil. There are many fine elderberries. We, as well as the Indians, picked them. They were good to eat out of hand, or made into pie or pudding. But to us one of the strangest things to eat was the honey-dew, and the quantity was almost beyond belief.

In certain places it was on everything—seemed to come mostly off the fir-trees, without the sign of aphides or anything else to produce it. The ground would be damp with it, the rocks wet, and the leaves of the low bushes under the firs shiny and thick. In many places it had turned to sugar in little drops on the ends of leaves. One had only to put a leaf of wild currant in the mouth to think they were eating black currant-jelly. The baby liked it, too, and would eat all we offered her. It was hard to think of little insects making it, there was so much and it was so clean. We looked carefully for some sign of life, but could not find it; even on little trees a foot high, standing free from others in the open, the same sweetness would be found.

Of pine-sugar we got just a taste. This was from a sugar-pine near Glacier Point Hotel. This is a true manna, and *Pinus Lambertiana* is the only native tree, so far as I know, that produces it. We expected to get a lot, but there are only two trees on the floor of the valley large enough to have any, and they are not burned. It seems to come out best where the trees have been burned, so that there is a thick layer of charcoal for the sugar to come through. If the sap or pitch comes out with the sugar, it will be yellow and bitter, while if it strains through the charcoal, it is white and somewhat the shape of well-popped corn, with a very pleasant flavor. I once found eleven ounces on one tree growing on San Jacinto Mountain, but never before nor since have I found more than two ounces at one time.

Of pine-gum we got a lot. This, to our taste, is the best to chew of any gum found in California. The place to find it is on the black pines (*Pinus Jeffreyi*) that have been burned or heated enough to make the gum flow. One must be careful not to get pitch mixed with it. Boiled, or melted in water, poured out in cold water, and pulled like molasses candy, cut into pieces, it makes a very fine chewing gum, clean and wholesome.

We came very near seeing a bear—seemed as if we *must* run on to one, the tracks were so fresh. There are two or three living in the valley, which come to the camps at night to pick up food.

We were not at all anxious to find one, especially when tangled up in fallen logs, brush and rocks, with a baby on our backs, without breath enough to say, "Good morning, Mr. Bear. This is your home, and we are going to tear out of here just as quick as we can."

There were wild-cat and deer tracks, and on the road from Wawona we saw two small deer. Many little chipmunks (*Tamias*) were living among the rocks. At Glacier Point Hotel they come on the table while people are eating, carrying off crackers and jumping into the butter. To us they are the cutest of little animals, some of them hardly larger than one's thumb, clean and lively.

Of the Douglas squirrel we saw only one, and it was so far away we could not get acquainted. A very few gray squirrels. Two lived near our camp, were quite busy animals, seemed to make it their business every day to get into the tops of the black oak trees and cut off the small branches that had acorns on them, at times coming down to carry a few away, making a little hole in the ground and putting an acorn into it. Once we saw one sitting on the ground gnawing a piece of soup-bone. Why they cut so many acorns off, leaving them on the ground, we could not make out.

We were much impressed by the scarcity of birds. While at Glacier Point we saw our first grouse. There were two—a mother and her chick—who lived around the hotel. When she first came near the hotel she had seven little ones, but had gradually lost all but one.

Near Eagle Peak we saw an old mountain quail and four young. There were eight Clark's crows, many pigeons, perhaps twenty in all, but that is many more than we had ever seen before anywhere, or all put together; a few robins, one blue heron and one cañon wren, blue-jays, some hawks, and two eagles; a junco, two humming birds, and two ouzels; only three carpenter woodpeckers, the bird we were most anxious to see. Not a tree nor a hole with an acorn in it; a very few trees with old empty holes in them; bushels of acorns, ripe and dropping, but not a bird working on them. I have found trees with fifty thousand holes in them, one-half of them filled with acorns. From the earliest dawn until late at night the birds would work, carrying the acorns from the oaks to the pines and cedars. In the night we would hear them make a certain kind of noise, with a great flapping of wings, just as though they had fallen off a limb, being so utterly tired out from work. And it was queer to see them catch winged ants as they came out of an old log after a rain. They would take them on the wing just like a fly-catcher. Then they have what we call woodpecker wells. In oak trees, when a limb has broken off and decayed so that there is a hole into the trunk six inches or so deep, this fills with water or sap, which is dark-colored but not bitter, and seems to be a favorite

drink with the carpenter. One will come and sip and drink and guzzle, hanging outside under the hole, just as though he was about drunk, until another one comes and pushes him away; then it will go through the same performance. In the Spring they need only stick their bills in, as the holes are overflowing, but as the summer advances they must go deeper and deeper down the well till they are all but out of sight. To us they are one of the most interesting birds, and why there are so few in the valley we could not account for.

Of course we went to Mirror Lake to see the sun rise. Got up at 4:15, had breakfast, and tore out for the lake. As we neared the mouth of Tenaiya Cañon it seemed every minute as though the sun would pop over the top of Half Dome. We were in a fever of anxiety lest we should miss it after all. Got there all right, though, and had to wait two hours and five minutes, and while waiting had to build a fire to keep warm, for the sun rose at 9:35. It truly was a fine thing to see the sun rising in the water two or three times, as one could make it do by walking a little ways. The color, the opalescent rays, the brightness of it all! But what struck us most—coming right home, as it were—was the baby's face. She was the first thing we looked at after the sun. We certainly were startled—thought something must have happened to her—her face the most intense purple, then it changed to gold. We looked at each other, and our faces were the same; then it came to us that we were color-blind, or dazzled by looking so closely at the sun. It was the funniest thing. The fire had such spots of color. The pebbles were the intensest blue. I could not help picking some up to save, even knowing the color would not last. This illusion lasted some time, but gradually passed away.

Of the rocks there were plenty, the most immense blocks of granite, many of them like "turtle backs," upside down. They seem to rest on one of the smaller faces, so that they over-hang, and by leaning back against them the Indians must have had good homes.

On the north wall of the valley, just east of Indian Creek, is still a trace of glacial polish, the only place we found it on a wall. In the creek-beds above the Falls there are plenty, and some perfect pot-holes, big at bottom, little at top, six feet deep, and full of clean water. On the trail to Eagle Peak, one mile northwest of the rim of the valley, there is a fine balanced rock, four by six feet on top, thirty inches high, and flat as a table, which will rock up and down with a light pressure on the edge. This rock is one hundred feet north of the trail, and within plain sight.

And the snakes. We did not expect to find the track of one, much less to see them, old kinds and new ones. The gopher snake,

Ptyophis catenifer, one fine specimen and five eggs; the first eggs we had ever seen, maybe laid by this snake, for they were in the same neighborhood, near the Indian Cañon. The eggs were lying on a little mound of earth at the mouth of a ground-squirrel's hole. Four were stuck together and one was separate. They are one inch by two inches, white, with a tough skin like a turtle's egg. In each one was a little snake nine inches long, nicely marked. Two little rattlesnakes, *Crotalus confluentus lucifer*. We found one right under El Capitan. I was picking up gum at the foot of a pine tree, when the little rascal struck at me twice before I saw him, or could get my hand away, but each time falling short. He was only fifteen inches long, with one rattle, which he did not use until after striking, then my wife could hear it distinctly fifty feet away. He crawled under a stone, which I turned over, but could not see where he lay, as his markings were so exactly like the fresh broken granite rocks, black and white. Not until I touched him with a stick could I see him. We were mighty careful after that as to where we stepped or sat down, for we realized how easy it would be to step on one or even put our hands on it.

The second one we found while on the trail to Upper Yosemite Falls. He was curled up, half buried in the dust, at the edge of the trail. I saw him when about eight feet away, so do not know whether or not he would have struck at anyone passing. He was nineteen inches long, with two rattles, colored and marked like the first, gray and black, but was much easier to see. This was the first time I ever found a snake buried in the dust, though had often heard that rattlesnakes do it to keep warm.

On the same trip and trail, five hundred feet above the floor of the valley, we found the little coral snake, *Elaps euryxanthus*. This is a doubtful snake, for its cousin, *Elaps fulvius* (also called coral snake, American cobra and candy stick, of the southern Gulf States), is one of the six known poisonous snakes of the United States. The one we found was sixteen inches long, sharply marked with bands of black and light red, and, between, narrow bands of creamy white; these three colors, glossy and clear, make it one of the most beautifully colored snakes in North America.

Three little garter snakes, *Eutania elegans elegans*. In handling one it left a very strong smell on my hands, an odor different than any other I have ever found, and one that was almost impossible to wash off.

One other little serpent, *Diadolphus amabilis pulchellus*, with no every-day name that I know of. They are full grown at fifteen inches, brown green, with black spots, beneath deep orange red—a harmless, pretty snake, but a fighter. The one we found was at the side of the road to Mirror Lake. He threw himself into a coil and striking many times, vibrated his tail, threshing about, ten times more than any rattlesnake, then all of a sudden jumped into a little hole and was gone.

We found eight snakes in all, and saw twenty-three fresh tracks, where they had just crossed the road, most of them near the mouth of Indian Cañon.

It was an off-year for most kinds of cones. The spruce-trees were well loaded, and on the four-mile trail to Glacier Point were the most beautiful Douglas spruce—that is, for color, so rich and green,

with a tint of yellow. One of these trees, growing near the medial moraine, is the largest tree of any kind that we found in the valley. It is twenty-seven feet eight inches in circumference, breast-high. At the top of Yosemite Falls and on Sentinel Dome are a few mountain pine, *Pinus monticola*, and some had cones full of seed. There are a very few sugar pine on the floor of the valley. They grow higher up about the rim, but among all we did not see over a dozen cones, and were not able to get a single one.

On the south road to the lower bridge there is one tree twenty-two feet four inches in circumference, breast-high, and on the same road, or rather near the branch which goes across the river ford, is the largest yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*) we have ever seen, twenty-five feet ten inches in circumference and two hundred and twenty-five feet high, with a forked top. The fork makes a good mark to find it by. Being so covered in by small trees it is hard to locate, even when right close up. Of *Libocedrus decurrens*, the Incense Cedar, there are some very fine trees. The largest, twenty-five feet in circumference, is at Mr. Fiske's house.

The Incense Cedar is a favorite storehouse tree with the carpenter woodpecker, and the almost everlasting bark was used by the Indians for their houses, and is also very fine to use in making a picturesque camp, to cover the walls and roofs of cabins, around tents, or for screens of any kind.

A fir tree (*Abies magnifica*) growing about two miles north of Eagle Peak, on the trail, is twenty-four feet eight inches in circumference, breast-high. A mile from the top of Upper Yosemite Falls, near the creek, there are some juniper trees, *Juniperus occidentalis*. They are so short and stubby, so covered with fine yellow moss and lichens, almost more than they have of leaves, that it is worth the trip to see them.

We took one trip in a wagon, and only one, down the valley eight miles, near the Cascades, to see some False Nutmeg trees, *Turnion Californicum*. These were the first we had ever seen, except two small ones in Golden Gate Park. Galen Clark knew just where to find them, and we were very glad to make the trip with him. He found the largest trees, and the finest fruits, and we got some good specimens of leaves and nuts. The largest tree is about two feet in diameter and thirty feet high. One must leave the stage and go to the south a little way to find the best trees.

On this trip Mr. Clark showed us his Claude Loraine Mirror, a most wonderful piece of glass, about ten inches square. One holds it up with his back to the view and then he sees the whole valley at once as in a picture, but so soft, so filled with the most delicate coloring, it is hard to believe there is not some enchantment about it.

It may seem trivial, a waste of time, and out of place, for us to have noticed all the little things, when there was so much without compare to be seen. I think, though, that we enjoyed the great things to the full. We could sense all and appreciate them better than if they were all that we could see.

The peaks and domes, the cliffs and waterfalls, the immensity of it all grew upon us day by day. All too soon we had to leave, but we are going back, as sure as the pine trees grow there, as sure as the waterfalls can say, "Kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall, but we fall on forever."

San Francisco.

AN ARIZONA CUPID

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.



MISS CARROLL," said Richard Montgomery White, Third, "I have something to say to you, something I have never yet—"

He hesitated a little despite his perfect poise, and the girl, who had gone a little white under her warm skin, recovered and broke in, a trifle nervously: "Dear me! I hope I haven't been doing anything very bad. You mustn't expect too much of me, you know. If I were to scold you in return, I think I'd have to tell you that while you are almost perfect here, you have one horrible failing. You insist on everybody's adopting the single Bostonian standard. Now when you visit Arizona, I'm afraid you will find us still voting for Billy Bryan and doing other shocking things. Oh, I've mixed that up horribly, haven't I? But you know what I mean, and you *are* coming to Arizona, aren't you?"

Mr. White listened with perfect politeness, but no sign of amusement, and then said: "What I want to tell you, I have never yet told to any woman."

Again the girl broke in, this time with a roguish pretense of alarm. "Oh, Mr. White, I do hope it isn't one of those wicked man-stories with a swear-word in it. Please consider! My chaperone isn't here. I wonder why they are called chaperones. Down in my country we would send the chaperones to the chaparral. But that's wasted on you, isn't it? You are so provincial. It's a good deal like saying 'Back to the woods' in Bostonese, but we don't have any woods—only chaparral, and pretty barren of that."

"Miss Carroll," persisted the young man, a trifle stiffly, "what I have to say is something no woman has a right to treat lightly."

The girl put out her hand with a little pleading gesture. "Forgive me. I am acting horrid. But you don't, you won't, understand."

Her hand rested between his fingers a moment and he said, a little bewildered: "You don't want me to say it?"

She withdrew her hand gently, and turned her face aside, shaking her head slightly. "Not now—not yet," her lips formed, but hardly uttered.

"But why?" he asked evenly. "I am not speaking hastily. I have carefully considered the matter. I have thought of what you have hinted, pardon me if I say rather flippantly, that we have been reared in different environments; but after all, you know, Mr. Chamberlain came to Massachusetts, Lord Curzon went to Chicago, and—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the girl tensely, tears in her eyes and laughter on her lips, "Mr. White, I will not listen. You don't know me at all,

but you think you do. I don't know you either, but I realize it. I have never seen *you*! If only you could be separated from your shell! Hush!" She slipped over to the piano, and, fingering some music, said over her shoulder to the lady who entered: "Florence, Mr. White and I have been discussing ornithology. He has been studying my habitat through the curriculum furnished by Mr. Thomas's play, Mr. Cody's show and the jokes about Alkali Ike."

Mr. White looked politely blank. Mrs. Protheroe was smoothing her gloves over her shapely fingers. "Really, my dear," she said, "you accuse me of abstruseness sometimes, but you—"

"Why, don't you see?" said the girl gaily, entirely recovered, "The question is, Why do birds of a feather flock together?"

With this sally and a little meaning glance at him, Mr. Richard Montgomery White, Third, felt his suit set aside, and the three proceeded to Symphony Hall to enjoy the evening as best they might.

Richard Montgomery White had never seen America. "Richard Montgomery White, Third," he signed it, and he had added "of Boston" all his life. He frequently visited New York; he was familiar with the Maine coast; he had once gone as far south as Hampton Roads; he knew the American legation in nearly every principal city of Europe—and these are the reasons he had never seen America.

But one day America had come to him. One day he had met *her*, and in meeting her had met *it*. One day his vision had been broadened marvelously, and he had discovered that America is not New England, with New York as a sort of a vermiform appendix, but that there are inhabited lands even beyond Ohio, Iowa and Omaha. While he was not quite certain whether Omaha had even been admitted into the Union, he knew there was such a place, because when he was in Bologna pursuing Guido Reni he had learned that two or three of the master's treasures were in Lininger's collection in Omaha.

But had he been told, even then, that there was another place a thousand miles west and south of Omaha, where if old masters did not flourish new masters did—aye, and new mistresses too (mistresses in the fine old romantic sense), and that he—he, Richard Montgomery White, *Third*—was to give up his heart to a girl born and brought up in "the desert" of Arizona, he would have politely begged your pardon. Other men, born "out West" (perhaps as far as Pittsburg), might have laughed you to scorn, but Mr. Richard Montgomery White, Third, would have politely ignored your remark, or have begged pardon for differing.

Nevertheless you would have been right and Mr. White wrong, which he would never have discovered if the Arizona thermometer

were not in the habit of boiling the mercury all through the long summer. It happened, therefore, that Miss Carroll spent a summer in New England, and Montgomery, as a few, a very few, were privileged to call him, found that New England was an absurdly small place. Whether he sought the aristocratic regions of Newport, the democratic delights of Old Orchard, the exaltation of the White Mountains or the calm of Concord, where he was, there was she also. Then he discovered another thing. The meetings were by design. Furthermore, he was the designer.

Montgomery took himself apart and talked to himself. It was a confidential conversation and can hardly be reported verbatim, but it is generally believed that Mr. White asked himself what his intentions were. After which occurred the conversation with Miss Carroll already reported.

It took some time, after Miss Carroll returned to her home, for Montgomery to conceive the idea that he would discover America. Then, like Columbus before him, he resolutely set his face towards the terrors of the unknown West. To make the exploration as thorough as possible, he went by the northern route, travelled "the Coast" from Seattle to San Diego, and started back via the southern. In that way he sought to disguise from himself the real objective point of his trip. But though there were a dozen conventional reasons why he should stop at Salt Lake, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, etc., he had to force himself to get off the trains, but found no difficulty in prevailing upon himself to stop at Maricopa. And what is there at Maricopa? Nothing at all.

The Sunset Limited dumped him off in the chill dark of the small hours, when the blood flows sluggishly, and the connecting train for Phoenix was not even open for two or three hours. He looked at the black sky in which the stars blazed brighter than he had ever seen them, at the wide, weird desert, empty and desolate, at the little group of buildings huddled around the station, and then he thought of her, with a touch of dismay, and asked himself, "Is it possible?"

But when the train rolled into Phoenix by daylight and he was met at the station by a trim young lady who looked as fresh as the radiant morning, driving an eager-to-go horse attached to a stylish trap, his soul sang in a different key. True, Montgomery White's nature was not given to exuberance and the song never got from his soul to his lips, but he must have been cold indeed not to have felt the exhilaration of the short spin up the broad street to the "Adams."

"I'm going to leave you at the hotel now, because I know you want your bath and your coffee," she said. "Then, if you have nothing better to do, Mr. Marley and I will pick you up about ten and show you how the Salt River valley looks from his Mercedes.

In the afternoon we can play a little golf at the Country Club if you like. You can't do that in Boston in mid-winter very often, can you? There's a visitor's card waiting for you there, and Mr. Marley wants the pleasure of introducing you at the Maricopa Club. Mama wants you at dinner at six-thirty; just a small affair—Uncle Robert, the Lessings, Mr. Marley and one or two intimates. We don't want to tire you."

Montgomery swallowed part of his surprise, but the rest found utterance. "Good Lord, Miss Carroll, what have we after dinner? Grand opera?"

Miss Carroll laughed. "Oh, I don't deny that we're putting our best foot forward. Does ten o'clock suit you?"

"I'm ready now," said the young man, "and I'm very sure I much prefer your horse to the best motor which ever punctured a tire."

"Oh, but I promised to save you for Sam—Mr. Marley. He'd be awfully disappointed. We'll drive some other time, if you like."

"Do with me as you will," murmured the young man, yielding the point politely. "I wouldn't disarrange your plans."

A little later, when Marley swung his car around to the entrance of the Adams and the two men met, Montgomery raised his hat and murmured, "Glad to meet you, I'm sure," while Marley cried heartily: "Heard so much about you, seems as if I'd known you always! Now you climb in with Bert, and don't pay any attention to me, except to punch me to go faster or slower, or to give me directions if you have any. I know you're dying for a visit with Bert—I was, when she got back from Boston—and you and I can swap lies later. For the next two hours I'm nothing but the choofer."

Despite, or perhaps because of, Marley's attitude, Montgomery had a distinctly uncomfortable feeling. "How sure he must be!" he thought to himself, "and what a way he has with him! Sort of a masculine gender to her own. 'Birds of a feather.' Good Lord, was that what she meant? I wonder why I cannot be like that!"

At the end of the spin, Mr. White begged to be allowed to be host at luncheon, but Miss Carroll demurred. "Just drop me off at the house and you men go on. If you want me to play golf this afternoon you must give me time to change my skirt."

"I say, Mr. Marley," said Montgomery, nervously, after Miss Carroll had disappeared, "I'm sure I beg your pardon for a very absurd question, but you can have no idea how it bothers me."

"Out with it!" urged Marley.

"Well, you know, I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I understand we are to dine at the Carrolls, and—and—well, *do* we dress for dinner?"

Marley laughed frankly, and then, lowering his voice in mock confidence, he said, "My friend, you have come to the right man.

When I came here five years ago I came on a hurry-call, and what I didn't know about the Southwest would have filled the famous library in your town. I packed in a hurry, and about the last thing I did was to throw my dress-suit to my room-mate (he was about my size), never expecting to see one again. First thing after I got here I got a bid to some function or other, and they told me I could wear buckskin if I liked. I suppose I could have, but there were ninety-eight men there that night, and ninety-seven of 'em wore the most irreproachable evening dress. Gee! there wasn't even a wing-collar. You can imagine how the ninety-eighth man felt."

The visitor could not help but admire the good-natured tact of the explanation. "Mr. Marley," he said, after a pause, "you're a *very* good fellow, and you're going to do me so many kindnesses, give me a card to your club, and all that. Miss Carroll told me. I want to be decent to you. I think I ought to tell you that I'm here to win, if I can."

"You're a square sport," cried Marley, "and I like you. I'm free to say that you have a chance—oh, a very good chance; but now that you've put it up to me, I don't mind telling you I'll try to make you run second. But you may be sure of a fair deal, as far as I'm concerned, and if you win, you'll find me a good loser. I don't want any girl, not even Bert Carroll, if she wants somebody else."

"You mean *Miss* Carroll," corrected the Easterner, offering his hand, which Marley grabbed emphatically. There was a tacit truce for the afternoon, but in the evening the war was on.

Montgomery suddenly realized that he was anxious to make a good impression upon Miss Carroll's friends and family, and he marveled at it a little. He exerted himself to be agreeable to everyone, from Miss Carroll's well-bred fox-terrier, Gyp, to Miss Carroll's well-fed Uncle Hubert.

"So you're new to Arizona," that important man was saying, fixing his small shrewd eyes on the visitor. "Now, I'll bet you never saw such a climate as this in Boston."

"The climate is wonderful," acceded Montgomery.

"Rather beats your east winds, don't it? Ever see five crops of alfalfa in a year in Boston?" inquired Uncle Hubert, waving a fat hand.

"I'm quite sure I never did. I don't believe Boston goes in much for alfalfa."

"Do you know that the finest oranges in the world grow right here in this valley?"

"I didn't, but I know it now," said Montgomery, urbanely.

"More mineral wealth in this territory than any other parcel of land in the world, when it's developed."

"Mr. White," put in a guest, "you ought to be warned that Carroll is a professional Arizonian. He's only happy when he's proving the entire inferiority of the rest of the world."

But Hubert Carroll, or "Hub," as he was generally called, was of a type which is in every community, and was not to be deterred. "Ain't I right?" he demanded. "If I ain't, tell me just one thing, just one thing, Mr. White, that you got back East which compares with what we've got."

"Nothing at all," smiled Montgomery, "unless it is the habit of allowing people to find out our good qualities for themselves."

A little ripple of laughter went around, and Hub Carroll's large, round face went red, but he returned to the attack. "You think you've got trees, but we've got trees turned into jewels, in the petrified forest. You think you've got hills, but we could lose the whole outfit in the Grand Cañon. Birds, too. You think you've got birds back East, but we'll show you some real birds one of these days."

"Birds of a feather, I'm afraid," murmured Miss Carroll in Montgomery's ear.

"What's that, Bertie?" demanded the uncle, noting the arch glance, and not half pleased.

"Just quoting the old proverb, Uncle, about the birds of a feather flocking together."

"Sometimes they don't. There's Abou Ben Ezra," said her uncle, shortly but jocularly, and lapsed into silence.

It seemed a lame conclusion to the man from Boston, but the entire little company was too well satisfied with having side-tracked Mr. Carroll's Arizonianism, and plunged into other subjects.

Montgomery, however, was conscious that he had not scored very heavily with the head of the Carrolls. A week passed, and he failed to see that he was making any progress with the most important of the Carrolls, either. More than once he had essayed the subject which haunted his heart; essayed it calmly and deliberately, and always she had evaded his carefully prepared attack. "One of these days," he said to himself, "that bluff chap Marley will pick her up in his good-humored way, pack her in his motor and carry her off to the minister's before she knows it."

He consoled himself, however, with the thought that the catastrophe would not occur that morning, at any rate, for Gyp came tearing into the Adams' lobby, where he sat, leaping upon him and licking his hands.

"Gyp," whispered the young man, whimsically, "where thou art there she must be also. Lead on! I'll follow thee."

Miss Carroll's trap stood before the post office, a short block

away, and Montgomery played his lead boldly. "Is this the morning you are to give me that promised drive?"

"This is the morning," accepted the girl, "and I can also redeem uncle's promise at the same time. I'll show you the birds."

"Of your uncle's feather?" asked the young man, grimly, taking the reins as she moved over.

"They're all uncle's feathers," laughed the girl.

He did not understand the retort and did not care. It was enough to be alone with her, behind a willing horse, on a good road, coursing briskly away from the morning sun. Far past the outskirts of the little city they rode, saying little, but possibly feeling the more. Gyp was the animation of the party, now far ahead, now lagging behind a little, now dashing for a meadow-lark on a sprouting fence-post, or barking loudly for pure joy of living.

"Yes, you have quite a variety of birds," the young man was saying lazily, "especially as you haven't any foliage to speak of, except cotton-woods. Have you ever noticed how many more varieties there are around us, if you watch close, than the average mortal conceives? Gyp seems to find some which we don't, too."

"Oh, I forgot Gyp," exclaimed the girl, suddenly. "What shall we do with Gyp?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we're going to uncle's farm, and dogs aren't allowed."

"Dogs debarred from a farm? Most extraordinary. What's the chief product of your uncle's farm? Pussy-cats?"

"No, birds. Haven't we told you? B-i-r-d-s."

"But, bless us, the birds won't bite him. And he can't catch them."

"Wait a minute," laughed the girl. "It's a shame to mystify you with so simple a conundrum." They came to a slight rise in the ground and the girl pointed. There, sure enough, were birds, birds seven or eight feet tall, hundreds of them."

"Most extraordinary!" said Montgomery. "Surely you have not bewitched me all the way to Africa."

"Only to uncle's ostrich farm, of which he is inordinately proud."

"And Gyp?"

"The birds are afraid of dogs. One little Gyp may stampede a whole herd."

"A little terrier like Gyp? Why, I thought an ostrich could kill a man with a stroke of his—er, which is it, a hoof or a claw?"

"So he can, or so I'm told. But he has to strike straight from the shoulder, so to speak. He can't kick downwards, so anything as close to the ground as Gyp puts him in a panic. Foolish, isn't he?"

"Foolish as a man in love. Afraid of he knows not what."

"I'd like to see you in a panic just once," said the girl, with seemingly causeless vexation. "You're always so dead calm."

Before the young man could express his well-controlled surprise she touched the reins. "I know what we'll do. We'll tie here and Gyp will guard the horse. He will do that all day as faithful as——"

"As what?" asked the young man.

"As a dog," said the girl. "There is no other comparison. Come! we'll walk across the farm to the house. It will give me a chance to show it to you. You see it's all fenced off into large pens."

"Pens? Apartments, you mean, and a happy pair in each flat. What a gallant man your uncle must be."

"Gallant? Oh, yes, to ostriches. Did you know that ostriches choose their own mates out of the herd? But women! he thinks they ought to mate as their rich uncles direct."

"Ah!" said the man, jealously, "'Birds of a feather' is *his* motto, then. But what do beautiful nieces think of the plans of rich uncles?"

"Beautiful nieces," quoted the girl, gaily, "are as difficult to manage as Abou Ben Ezra, and show as hateful a temper."

"Your uncle's riddle again."

"One of the birds," exclaimed the girl. "A handsome fellow, but he fights every living thing which comes within sight of him. He's even so ugly he abuses his wife, so he usually is made to flock by himself."

"Poor devil!" sighed Montgomery, dolorously.

Thus they chattered and walked, and Montgomery told himself he had never been so truly happy before. The polished blue of the sky, the dark green of the alfalfa, the warmth of the air, the hint of remoteness from customary civilization given by the big bipeds, and, above all, the solitude—solitude with one another, which is the sort worth having—brought a bubbling joy into his heart. Through his mind there ran the lilt of Frederick's song, from Mignon, capering care-free. Then he became aware that the girl's clear contralto had burst softly into the same melody which was thrumming through his mind. He uttered a little cry of suppressed enthusiasm at the coincidence and joined in the song. She looked at him questioningly, but somehow he did not care to break the harmony with words, and she seemed to understand. Then, while the spell was yet on them, he took off his hat and touched her hand, as if to attract her attention. She did not pretend to misunderstand, but breathed a soft little sigh and put away the moment. "Come," she said, "it is getting far into the morning. Let us cut through this empty corral on the way to the house."

"Oh, my prophetic soul, your uncle!" groaned Montgomery.

They were a third of the way across the corral, perhaps, when the girl gave a cry of alarm. "Abou!"

Montgomery looked. Up from somewhere flashed the black and white of a huge male ostrich. Doubtless he had been resting quietly in some corner, and his motionless body had blended into the field in the unconsciously cunning way which nature has contrived for all hunted creatures. Angrily the monstrous bird dropped into its posture of challenge, squatting, ruffling his plumes, his head describing a raging arc from side to side, lashing himself, as it were, preparatory to the charge.

Montgomery's first emotion was of delight, as the girl's rounded body swayed close to his and the perfume of her hair brushed his face. His second sensation was of interest in the spectacular preparations of the bird, and his third was of genuine alarm. To look at the silly face and sapling neck of an ostrich through a wire screening is one thing. To be caged in a corral face to face with a three-hundred-pound catapult which can move like an express-train and strike a blow like a pile-driver is another. Not a way to escape! Not a weapon of any sort within reach! To run were folly; to fight were fatal!

For a second they stood like victims in an ancient amphitheater, awaiting the rush of their destroyer. Then two warm arms went around his neck, two soft lips went straight to his. The ostrich was coming.

Montgomery closed his arms and his eyes and laughed low and delightedly. Then, in the moment of his intoxication, he had an inspiration. "Sweetheart—the dog—what you told me—down—down!"

Half comprehending, half forced, the girl slipped prone upon, or rather into, the alfalfa, and her lover flung himself beside her, just as the ostrich struck, but struck above them.

"It worked!" ejaculated Montgomery; "it worked!" He slipped his hand toward hers.

"No, no," put your face down and put your arms over your neck."

"I'd rather put them around yours," complained the young man, but followed her example. "What's all this for?"

"Rich!" came in a smothered voice from the alfalfa. "Did you ever see anything as good as this in Boston?"

"Oo!" answered Montgomery, irrelevantly. "The villain stepped on me!" For the baffled ostrich, after angrily circling around, was deliberately trying the effect of his three hundred pounds upon his victims, and his horny toe was far from comfortable, even through clothing.

"Keep your head and neck covered," warned the girl again.

Montgomery wriggled around until his head was toward hers, each head fitting into the other's shoulder. "I file an improvement on your patent. This way I can cover my head and your own, too. Ugh! that brute of a bird is sitting on me."

The girl moved her cheek gently so that it rubbed against his. "Do you mind it much?" she whispered.

"Sweetheart," came the answer, passionately, "I mind nothing under the heavens or in the earth, now or forever, except that you are mine and I am yours, and I am with you."

The girl closed her eyes again, her lips trembled. Her lips were parted, her cheeks softly flushed. Suddenly she turned her face away from him. "Oh, glory," she breathed to herself. "He is awake!"

Montgomery raised his head and shoulders and came down with his face to hers. "Don't raise your head up like that!" panted the girl. "He'll kill you!"

"Then don't you turn your face away," he commanded masterfully.

She closed her eyes again, her lips trembling. Montgomery improved the opportunity. "Dearest," he said, "you said you wanted to see me in a panic. Well, I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"Afraid the reptile will go away and that this may end."

The girl laughed delightedly. "Oh, Montgomery, who would ever have thought that you, *you*, could be so loveably ridiculous!" Then, changing her tone, she said, "Can you eat alfalfa? It's the bird's regular diet, but *I'm* getting hungry."

"Gad! so's the ostrich," retorted the young man. "He's pecking at my hand. Is—is his bite dangerous?"

The girl shook with laughter. "About as much as a goose's. It's your ring. He's trying to get your diamond."

"Bertha!" shouted the young man. "I've got him. Get up and run!" The ostrich had pecked again, and Montgomery had flashed his hands up and seized the long, sinuous neck. The huge biped was powerless.

The girl stood not upon the order of her going. "I'll send some help," she called back.

"Not from your uncle," growled the young man, struck with another idea.

Fishing out his handkerchief and holding the neck firmly in one hand, he whirled the linen around the eyes of the bird with the other, then seized the ends and tied them. A blinded ostrich is as docile as a kitten. Perhaps Montgomery did not know this, as he gave the neck a final vicious tug, which sent the big bird somersaulting over him.

When they were outside the corral the girl looked at him with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. "Don't you dare to laugh!" she warned, and then they both shouted and swayed.

By a mutual impulse they retraced their steps toward the horses. Gyp leaped up as they approached, his tail wig-wagging signals of welcome and congratulation. "Here's your new master, Gyp," said the man, stooping to pet him. "I wonder what uncle will think when he finds that hooded ostrich."

"Isn't there a tradition somewhere of a blind and winged god who sometimes brings true lovers together?" asked the girl, demurely.

Montgomery held his sides again. "Abou Ben Ezra and the little winged Cupid! Birds of a feather!"

Cleveland, O.

A TOUCH OF NATURE

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.



BILLY BEEBE, '00 of Harvard, taking his ease at his inn—or, at least, in the terraced gardens that were its chiefest charm—was extremely well pleased with himself, life, the world, and the pleasant places thereof where now his lines were cast. Thus far he had won on his Wander-year; but the lure of Arizona suns held him thrall—Circe-charmed, lulled and lapped with warmth and quiet restfulness.

There was good red blood in the boy, despite a certain erroneous superiority. It stirred to the call of these splendid horizons. The mysterious desert scoffed and questioned, drew him with promise of strange joys and strange griefs. The iron-hard mountains beckoned and challenged from afar, wove him their spells of wavering lights and shadows; the misty warp and woof of them shifting to swift fantastic hues of trembling rose and blue and violet, half-veiling, half-revealing, steeps unguessed and dreamed-of sheltered valleys—and all the myriad-voice of moaning waste and world-rimming hill cried "Come!"

Faint, fitful undertone of drowsy chords, far pealing of elfin bells; that was pulsing of busy *acequias*, tinkling of mimic waterfalls. The clean breath of the desert crooned by, bearing a grateful fragrance of apple-blossoms; rippled the deepest green of alfalfa to undulating sheen of purple and flashing gold. The broad fields were dwarfed to play-garden prettiness by the vastness of overwhelming desert, to right, to left, before; whose nearer blotches of black and gray and brown faded, far off, to a nameless shimmer, its silent leagues dwindling to immeasurable blur, merging indistinguishable in the burning sunset. "East by up," overguarding the Oasis, the colossal bulk of Rainbow walled out the world with grim-tiered cliffs, cleft only by the deep-gashed near gates of Rainbow Pass, where the swift river broke through to rich fields of Rainbow's End, bring in a fulfillment of the fabled pot of gold. Below, the whilom channel wandered forlorn—Rainbow no longer, but Lost River—to a disconsolate delta, waterless save as infrequent floods found turbulent way to the Sink, when wild horse and antelope revisited their old haunts for the tender green luxury of these brief, belated springs.

Billy had eyes to see and ears to hear. But, alas, as too often, he felt called upon to instructive prophecy. Giving sway to the master-muscle, things temporal faded before the glory of things spiritual. Deep in mid-harangue of didactic eloquence he coruscated, to the much edification of his sole auditor, John Wesley Pringle, tough battered veteran of Lost Legions, who hung on

his sonorous periods with ill-concealed admiration and unfeigned inner delight.

Having safely conducted the Pilgrim Fathers to Leyden and to Massachusetts ("thus twice-sifted from England's best," said Billy), he rigorously sifted their sons in turn, led them forth to the sacred soil of Bleeding Kansas, spotted them, so to speak, and went back after his cavalry. His breast swelled visibly as he began his peroration. Wes' leaned forward eagerly to drink in his wisdoms.

"The first settlers of the South were largely of England's gentle blood, with a liberal sprinkling of Scotch and Scotch-Irish. To Georgia and the Carolinas came also thousands of the best blood of France—the Huguenots. There has been comparatively little immigration from Europe, but they have quickly extended their empire westward in a slower stream, parallel to, but distinct from, the more impetuous tide of Northern civilization. This stream is now overflowing from the Lone Star State, meeting here the more energetic branch as it pours through the Northern Gates and recoils from the Pacific. They cannot choose but mingle. The Long Trail is ended. This is the Last Frontier. Here, under the most favorable auspices, alike removed from the frozen North and the languid South, the blood of Puritan and Vavalier, Huguenot and *Conquistador*, Blue and Gray, will merge at last into one unbroken tide. Who can say if the New Type here may not combine their differing ideals into something better than each or all? Will you coincide with me, Mr. Prindle?"

Pringle hesitated, blank-eyed. "Why—I—" Then his face shone with pleased comprehension. "Yes, thank you, I don't care if I do." He rose briskly.

The incredulous collegian eyed him with painful distrust. But Pringle's expression was so brightly innocent, so gravely matter-of-fact, that Billy dismissed suspicion as unworthy. His good heart sparing his unlettered companion the humiliation of enlightenment, he led the way.

Returning, Pringle's gaze followed the winding contours of the Pass till they were lost in the mazy, blue-black hills above the Rim-rock. "Up there," he said, jerking his chin to indicate the direction of his thought, "up there, now, is your chance to behold them millennial the'rys of yourn in action. On Tip-top you may witness the hardy pioneers, no two from the same state prior (barrin' Texas, of course) lyin' together in social unanimity. You side me to Old Man Baker's *mañana*. He's one of them very Pilgrim Grandsons, from that dear Wyandotte, Kansas. Come up and stay as long as you like. Besides observin' your fellow man

in the int'rests of science, there's bronc's to break, bear, deer and wild turkey a-plenty, and the round-up starts next week."

Rainbow, looming gigantically in the deepening twilight, reiterated the invitation. "By George!" said Beebe with youthful enthusiasm, "I'll go you! Of course, I'll pay all expenses."

"Of course," returned Pringle, severely, "that is the very only, one, identical, exact thing you precisely will not emphatically do.

Once you leave the railroad, this country's pretty like the Kingdom Come in one respect—it's easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol than for a rich man to make good with certified checks. If you want to, you can pay for a buckboard to carry your buns, sleepin'-bags, kodaks and other saturnalias up to Baker's. You and me'll mosey up the trail on cross-saddles, the wagon road bein' some on the architect'ral plan of a twisted corkscrew. And you leave that there check-book of yourn behind, travellin' solely on your personal pulchritood and beauties of character. Subsidizin' any denizen of these woodland wilds would be interestin' indeed, but imprudent. The most lib'ral and gratooitous tippin' will not endear you to the poor but haughty mountaineer. He might like enough hold you up with a gun if it occurred to him fav'able, but a tip he esteems degradin'—and resents as such; his ways of evincin' displeasure bein', moreover, versatile, hasty and surprisin'."

"You spoke of your neighbors as being from many different sections," said Billy. "Have they, in any measure, reconciled their political differences yet?"

"Not a bit!" Pringle shook his head in vigorous dissent. "All democrats."

Billy gave way to mirth.

"Of what section are you, yourself, Mr. Pringle?"

"I'm but a stranger here," said Pringle, pensively. "Heaven is my home. But if you want to pin me right down to particulars, you might say I was an American. In a way, that's some narrer-contracted. Of course, I'm really part of all this here." He turned a friendly eye where the desert stars burned warm and near and wonderful, including them in comprehensive gesture. "And interested in all adjacent parts, like the old farmer who allowed he weren't no land-hog—all he wanted was just what j'ined his'n. An American. It's a good big word, as words go. Well, I got to write some letters and then go bye-bye. Good-night. We start in the mawnin'."

Billy appeared in the morning canonically attired for roughing it, with careful observance of the best traditions of Naughty-Naughty. A flannel shirt, grandly, beautifully, riotously new-blue; a gay kerchief, knotted Byronically; fringed flaunting buckskin gauntlets; bright new double-decker belt and buttoned holster; riding-breeches of immaculate khaki; be-laced leggings and dainty spurs; the whole

amazing edifice surmounted by a stiff, white sombrero, symmetrically dented.

Pringle permitted himself one discreet glance, and mounted in silence. As they rounded the *plaza* he pricked a questioning thumb at the sombrero.

"Catholic?" he asked, with lifting brows.

"Catholic?" echoed the Easterner, puzzled. "Me? I don't understand."

"Them four dints," explained his genial cicerone, "outlines a cross, and denotes that the incumbent is addicted to Orthodoxy, Conservatism and other forms of inertia. If your sentiments is otherwise, you wear it creased down the middle, so-fashion."

"I am to infer, then, that you are a Radical?"

"We-ell, no—not exactly," said Pringle judicially. "You see, I got two hats. When I go to the county-seat, now, I wear the dinted one—and an extry gun."

"I had no idea there was any significance in the fashion," said Beebe.

"There's meanin' to most things—in this country at least. Chaps, taps, bridles and spurs all helps you place folks. If a man, not left-handed, coils his rope at the left side of his saddle-horn, he's a bronco-buster more'n a puncher. Center-fire saddle spells California; double-cinch, Texas for choice. And if you wear a criminal negligee shirt"—he regarded the rim-rock with steadfast non-committal eye—"it proclaims the—"

"Tenderfoot?" interrupted Billy, flushing.

"Well"—Pringle hesitated—"at least that you're from 'way east of any point due west of you."

Billy reverted to politics.

"You are a philosopher rather than a partisan, it seems," hinted the Conservative.

"Once," said Pringle, "I cherished certain fallacies tremendous. Men was just two kinds. One side was scoundrels, traitors, bigots and hypocrites. T'other kind was all Heroes, Patriots, Martyrs and Reformers. Them last was *my* side. 'Twas a exhilaratin', untroubled state of mind, but some transient and half wrong. Either half. Them tranquil and innocent days is long departed. I now say with the poet, 'I care not who makes the laws of a nation, so you let me name the Supreme Court.' Nigh fifty years old, I am. The words we use for praise or blame is just only denominators to me, and man is a fraction, complex and improper, with his numerators varyin' from day to day accordin' to his boots or digestion, weather, luck, temptation, need and opportunity. Which moderate judgements are not much shared by my neighbors on Tip-Top. They holds decided conclusions on all subjects, includin' each other, which they

looks down on mootual as Kansas nesters, Texas outlaws or Kaintucky aristocrats, and deports themselves accordin'."

"Have they intermarried much?" queried Billy thoughtfully.

"No woman has ever yet set foot in them peaceful precincts," said Pringle. "You might put up a sign in the Gap, 'Who enters here leaves soap behind.'"

"Ah!" said the vindicated theorist, much elated. "That explains it. Without the softening influence of womankind you cannot expect them to harmonize."

"There is one subject," said Pringle, "on which their harmony is such as to drown all other noises. The East. The Effete East. The Robber East—with special animosities to New York, Tammany Hall and Wall Street. They likewise deplores and resents that dear Cleveland, Ohio, by reason she didn't change her name during the late eighties or early nineties."

Billy reined up and fumbled at his saddle-bags. "Trick me no more, simple yeoman," he said, with a cheerful grin at the perfidious Pringle. "I perceive with sorrow that you are less fool than knave. I was a stranger and you took me in. The schoolman's sufficiency, that unaccountable self-esteem which departs not from the wayfaring man, though you bray him in a mortar, left me defenseless against your plausible imbecility. Nature has happily adapted you for the part. Let us coincide once more. I give you a toast. 'My ears! Long may they wave!' Drink, you untravelled yokel, drink!"

Pringle twisted the flask cover. "I jine you in this here fraternal pledge without abatement of them previous warnin's. Them Rainbow-chasers does sure cling to them aforesaid opinions, rabid. And I'm free to admit," he continued, reflectively, "that they urge them acrimonious convictions with that force and superfluency as 'twould surprise you, and a namin' of known facts not to be eluded. I shares them views myself, partial, and with mitigatin' circumstances." He looked around apprehensively.

"Can you keep a secret?" he demanded, in a cautious whisper. "I want to confide one of my youthful indiscretions to you. I was born in New York, myself. But 'twas a long time ago, and I've always tried to lead a better life. Of course, I wouldn't want it to get out. If Baker knowed it, he'd likely bar me from the wagon."

"What! Don't you live at Baker's?"

"Me? Shucks, no. I live fif-teen consecutive miles further on."

"Why!" gasped Billy, open-eyed. "You invited me up there! I naturally supposed—"

Pringle hastened to reassure him. "That's all right, Billy. I can't just explain Rainbow to you, off-hand, but them actions of mine, when I says, 'Come along, son, 'la casa es suya', fits in with our ways of thinkin', and is, as you may say, o fay and O. K. I've

done presented you with the freedom of Rainbow. Bein' as Baker's got way the best house and trimmin's, you go there first, natural. The boys is good boys, spite of them triflin' eediosincrasies I mentioned. They ain't really got no manners, but their hearts is located proper, and there ain't a selfish drop of blood in 'em. They'll show you a good time—a heap better time'n you could show them in civilized communities where an *in-vite* is just airy pers'flage unless legibly endorsed by the wife or other head of the house, and is so treated. We have our faults in Rainbow and New York respective—but I've seen 'em both, and my opinion is like what the school boy said about brains—"The cerebrum is composed of gray and black matter and the antebellum just the reverse." We quit the road here and hit the cut-off."

They zig-zagged the dizzy trail over High-roll, pausing at the top for a last view of the desert, down through the scraggly cedars, with a side-trip to see the river plunge through its rock-walled "Dalles"—a stupendous chasm, in whose sunless depths the Rainbow foamed a thousand feet below. Then came the rolling pine-country, with intervening valleys and winding shaded trails, where presently, at a sudden bend, they encountered three brisk-jogging horsemen.

The foremost got his horse back on his haunches, twisted in the saddle, and called gravely to his companions.

"'Toves,'" he announced, "'Are something like lobsters—they're something like badgers—and they're something like corkscrews.'"

"Ridin' with a roll?" queried the second, pleasantly.

Pringle held up a deprecatory hand.

"Guest—hosts. Hosts—guest," he said hastily. "Mr. William Beebe, of Cleveland, Ohio. Billy, the big, noisy, red-mustached gentleman is Wade Owens of old Kaintuck, known as Headlight; the bow-legged one is Aforesaid Nathaniel Smith, and the stubby patriarch bringin' up the rear is Baker himself. Speakin' of corkscrews—"

Making libation, they gave Billy grave welcome to Rainbow. "We *was* goin' down to see the sights," said Aforesaid, with invidious intent. "But I reckon it ain't necessary, now. Back we go."

The Rainbow-chasers proceeded to make Billy at home without delay, the rites of hospitality much on the lines followed by the famed Gridiron Club. Gleelessly they fell upon him, jointly and severally, on the ground that he was a New Yorker, ignoring his protests that Cleveland was really not a suburb of the larger city. Gently, but firmly, they expressed their candid disapproval and renunciation of the East and all its works; predatory wealth, banks and bankers, railroads, rebates, injunctions, trusts, Robber Tariff, campaign funds, life-insurance companies, Standard Oil, bribery,

Pirates of Industry, High Finance, corners, stocks, bonds, brokers, and promoters; incidentally, the kindred subjects of golf, lobbies, graft, Christian Science, patent medicine, doctors, dukes, international marriages, divorce, snobocracy, Race Suicide, nature-fakirs, spats, Boston-terrier mustaches and hazing, football, strikes, yellow journals, sky-scrapers, slums, automobiles, climate, latitude and longitude. These last were minor grievances, however. Always the conversation circled back to the black sheep, the idle rich, the dishonest plutocrats, the iron heel of the oppressor grinding down the faces of the poor, while Pringle egged on both sides with dispassionate impartiality.

"Aw, stop chewin' the rag," he said at last. "Le's climb up on Thumb Butte to noon. Mr. Beebe can get the lay of the country from there. What time is it?"

"Eleven-thirty; not quite," Headlight responded, squinting at the sun.

"Eleven-twenty-five," announced Billy, snapping his watch.

"My head is good as most people's watches," said the Kentuckian, in unguarded boasting.

"Maybe that's the wheels," suggested Aforesaid, blandly.

"Well, I ain't got no roulette wheels on the brain, anyhow," retorted Headlight promptly.

"That's right, that's right. When honest men fall out, the rest of us gets a little peace. You side me, Billy. I ain't snuffin' over your tainted money," said Pringle kindly. "*You* can't help it."

"We don't mean nothin' but a little fun, Mr. Beebe," said Baker. "Just putting you through the First Degree a lot. Not but these things is facts. You try this simple rough life awhile and you'll see how hopelessly wrong all these robber-rich looks to self-respecting toil. Your millionaires perpetrate outrages under cover of the law that honest hard-working men'd scorn to do."

Cliff-walled on three sides, Thumb Butte commanded the whole Tip-top country. Unsaddling at its outmost verge, they hobbled the horses, and, in default of lunch, proceeded to explain the topography.

Straight ahead, twenty miles off, was Baker's place, at the head of the main cañon. He gave the 13 brand, the Baker's Dozen. The N8 ranch was beyond the sugar-loaf "gyp" knoll, southward. "I'll take you over tomorrow," said Aforesaid. Owens lived closer by, in the rolling hills to the left of Rainbow River. The broken mesa beyond was Prairie Mountain; the ridge between the forks was Rosebud.

After creditable recitation on these primary points, Billy directed his field-glass to the adjacent N8 country and studied it attentively,

bringing his field of vision nearer till at last he was examining the foot-hills immediately below and to their right.

"Hello! There's a man," he said. "I believe he's killed a deer. No—it's alive, whatever it is. No, not so far. There—don't you see?"

"Let me look," said Baker. He took the glass. "Umph, deer! Yes—slow deer!" he said aciduously. "What do you make of it, Wade?"

Headlight took a leisurely survey and passed the glass to Smith without comment.

After a long look, Aforesaid sat down with his legs hanging over the cliff, rolling a cigarette with great composure. "It's Jim," he said, fishing for a match. "As near as I can make out, he's workin' over one of Baker's steers, convertin' the 13 into N8, brandin' through a wet blanket to make the new part look old. You know the steer, Headlight—that pided straight-edge we brought off of Rosebud, that got away from the day-herders at Fresno?"

Headlight nodded. "I knowed the old moss-back quick as ever I laid eyes on him."

"You see," continued Aforesaid, addressing Billy, "Jim, he was out of work and ridin' the chuck line. So I told him to lay up with me till he rustled a job, makin' himself useful. This is his idea of makin' himself useful. I warned him agin such, but he's so blame grateful. Look here, Baker, you don't think I was knowin' to this, do you?"

"Not a minute! Re-brandin' known and named stuff like that isn't your style," said Baker pointedly. "You're more cautious. But your grateful Jim'll have to go. He's like too many of you Texas fellows—he ain't got no control of his loop. He thinks—"

He stopped. Out of a timber-clump fronting the Butte, dashed a bunch of cattle. Two wild riders thundered after, down the steep, rocky slope. The foremost, with whirling loop, closed in, scattering the bellowing tail-enders. A swift cast of the rope; the horse sat back on his haunches with bracing feet; a long-eared yearling pitched and bawled in wild circling at the rope's end. The second horseman clattered by, urging the flying cattle with terrifying yells, oblivious of the interested spectators, a stone's-throw above. (A stone may be thrown very far—straight down.)

"Magnificent!" said Beebe. "What superb horsemanship!"

"Watch him throw and tie," advised Pringle. His tones were tremulous, his face rapturously beatific. Baker wore a dignified, disinterested air of far-off abstraction, quite disconnected with mere mundane affairs. The other two were wholly absorbed in sudden contemplation of Beebe's field-glasses.

The yearling came to momentary pause; the horse darted forward

and the slack was deftly twitched so that the yearling "crossed" it. At the same moment the cow-pony planted himself; the rider was off, running swiftly, tugging at the "tie-string" around his waist as he ran. As the maverick executed a creditable somersault, the cowboy pounced on him, gathered the frenzy-beating feet together with a swoop of legs and arms, made a few quick passes, and rose. The captive was hog-tied; the puncher threw off the choking neck-rope and began gathering sticks; the maverick, madly threshing his head, bawled frantic terror and indignation.

Down the hill a furious cow reappeared at this piteous outcry, prompted by maternal affection. The other puncher had turned back, whistling, coiling his rope as he came. Him she charged in a fine frenzy, head down, tail up, vociferous. Vainly he strove to turn her with shout and on-sweep. Her blood was up and she held the right of way. Slipping aside, he fell in behind her, drew up close beside. The circling rope poised rhythmically, swooped down over her withers in exact time with her plunging feet, whirling as it came; the uplifted hand drew the noose tight, the pony swerved. "Fore-footed," the luckless avenger turned in air, lit on her side with a thump, and scrambled to her feet, gasping, but undaunted. Bellowing defiance, she lowered her head for the onset, but the rope tightened with a jerk and she was down again. This time she took the count. Meanwhile, the other man was starting his fire in fine unconcern.

"What's that for?" demanded Billy. "He'll hurt that cow. Why don't he tie her if he wants her, Mr. Baker?"

Baker came out of his rhapsody, tried vainly to catch the Kentuckian's eye; turned an imploring glance to Pringle, marked the dancing devilry of his smile, and bowed his head in humble resignation. Aforesaid rolled his eyes with an air of gentle melancholy. The Kentuckian fairly strutted, his face illumined with conscious virtue. It was Pringle who finally gave the desired information.

"He don't want her, Billy. You see, that long-ear's her'n; Headlight, he pays taxes on her, and them lynx-eyed toilers is in the *em*-ploy of Mr. Baker, addin' to his frugal gains. Obvious, the idee is to break them fam-ly ties. She'll drift, presently, and her calf'll be an orphan-in-law. There she goes, now. They mostly can't stand more'n a couple o' falls."

Billy eyed the stockmen with respectful admiration. "You people certainly take things easy," he ventured, obliquely.

"When a poor man hurls his twine misappropriate," observed Headlight, casually, "some folks is shocked and grieved horrible. Bein' well fixed themselves, they hires punchers to work their stock, and if any informal transactions like this comes to light, they claim

it was a mistake, or blame it on the hands. Now, if you'd caught *me* in such a caper—"

More he would have said, but Pringle touched his shoulder and lightly motioned him to the left. Half a mile away, a mottled turmoil of swarming red-and-white broke from cover, hotly pursued by a Lilliputian horseman. Aforesaid made an eager snatch at the field-glass; the drooping Baker rose, happily refreshed.

Racing to windward of the dust, the horseman leaped off. An instantaneous smoke-puff—the bobbing streaks of color were in the timber before the faint report reached Billy's ears. Behind, a red-and-white spot lay quiet in the open.

After painstaking scrutiny, Aforesaid twirled his mustache at a jaunty angle. Then, smiling sweetly, he held the glasses out to Headlight.

"Have a peek, old-timer?"

His eye was malicious. Headlight waved aside the proffered courtesy. Pringle's right hand shook his left in cordial glee. "The inhabitants of the Scilly Isles," he murmured, joyfully reminiscent, "who eke out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing."

"Well?" said Baker, hopefully.

Aforesaid turned to Billy. "That was Charlie Gaylord, Headlight's nephew," he explained, with much deliberation. "The Louisville Gaylords, you know. One of the First Families of Kaintuck." He cut off a liberal chew of tobacco, stowed it in his cheek, and offered the plug to Headlight. "The beef was mine," he added, as an after-thought.

"Maybe he shot the wrong one," suggested Billy. "They were running very fast."

Hearing his kinsman thus maligned, Headlight made to his defense.

"Miss a beef at fifty yards!" he snorted. "I'd disown him!"

Billy reflected, chin in hand.

"What a charm there is in this free and simple life!" he mused. "How the hearty, whole-souled, hardworking cattle-man, breezy, open-and-above-board, puts to shame the indirection, fraud and heartless greed of the market-place. The contrast between the pure, sweet mountain air and the reek of the crowded cities is not greater than that between the frank, straightforward manners of honest toil with the feverish frenzy of brazen commercial avarice, that tramples on human rights and gr-r-rinds the faces of the poor."

The three reformers sat down, their backs to Billy and to each other, and absorbed themselves in their respective sections of scenery. Below, grateful Jim had released the light token of his regard, and jogged peacefully toward the spot where the Baker's Dozen men

were putting the finishing touches on the maverick. On the left, the Louisvillian bent, industrious, to his work.

Billy resumed.

"I have often observed that most reformers lack in practical grasp of affairs. In your case, however, zeal for righteousness seems to go hand-in-hand with foresight, thrift and enterprise."

No answer.

"It seems a pity, though, that gifts like yours should be denied the larger opportunity they deserve. Such abilities should have room to develop. Your talents would shine with added lustre in a larger field—say in Wall Street!"

They humped their shoulders up and took it meekly.

"Far be it from me to criticize," said Billy, mildly. "And yet, with all your undoubted business qualifications, you could benefit by adopting some of our modern methods. For instance, an application of the clearing-house idea to your industries would have simplified today's operations to a merely clerical matter, thus greatly reducing your expenses."

"Them fellows ain't never looked up once," muttered Baker, with concentrated bitterness. "*They* let us in for this—the damn careless scoundrels. Boys, le's throw a scare into 'em!"

Pop! Bang! Bangbang! Three forty-fives came into simultaneous action. Bewildering echoes multiplied the crashing volleys to a continuous fusillade.

Scurry of swift color, popping of underbrush; the cowboys vanished, remorseful. Crash of breaking boughs, dim-hurling shapes brief-glimpsed through the tree-tops; beyond, a little valley. "They'll meet! They'll meet!" shouted Baker, dancing in truculent ecstasy. "Burn the breeze, ye sons of Zeruiah!"

They burst into the valley together. Desperately wheeling through billowing clouds of dust, red-pierced by spitting fire-flashes, they passed on, each, by tacit agreement, on a different tangent. The forest swallowed them in its green depths; unbroken silence and peace closed again on that fair and sunny wilderness. On Thumb Butte the battle-smoke hung motionless.

Pringle buried his face in his hands, rocking wildly. "Oh, if my poor mother could only see me now!" he groaned.

"Them misguided wretches'll pursue them several routes till they meet salt water," remarked Aforesaid, awe-struck.

"As a practical suggestion, in the interests of economy and equity," said Billy, "hadn't we better all go down and skin Mr. Owen's beef? Mr. Gaylord, I see, has gone away."

"What! And compound a felony?" Pringle began.

Headlight rose. "John Wesley," he said firmly, "one word from you—or if you ever seem to look as if you might possibly want to like to say something—and we put the leggin's onto *you*. Mr. Beebe, you're entitled to rub it in if you want to, 'count of us giving up all that head this forenoon. But, if you'd just as soon—as a matter of sparin' our feelin's—you just give us one good hard kick all 'round and call it square." He looked over his shoulder pleadingly. "Can't you, now?"

Apalachin, N. Y.

SANGER, CALIFORNIA

By W. M. BARR.



WHEN M. J. Church, in 1868, brought a band of 2000 sheep from Napa City in to the valley of Kings River, where they found abundant feed that year, he little thought that he was laying the foundation for one of the greatest irrigation enterprises in America; and yet within two miles of where Mr. Church first pitched camp, about five miles northeast of the thriving town of Sanger, Fresno County, Cal., is now the head of an irrigation system covering over 400,000 acres of rich fertile valley land.

The productive river-bottom along Kings River furnished forage for thousands of cattle, in an early day during the whole of the year, while the broad valley extending from the Sierra Nevada on the east to the foot-hills of the Coast Range on the west was one vast grazing ground during the winter months, showing what the land would do if supplied with sufficient water.

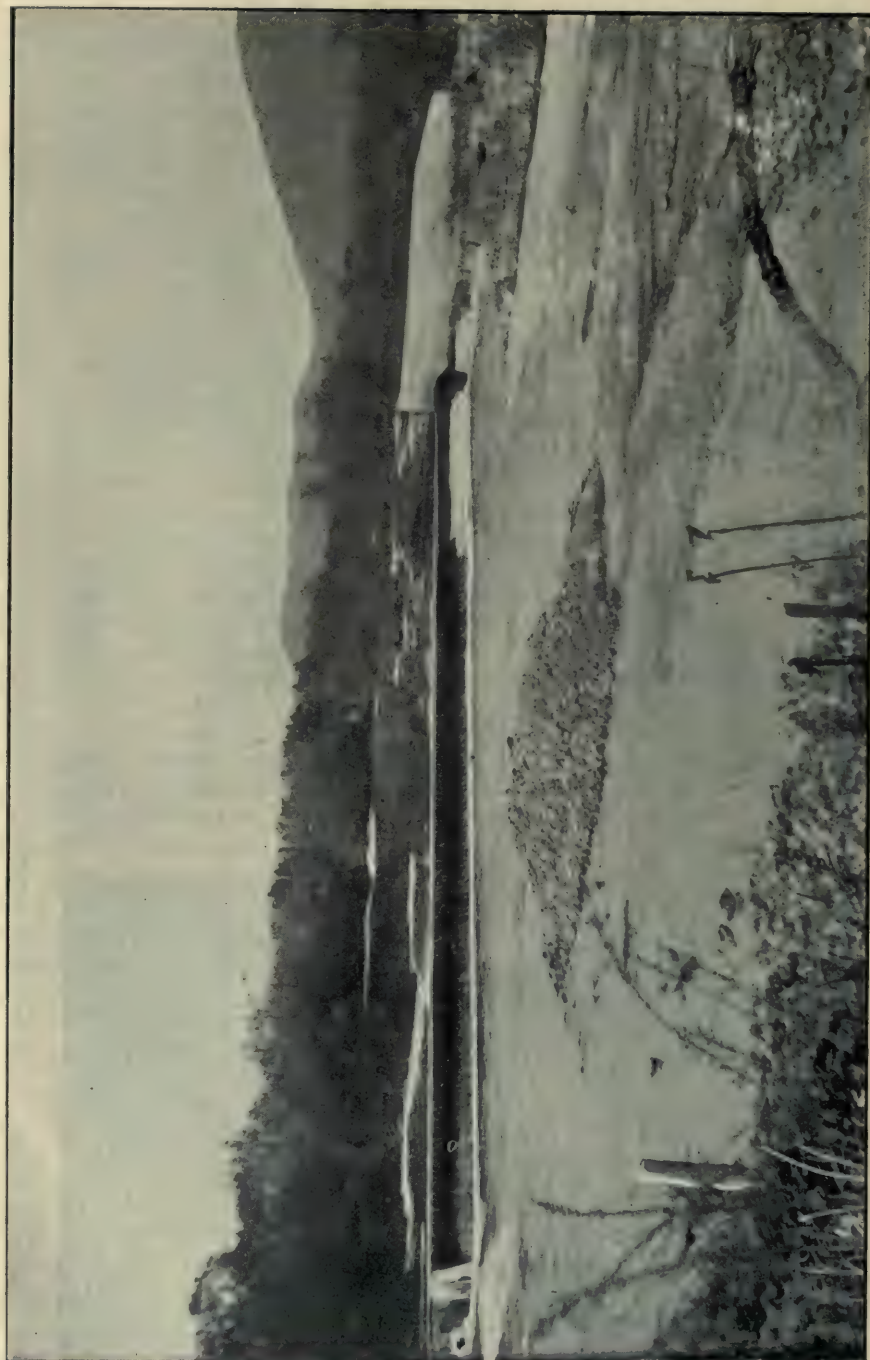
During the summer months this broad valley became a veritable desert, a section of country to be avoided, the idea prevailing that it would never be fit for habitation by white men.

It is not the object of this article to enter into a recital of the trials and tribulations of the first irrigationists, of the opposition from the stock-men, personal encounters, night raids, warnings to leave and the like. These are matters of history, and all went to make up a part of the annals of Fresno County, now known the world over as the greatest producer of the grape, the peach and the orange of any section in this broad, productive land of ours.

In 1886 an occasional orchard or vineyard broke the monotony of the immense grain fields lying along the eastern part of the San Joaquin Valley adjacent to Kings River. In the spring of that year the Southern Pacific Company, looking into the future and seeing in this tract of fertile country a source of great wealth and productiveness, determined to bring it within



PICKING ORANGES NEAR SANGER



KING'S RIVER DAM

reach of their lines of transportation. Surveys were accordingly made, land secured and town-sites laid out. Fifteen miles east of the City of Fresno was laid out what was then termed Sanger Junction. Since that time the "Junction" has been dropped and the town is known as Sanger.

In the Spring of 1888 the first sale of town-lots was held by the Pacific Improvement Company, which owned the town-site. The town had a phenomenal growth from its start, and it was not long before Sanger was recognized as one of the important places in Fresno County.

Something of the growth of the town may be judged from the fact that during 1890 more than 75 buildings were erected. During this year the Kings River Lumber Company completed a flume, said to be the longest of its kind in the world, for the shipment of lumber from the high Sierras to the railroad for shipment to all parts of the world. The completion of this great enterprise was marked by an immense celebration and barbecue, to which 2500 people came from all parts of the country. This plant is now owned by a wealthy company, lately from the East, known as the Hume-Bennett Lumber Company. The annual output of lumber is about twenty million feet, all of which is floated down fifty miles of flume, loaded on the cars at Sanger and shipped to all parts of the world, even as far as Australia. Australia.

Many of our Eastern friends will be amazed at the statement that it is not uncommon for this company to fell and cut into lumber logs from ten to twenty feet in diameter and one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in length, yet the writer has seen many just such logs as these made into lumber and floated down this flume to Sanger.

During the hard times from 1893 to 1898, Sanger, in sympathy with all other places, was at a standstill. There appeared to be no money in the country, farm products were hardly bringing the cost of production, and everybody was what is commonly termed "hard up." But a change came gradually creeping over the land—first a creep, then a walk, then a run, until now behold the difference!

At the present time Sanger has within her confines a grammar school as good as any in the State, employing eight teachers, occupying two buildings; a fine high school, with all modern improvements, employing five teachers; seven churches, two newspapers, two resident physicians (we don't have much use for a doctor here), no attorneys (for we are a peaceable people). The Masons, Odd Fellows, Woodmen of the World, Modern Woodmen, with their corresponding women's organizations, the Independent Order of Foresters, the Fraternal Brotherhood and the Eagles are all represented here. A good opera house furnishes ample room for amusements or public meetings. A bank with \$25,000 capital and \$7000 surplus and reserve, carefully and honestly managed, is fully equipped to meet all demands made upon it consistent with good banking. Two grain-warehouses furnish ample means for the storage and handling of our cereal crops, while six different packing-houses and firms handle our varied fruit crops. These various fruit-packing houses give employment almost continuously to men, women and girls who wish to follow that line of work. Commencing in November with oranges and lemons, which extend to May, then follow in succession such green fruits as apricots, peaches, grapes and later the same varieties dried, running into the orange season again for the next year. All lines of merchandise are well represented, all seem to be doing a good, profitable business, and it is doubtful if one could be induced to sell at what might be termed a fair price.

It is felt that there is a good opening here for a first-class, up-to-date department or general-merchandise store. The Hume-Bennett Lumber Company employs from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty men at various seasons of the year at their mills in Sanger, and from four hundred to five hundred hands at their immense saw mills in the mountains, fifty miles east of Sanger.



HEAD OF IRRIGATION SYSTEM, SANGER

With all these natural advantages, and all in their infancy, young and growing, we feel that it would be difficult to find a safer, more profitable or more desirable place for the man with capital to invest, for the man of moderate means to gain a competence and educate his children, or the laboring man to sell his labor and gain a permanent foothold.

The question to the man looking for an investment, either of hundreds or thousands of dollars, naturally is, "what will it all cost and what can I get for my money? If I buy unimproved land, how long before it will bear fruit? and what or how much will it produce?" Now, in making these estimates and statements, the writer will try and give only such facts and figures as he knows are true and of practical value.

Unimproved land will cost at the present time from \$50 to \$100 per acre, depending on the quality and location—and let me here say that the lowest priced land is not always the cheapest. You must have a water-right located, or bore a well and pump water.

A water-right, which is perpetual and is only paid for once, will cost \$5 per acre, and is bought from the Canal Company which controls all the water about Sanger, and is the cheapest known form of irrigation. An annual rental thereafter of 62½ cents per acre is paid, this charge being regulated by the Board of Supervisors of the County. Your land must then be leveled or graded so that it can readily be irrigated. This may cost from \$3 to \$25 per acre, depending on the unevenness of the surface. About \$10 would be an average price. About 100 trees or 500 vines are required per acre, the trees costing from \$8 to \$15 per hundred, and vines from \$7 to \$12 per thousand. Orange or lemon trees range from \$50 to \$75, occasionally reaching \$100 per hundred. Vines will begin to bear the third year from setting, and trees the fourth year. Now, how much can you expect to get? Let me give you some figures, and upon request most of the names of the parties referred to can be given:

A young man bought twenty acres three miles south of Sanger in January, set to pears, peaches and apricots, for \$2500, partly on time; in July of the same year he sold the crop on the trees, without the expense of harvesting, for \$2400.

A man three miles northeast of Sanger set a vineyard of wine grapes on a part of his land. When these vines were eighteen months old from setting the writer paid him at the rate of \$46 per acre, delivered in Sanger. At two and one-half years old, he paid \$93 per acre; at three and one-half years old, \$112.

Another party reports \$720 from 150 peach trees; another \$1075 from two and one-half acres; another \$895 from 120 trees; another \$450 from forty trees; still another \$400 per acre from table grapes, sold on the vines. This present year one rancher (for an owner of a five-acre patch is a rancher here) has been offered \$1500 for the fruit of 1400 trees, on the trees free of all cost for harvesting.

Can you get these prices all the time? No! Don't think of it. They have been received and might be again, but they are unusual and not safe to count on.

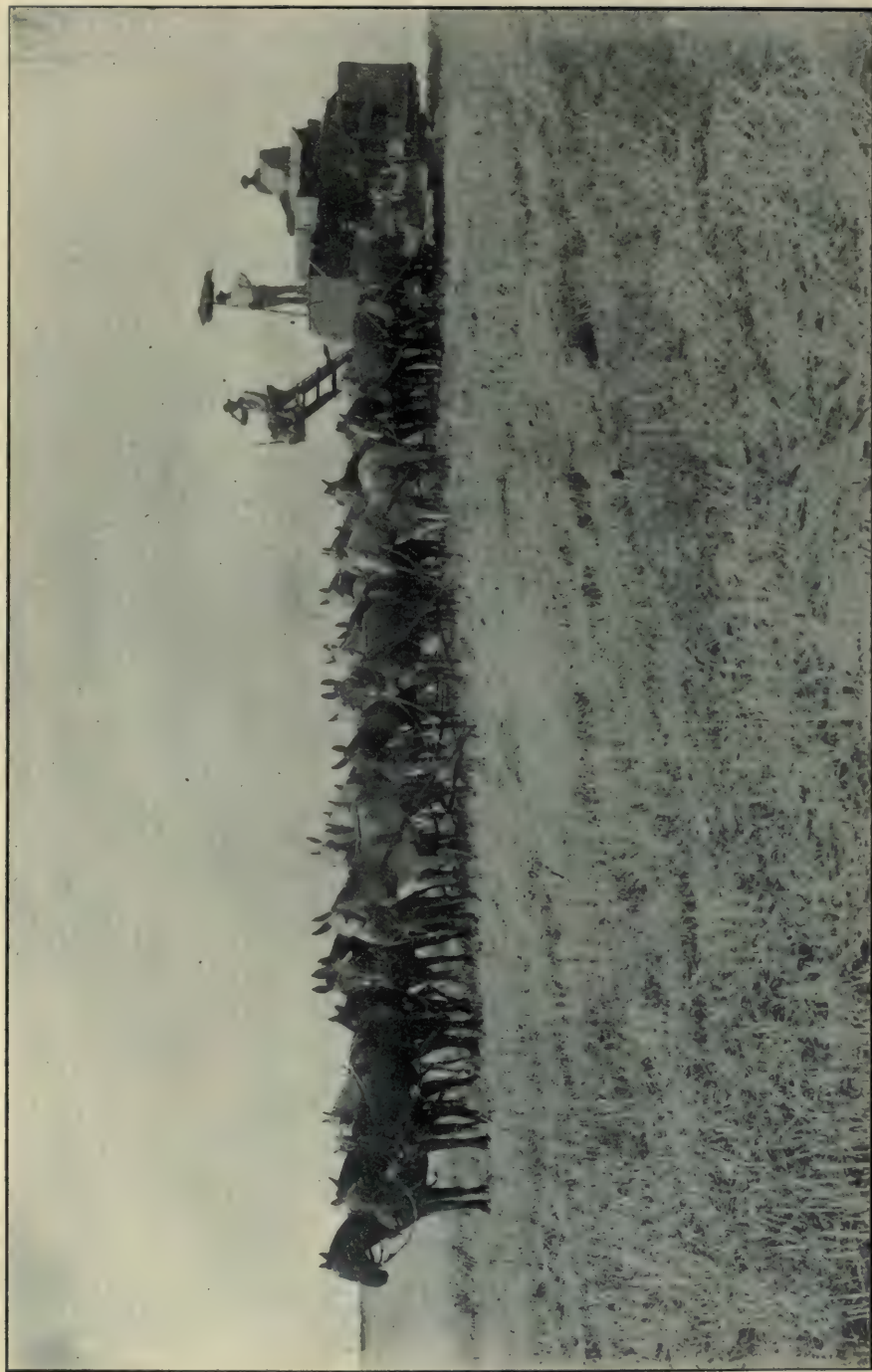
Let us take what might be termed a safe, fair estimate: There is good money in raisins at 3½ cents per pound, a good yield being one ton per acre. At 7 cents to 8 cents per pound for dried fruit, a man can net \$75 per acre in an ordinary year.

An industrious man will find ample opportunity to work any time not required on his own place, for his neighbors, and while his trees and vines are coming into bearing summer crops such as Egyptian corn, potatoes, melons or beans can be grown between the rows of trees.

Our climate is dry, warm and healthy, and yet we live in sight of perpetual snow on the high Sierras to the east of us. Our nights are always cool—no high winds, thunder storms nor cyclones.

To the Easterner wishing to better his condition, provide future homes for his children and have all the advantages named, we say, Come to Sanger, investigate for yourself, for in so doing we believe you will become one of us.

Don't think this can all be gained without work, and honest, hard word, but we do say that nowhere on earth will honest effort intelligently put forth and directed yield larger and more satisfactory and ready returns than in the vicinity of Sanger, Fresno County, California.



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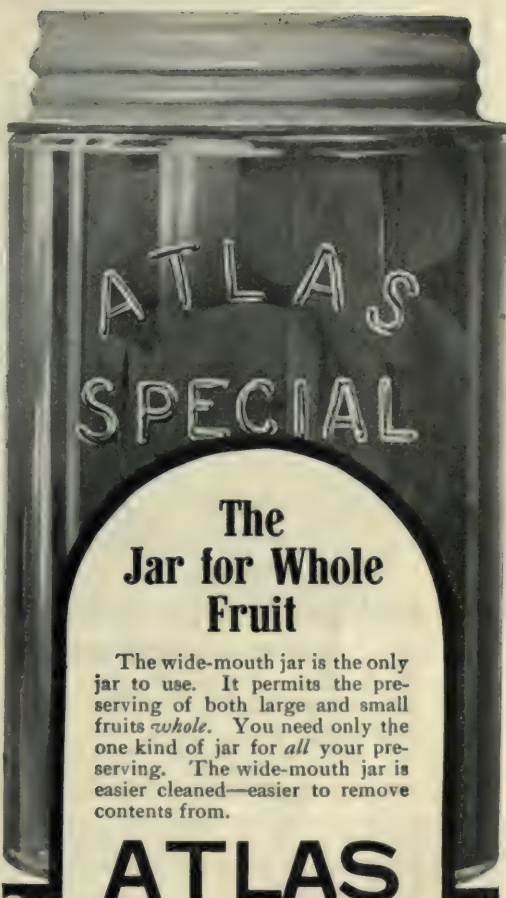
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The wide-mouth jar is the only jar to use. It permits the preserving of both large and small fruits *whole*. You need only the one kind of jar for *all* your preserving. The wide-mouth jar is easier cleaned—easier to remove contents from.

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is a wide-mouth jar. Made of strong, tough glass. Mouth of the jar is smooth. No danger of cutting the hands.

To be sure of these features, to be sure of the most perfect jar made, ask for the ATLAS jar. The

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is an extra wide-mouth jar with screw cap—like illustration. Remember the name *Atlas* when buying any kind of jar. *Atlas* means quality. "Mason" simply refers to one particular style of jar.

If your dealer cannot supply these jars, send us \$3, and we will express prepaid thirty (30) quart size ATLAS SPECIAL WIDE-MOUTH JARS to any town having an office of the Adams or U. S. Express Co., within the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, or Michigan, or we will quote delivery prices in other portions of the United States by freight or express.

A Book of Preserving Recipes.

Sent free to every woman who sends us the name of her grocer, stating if he sells Atlas jars.

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\$2,000 for Short Stories



Sunset is in the field for short stories—the best short stories of western out-of-door life that can be written. The attention of all writers is called to this announcement, which means that between this date and July 31 cash prizes amounting to \$2,000 will be paid for fifteen stories of the character desired. This amount will be divided into the following prizes:

**First prize, \$500; second prize, \$250; third prize, \$200;
fourth and fifth prizes, \$150 each; five stories at
\$100 each; five stories at \$50 each**

The only limitations put upon writers are that the manuscripts shall run between three thousand and eight thousand words; that they shall relate in some manner to the country west of the Mississippi river, or to any locality north of the equator in lands washed by the Pacific, although preference will be given those relating to the Western states. They must all relate to the out-of-doors and be buoyant, cheerful and hopeful.

All stories should reach this office not later than July 31, and prize winners will be announced in the October number. The author's name and address should not be attached to the manuscript, but should be submitted in a separate sealed envelope which should simply bear the title of the story. The stories will be passed upon by three readers, all of them independent of the editorial staff. All manuscripts not receiving prizes, or purchased independently, will be returned at the close of the competition, providing stamps for such return are enclosed. All should be typewritten, and should be plainly addressed:

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Sunset Magazine

San Francisco, Cal.

SAN BERNARDINO

CALIFORNIA



IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS

THIS City is situated in a valley of great fertility, while the scenic beauties are unexcelled. Three transcontinental railroads enter the city and trolley lines lead to the mountains and to adjacent towns and communities. Here are located the great Santa Fe railroad shops, employing more than one thousand men, with a pay-roll amounting to \$100,000 per month. The business men of the city very largely furnish the vast supplies for the mining districts in other parts of the county. ¶ Arrowhead Hotel, Arrowhead Hot Springs, California, is easily reached by any train to San Bernardino, thence by trolley car direct to Arrowhead Hotel. ¶ First class schools, public library and churches of nearly all denominations. ¶ For Booklet and Further Information, Address

SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

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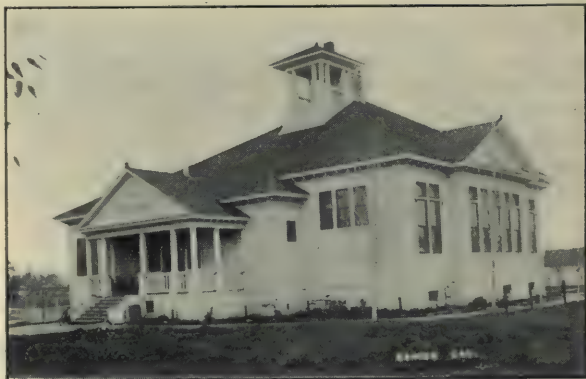
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actual record we have 255 clear sunny days in the year. Before locating visit this section or write to any of the following:

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County

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Colborn Bros., Upland Store
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Upland News

The Reedley Country

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Ten acres in fruit is sufficient to maintain all the expense in keeping an ordinary family. Twenty acres in fruit is sufficient to maintain an ordinary family and hire all the work done, and spend a long vacation in the adjacent mountains, or on the seashore. Forty acres is sufficient to maintain the same family and to allow an annual deposit in the banks of \$2500 to \$3000, besides taking the outing.

Good Schools, Churches, Roads, Telephones, rural deliveries, etc., etc.

... REEDLEY ...

is the coming town in the San Joaquin Valley. It will be next to Fresno in size and commercial importance in a few years. It has three railroads, with ten passenger trains daily. It has two banks with their own buildings, and all lines of merchandise stores. The country and the town will bear thorough investigation. Come and see for yourself, or address

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SEE FOR YOURSELF

This is all we ask. Look all over the State of California, or the entire continent, for that matter, then come to **CAMPBELL**, Santa Clara Co., Cal., and we know what your verdict will be—you will become one of us. We know we have just what you want, and we want you to know it, too. This is not a section of country waiting for a future, but is an established community with **present day records of productiveness to guarantee future results.** Nothing problematical about that, is there? Besides, there is no better all-the-year climate in the world than we have right here. Winters and summers alike leave nothing to be desired, and you do not have to go elsewhere in summer to keep cool or in winter to keep warm. You can stay at home all the year and be as comfortable as at any place on earth. But you cannot live on climate, so Campbell will furnish you with an **opportunity to make a living.** You can get a fruit ranch of any size desired, all ready for you to step in and become one of our prosperous orchardists. Cheaper lands furnish grand opportunities for poultry raising, with a ready market for all your product. Fruit packing and drying houses need your work during the long fruit season—men and women, boys and girls, are then in great demand. The best of educational advantages in a good, clean, "dry" town will appeal to all, whether they are seeking a town home, a business place, a fruit ranch or a poultry farm. Write for additional information to the **CAMPBELL IMPROVEMENT CLUB**, or

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PRODUCTS: Potatoes, Alfalfa, Peanuts, Walnuts, Almonds, Berries;
Citrus and Deciduous Fruits of All Kinds.

LODI



A single bunch of Tokay Grapes measuring 18 inches

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and you cannot find any better land than the rich alluvial sediment so around Lodi. It is the most productive grape growing center in America. Nearly one-half of the table grapes from California were shipped from Lodi. This section cannot be excelled in this or any State for substantial profits. The vineyards yield from four to six tons to the acre and the Flame Tokay grapes bring from \$40 to \$80 per ton. Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Olives, Almonds, Berries, etc., also yield satisfactory profits.

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Located in the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains, fifty miles south of San Francisco and ten miles from San Jose

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Numerous Churches. No Saloons. Delightful Climate all the Year. Electric and Steam Railroad communication. This locality is the home of all deciduous fruits. For information address *Secretary Board of Trade*, or any of the following:

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The Greatest in California

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Landowners must sell land in tracts of

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Tulare County, California

Will have a dozen "talks" with Out West readers during the coming year.

The returns of our thousands of acres of splendid orange orchards fully justify the activity in well-drilling pumping plant installation and new planting now in progress.

Our new colonies offer inducements to men with small capital to care for other growers while their own are coming into bearing. Drop a line for "Practical results."

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SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

The Harbor City



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which town contains about 2000 good American people, all of whom get enough to eat and wear, and find some time for recreation. Land is good. Price is low. Terms are easy. Climate is healthful. Water abundant. Whiskey scarce, the town being DRY. Good Schools, Churches, Stores and all modern things that go to make an up-to-date community. Lots of free literature for distribution. Write to

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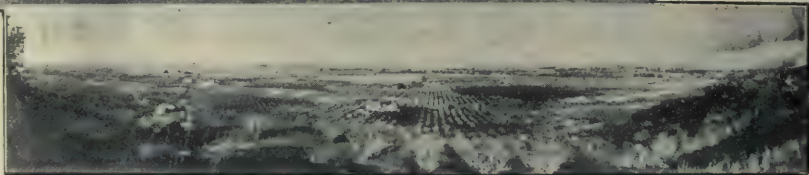
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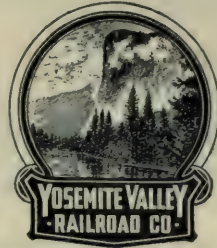
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Omaha, Neb.	60.00
Philadelphia, Pa.	108.50
St. Louis, Mo.	67.50
St. Paul, Minn.	73.50
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*Tickets will be sold to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo at special rates only on June 15, 16, 30, July 1, 2, and September 14, 15.

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These excursion tickets are for first class passage and will be honored on "The California Limited," which carries only first class sleeping cars. All other trains from Southern California carry second class sleeping cars.

JNO. J. BYRNE, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Los Angeles, Cal.

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That's what we all want,
and if you get yours the
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will be—WHERE?

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Offers more beautiful scenery, more quiet and rest here close to nature, and the expense is low compared to other first class resorts. The beautiful hotel "El Tovar" under "Harvey" management, is sure to please. ¶ During the summer months, low rate round trip excursion tickets will be sold to the Grand Canyon.

For complete information address any SANTA FE agent or
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The home of golf, polo, magnificent country residences, charming drives, healthy sea bathing and above all a climate that is second to none, educational facilities of the highest order and a substantial class of "all the year round" San Francisco business men and tradespeople.

Burlingame is the home of flowers. Here are grown more roses, carnations, sweet peas and lilies than in any other section of California.

Coming more and more into public notice as a charming community of homes, Burlingame is dominated today by a spirit of progress and any inquiry in regard to real estate, business opportunities or home advantages will be cheerfully answered when addressed to any of the concerns whose names appear below.

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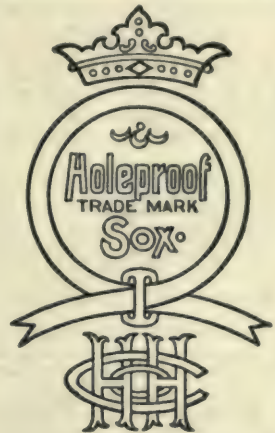
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Vol. XXIX, No. 2

AUGUST, 1908

THE U. S. FOREST SERVICE

By WILL C. BARNES.



THIS badge of authority, worn on the coat, vest or shirt of a sturdy, bronzed set of men, is becoming more familiar, to the Western people who use, either for business or pleasure, those great play-grounds of the country, the National Forests.

The word play-ground is used here advisedly; for, while they will always be a source of wealth to the people, valuable to the stock-man whose herds graze upon their vast acreage, more valuable to the lumber-man and the people for their future lumber supply, still it will be as a play-ground, a grand picnic-park for this rapidly growing American people that these National Forests will ultimately find their true places in the economy of the Nation.

The people of the West especially have a deep interest in the policy of Forest Preservation, meaning, as it does, so much to the growth and future greatness of the country west of the Missouri river.

Yet no Government policy that has been advanced in the last forty years has met with more hostile criticism and ridicule than has the plan of the National Forests, which began in a modest way in 1891, under the administration of President Harrison, without any very definite plans or aims beyond keeping down forest fires and stopping the wholesale robbing of the timber-lands that was going on. It was not until the Forest Bureau was divorced from the Interior Department, and a trained Forester, assisted by other men educated for this especial business, took hold of it, that the work began; not only for saving what was left of our grand Forests, but the still more important and vital one of restoring, as far as man's feeble efforts can go, that which a century of reck-

lessness and riotous improvidence had almost wiped off the face of Nature.

Then appeared upon the scene one Gifford Pinchot, backed by a force of Foresters—young fellows fresh from the schools of Forestry in the East that had just turned out their first crop of graduates. With these for a nucleus Mr. Pinchot gathered about him other young men—western stock-men, frontiersmen, miners, cowboys and the like. Men who possibly could not produce any “sheep-skin” to prove their standing at college, but who possessed a diploma that no school except the school of Hard Knocks can give a man—practical experience.

Starting in with a dozen forests located in various western States and Territories where the conditions seemed the worst, the Service grew rapidly. It far outran the ability of the recruiting officers to secure new men for the little army of rangers required to man the new Forests that were being made as fast as their boundaries could be surveyed and the lands withdrawn from entry under the land-laws.

And yet this area of 167 million acres, as great as it is, covers but 25 per cent of the forested lands of the United States. The rest is in the hands of individuals and corporations, to be done with as they please.

This forest-preservation, while truly national in scope, was purely western, and in that way local, in its immediate effects. But to the western stock-men, the men who for fifty years had used the western plains and mountains for a free and unrestricted grazing-ground, this new order of things came with peculiar force and effect.

For half a century they had used it as they pleased with none to say them nay, until, where once they found grand sweeps of heavily grassed lands, waving mountain meadows knee-deep in the finest and most nutritious grasses and herbage, there was nothing left but bare ground, or, where Nature had tried to hide the scars, a growth of useless weeds which no living animal would touch.

It was difficult to convince these hardy westerners that what they had done in the past could not be continued—that an end had come to their glorious improvidence, and that henceforth they must graze their herds with judgment and moderation, and (what was by far the bitterest thing of all) must pay for it.

Telling these men that they could graze only under certain restrictions and conditions reminds one of the story told by Admiral Coghlan—he of “Hoch der Kaiser” fame.

The Admiral had on his ship an old boatswain, one of the best men on the vessel, but unable to go ashore without getting drunk

and disgracing himself and the uniform; so the Admiral, in hopes of curing him, cut off all shore-liberty. One day when the ship was in port and every man and officer who could be spared was on shore-leave, the Admiral noticed the old salt moping about the deck casting longing eyes shoreward.

His heart smote him, and, calling the sailor aft, he said:

"Jim, would you like to go ashore this afternoon?"

"That I would, sir."

"Well, Jim, I will let you go ashore, if you will promise me on your honor not to get drunk."

The old salt shifted his quid from port to starboard, cast a



OVERGRAZED AREA IN SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS, ARIZONA

This shows condition when Forest Service took charge. Note the thousands of hoof-tracks in foreground. This area was restored to almost its original condition without seriously interfering with the stock-men.

longing glance shorewards, and with a sigh of disgust answered: "Thank you kindly, Cap'n, but what's the use of going ashore under them conditions?"

So it was with the western stock-men. Accustomed for years to do as they pleased with the ranges, amenable only to the law of force, backed up by the old axiom that "might makes right," thinking only of the present and with an utterly selfish disregard for the future, they naturally rebelled when, under the new order of things, they were told that they could still use the people's lands, but under

certain conditions. Like the sailor, they said, "What's the use under them conditions?"

What of these conditions? Were they unjust or unwarrantable in order to preserve the forests and the water-sheds of our western rivers, every drop of which is needed for irrigation purposes and to restore the old-time grazing conditions?

It is frankly conceded by the friends of the Forest Service that in the beginning there were many mistakes made in the administration of the National Forests. The wonderful thing is that there are so few serious errors to be apologized for.

Each day brought forth new questions to be met and decided. The conditions on one forest were so entirely different from those on another that a regulation framed to meet the situation in the State of Washington, with sixty inches of rain a year, was utterly useless when enforced in a forest in New Mexico, with ten or fifteen inches of annual rainfall.

There were no established precedents to follow, but every question as it arose had to be met and worked out from the very foundation. Every rule that was made was eagerly watched and its value noted. Criticism was invited from all the users. The men, from the Forester himself, down to the last enrolled Forest Guard, were ever on the alert to receive the fault-finder and hear his troubles—which were many. As rapidly as possible the regulations were changed, to remedy developed weaknesses. The higher officials went into the field, met the field-men as well as the citizens who were using the forests, and came back with note-books full of thoughts and suggestions which were thrashed over in many meetings in Washington and the regulations changed wherever a change was needed.

Especially were the stock-men called into consultation with the Forester and his officers. Hundreds of meetings have been held all over the West, where the stock-growers and practical range-men, together with the forest officers, have spent days in close discussion of the important questions that affect their interests. The formation of Live-Stock Associations on every National Forest among the stock-men was encouraged in every way so as to work in conjunction with the Forest Service.

Briefly, then, what are the conditions that govern the grazing of stock upon the National Forest?

First: No over-grazing is allowed. The carrying capacity of each forest is determined by very careful methods, and not an animal over that number is allowed to enter.

Second: Certain areas where the water-shed demands protection from all forms of grazing are closed to the stock-men because

the water-shed interests are many times more valuable than the grazing interests. Two notable cases of this protection are the Salt Lake City water-shed in the Salt Lake National Forest and the Manti water-shed in the Manti Forest in Utah.

The Manti case is especially notable because in the years before that Forest was made the little city had been annually almost swept away by floods. Thousands of dollars had been spent by the residents in building embankments and dikes to restrain the flood waters, but to no avail.

The streets of the city were yearly torn up with floods. Huge trees and boulders were deposited in the streets; the fields along



A MOUNTAIN RANGE IN CALIFORNIA

Timber, grass, brush and weeds all gone. Erosion already begun. Only open to cattle grazing

the little creek were ruined by the tons of silt and rubbish deposited upon them.

They begged that the mountain region above them be made into a National Forest and that some restraint be placed upon the grazing on the mountain ranges in order that the forest-cover might be restored and the floods stopped.

The Forest was established after a careful and systematic examination of the area had been made by expert Foresters, and grazing upon a large area was strictly prohibited for a year.

What was the result on the Manti water-shed? Within a year from the time grazing was stopped, the floods began to diminish. The forest-cover rapidly returned. The snow, held in check by

the bushes, grasses and other forest growth, did not melt away in a day as in the past. The rains that formerly fell on a bare open ground were now received by a sponge-like covering of dead grass and leaves, and these, with the living vegetation, held it in check from running off as fast as it fell.

Four years have passed since the Forest was made, and the danger from floods is no longer known in Manti, while the flow of water in the little mountain streams is more regular and constant than ever before.

In the West, before the average area was made into a National Forest, the whole country was grazed bare. Millions of sheep the cattle were trying to live on a country that could not possibly support more than one-half the number.

It was a mad scramble for range from the time the snow left in the Spring to the very last day they could safely remain in the Fall. There were no rights respected by anyone. Each man hurried in as the snow left the hills, long before the ground was solid enough to be grazed over, trampling out the young grass, pushed from behind by some one following him, hardly daring to stay a day in one place lest some one else get in ahead of him. No one dared leave ungrazed a little spot of meadow land for a lambing-ground, knowing full well that some one else would appropriate it for himself.

Range-rights were established and held by the Winchester methods, and it was a clear case of "each for himself and the Devil take the hindmost." Under these conditions the ranges were swept as by fire, and the splendid growth of grass and forage that covered the country when the first settlers entered was gone.

Then came the "die-off" years, when thousands of sheep and cattle starved to death for want of the grass so wantonly destroyed. Only the larger owners, the men who had the great herds and unlimited capital behind them, lived through them; while the little man, the chap with a few head of cattle or a small bunch of sheep, was swept away, beggared and broken. The hundreds of deserted ranches and cabins in every little valley and meadow through the mountains are still standing as mute evidence of man's cupidity, stupidity, and utter disregard of Nature's laws.

Is this an overdrawn picture?

Answer me, you men who, like myself, have had a hand in this wholesale ruin of the western grazing-lands.

This picture can be duplicated in almost every State and Territory west of the Missouri River.

Third: Certain other areas were closed against the grazing of sheep and goats, but cattle and horses were allowed upon them.

This was done where, for good reasons, the water-shed must be protected. Every fair-minded stock-man knows that from the grazing habits of sheep and goats, running as they do in large bands and feeding so close together, they are vastly more injurious to a range than cattle. Goats, especially, are classed as "undesirable citizens" by the Forester, because of their well-known brush-eating habits in preference to grass and weeds, thus preventing any possible growth of a new forest or underbrush. For this reason the Forest Service has been bitterly opposed by many short-sighted and selfish sheep- and goat-men, who charged the Service with



HOW GOATS PREFER TO DINE

Goats will eat little grass if they can get brush; hence are apt to be undesirable occupants of forest ranges.

being unduly prejudiced against them and friendly to the cattleman.

This charge is so absolutely untrue and unjust as to be scarcely worth argument. Every effort has been made to allow the sheepmen the greatest possible use of the Forests.

The effects of sheep-grazing were carefully studied by experienced men, and everywhere that it could be done sheep were permitted to graze. Immense areas of the higher mountain-country, that in the past had been unoccupied because of their inaccessibility, were opened up to the sheep-man's use by trails built at Government expense over which the herds can reach the region with no trouble.

Lambing-grounds, without which the sheep-man is ruined, are set aside solely for that purpose, and no grazing is allowed upon them except for such purposes, so that the feed there may be of the very best. Best of all, each sheep-man is given his range and protected in it. No need to watch it with Winchester in hand lest some one encroach on it. He leaves his winter-range in the spring, and takes his time leisurely and easily with his herd towards his summer-range, well knowing that it is safe from spoliation and will not be swept by some homeless, wandering sheep-man looking only for grass for his herd as in the old, free and reckless days.



SAME AREA AS SHOWN ON OPPOSITE PAGE, UNDER OLD CONDITIONS OF USE. Badly overgrazed. Ground cover gone—erosion already begun. Nothing left but rocks and bare ground.

He knows that when he reaches his mountain-camp, his cabin will not have been robbed during the winter. The outbuildings, fences, and sometimes even the flooring, used to be burned up by drifting stock-outfits that swept across the country late in the Fall after he had left for the winter-range, and ate it all bare of what feed he had left. Now the omnipresent Ranger keeps watch over the country with a vigilant eye, and prevents such outrages.

He also knows that when he reaches his allotted range it will be his for the summer, to graze at his leisure. He knows by metes and bounds, marked on a map furnished him by the Ranger, just how far each way his flock may feed. And, best of all, he knows that no one will encroach on that area, or, if he does, he will pay

the penalty for so doing and the Ranger will be on hand to protect him. Count back, you sheep- and cattle-men, to the old days when we fought and scrapped for the range like wolves over a carcass. How many lives paid the yearly toll for what we called our "range-rights"? How many thousands of sheep were killed each year by raids upon the camps of helpless sheep-herders, whose sole crime was that they were trying to get a share of what was absolutely as much theirs as yours? Go up into Colorado, where for thirty years past a dead-line has existed over which no sheep-man trespassed except at the risk of his life and the loss of his herd.

A vast mountain region, lying close along the line between Colo-



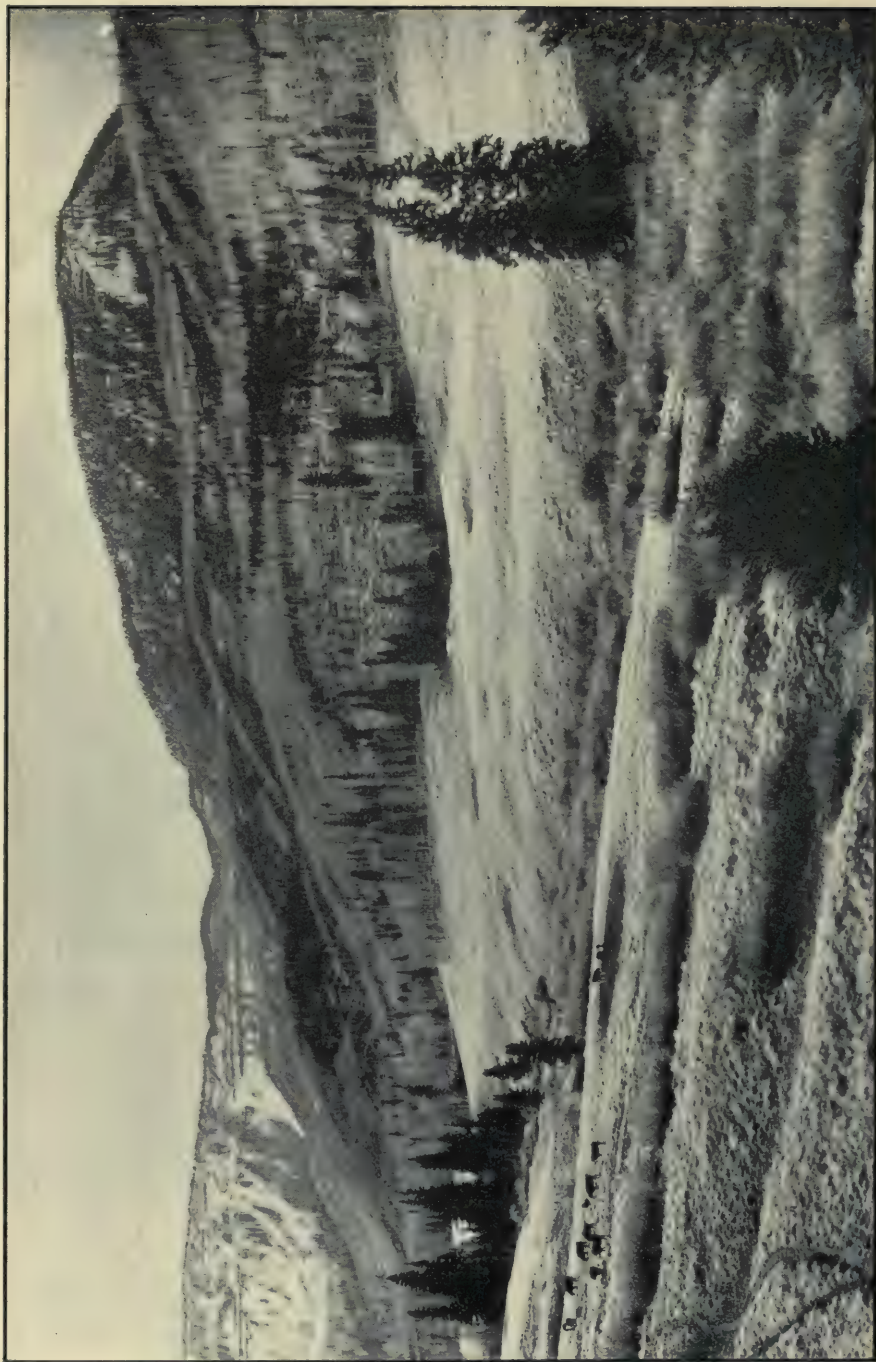
BIG HORN NATIONAL FOREST, WYOMING

This is now an excellent stock-range in just the condition in which the Forest Service desires to keep it.

rado and Wyoming, has been practically untouched by any stock, simply because the cattle-men on the Colorado side, who lived along the base of the range, would not allow any sheep to cross their ranges in order to reach the higher mountain-country beyond, which was utterly valueless to the cattle-men.

The country was made into a National Forest—the Park Range—and today, for the first time, thousands of sheep graze peacefully and securely on the forbidden ground where never before has a sheep eaten the grass, which annually rotted on the ground for want of something to use it.

And the cattle-men are content, for they know that a certain line marks the sheep-grazing district; they know that the sheep will



TYPICAL HIGH MOUNTAIN RANGE IN A COLORADO NATIONAL FOREST

Salt lick in foreground. A splendid summer range.

cross into this area over a driveway through the cattle country especially laid out for this purpose, and they know that watchful Rangers will see that no trespassing is done, and that each herder stays within his own district and troubles no one else.

Could this ever have been an accomplished fact but for the work of the Grazing Branch of the Forest Service? How many hostile shots have been fired between the two interests upon all the National Forests since their creation? Not a single one!

Fourth: Many lesser conditions are enforced, all tending to the betterment of the range and forest.

Take the salting regulation. What cattle-man ever felt that his neighbors put out a fair amount of salt? Each one dodged the matter, and, generally speaking, stock went salt-hungry the year around. Now the Ranger sees that each man puts out his fair quota of salt, and peace reigns.

The cattle-men used to salt in the center of some lovely mountain meadow, because it was handier to dump the salt out of a wagon close to the road. The consequence was that the cattle naturally centered in there and wore out the sod on the ground for acres and acres about the salt-licks. Now the Rangers see that they select places for salting-grounds where the damage is not so great—rocky places or naturally barren spots, and also more of them, so the cattle will not gather in such large bodies at one point.

In the old happy days, if Jones's cow bogged down and died in a spring, she stayed there polluting the water until nothing could use it. Today the Ranger sees that Jones promptly drags the carcass away, and either burns or buries it. This is done with all stock that dies close to a watering-place or public camping-ground.

The sheep-man used to bed down his sheep in the same old place, often close to a spring or watering-place, night after night and month after month, until the country about it was worn bare by the tramping back and forth of the thousands of tiny sharp hoofs. Now the Ranger sees that they do not bed down in one place over six times in succession, and then they must move on to a new spot.

Fifth, and probably the most bitterly assailed condition which the Service enforces, is the one by which the number of stock each man is allowed to graze is determined.

I know many stock-men will not agree with me when I make the statement that the method by which the number of stock each man shall range upon the Forest area is determined is as near fair and just as human ingenuity can devise.

The reason they cannot see it is because they do not try to, in the first place; and, second, because they do not want to believe it. We are all perfectly willing that the other fellow shall be cut down

to give someone else a chance, but we squeal when the cut comes on our herd.

I cannot better illustrate this policy and the way it is worked out than to take a single instance.

When the Unita National Forest was created in 1904, there were over half a million sheep and nearly 50,000 cattle and horses grazing upon the area. That it was frightfully overstocked no one doubted, and every honest stock-man admitted. They were called together and it was pretty generally agreed that a reduction of fully forty per cent would be necessary in order to give the range a chance to regain its original value. But forty per cent was a pretty stiff cut, and the Forest Service men after a careful study decided to cut down the herds twenty per cent the first year and the other twenty per cent the second year.

The reductions were made, grazing rules were strictly enforced, each man was allotted his particular portion of the range, and the promiscuous scrambling for grass was stopped.

To everybody's surprise, the range began to improve from the start, and when it was carefully examined in the Fall, before the snows drove out the herds, it was decided that the second twenty per cent cut need not be made the following year.

For 1908 the Forest will carry 350,000 sheep and 27,000 cattle and horses—and there will be feed for all.

When the Forest Service took the range in charge, the sheep were owned mostly by a few large owners. The next year many new men appeared on the scene and demanded room for their herds. Here was a question in mathematics to be worked out—a puzzle that had the 13-14-15 puzzle of a few years ago beaten a mile.

There were two fixed points, as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians—to wit, the number that could use the range, and the size of the range. The only movable element in the whole question was the number of owners. You could take from A and give to B. Then when C appeared you could take equally from A and B and give to C—and so on down the line.

There were two other basic principles that President Roosevelt insisted upon as a foundation for the whole structure of using the Forest range; one being that the proper development of the West demanded more men, more home-builders, more tax-payers. Better a thousand men, each with a thousand sheep or a hundred cattle, than ten men with ten thousand sheep or one thousand cattle each.

The other was that every person using a National Forest must be a bona fide settler and owner of improved ranch-property, either in or adjoining the Forest, which land he used in the grazing of his stock.

This, then, was practically what was done. A certain definite

number was fixed below which no man would be reduced, which number was believed to be necessary for a man to own in order to support his family and make a decent living.

Therefore, a certain day is set on each National Forest, on or before which all grazing applications for the ensuing grazing-year must be filed.

Referring to the Unita Forest again, in February last, when the Supervisor opened the applications that were on file he found that for the year 1908 applications had been made to graze 509,070 head of sheep on that Forest. As it had a capacity of but 352,000, he



A TYPICAL GOAT RANGE

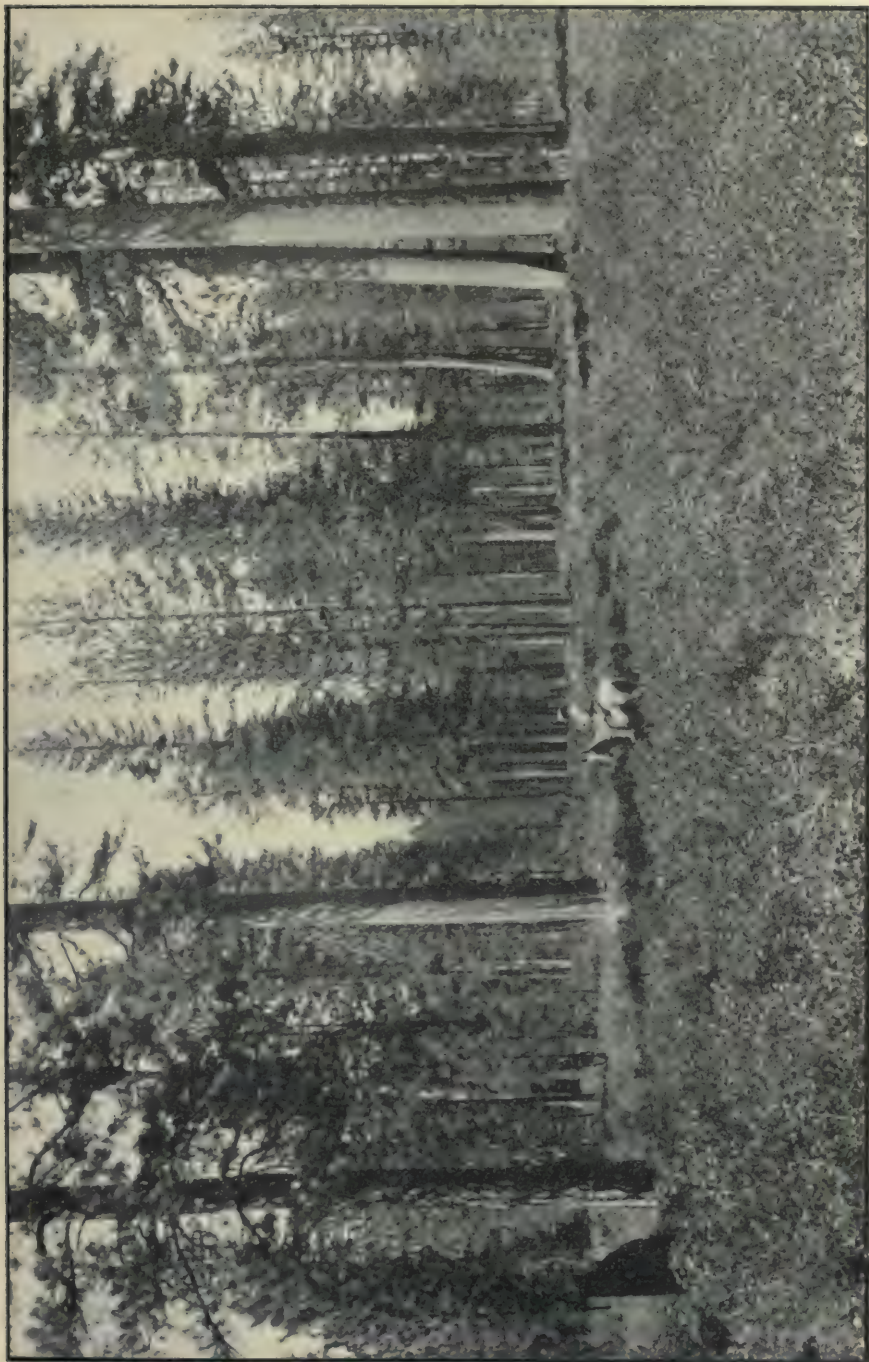
Very little grass, rocky soil, plenty of oak browse. Such a range is more valuable for goats than for any other stock. This photograph was taken in the Prescott National Forest, Arizona.

had a surplus of 157,000 sheep to dispose of.

He began by throwing out all the applications from men who had no grazing rights upon that Forest. (By grazing rights is meant either bona fide homesteaders, or settlers owning improved ranch-property upon or adjacent to the Forest, or stock-men who, while not living on the Forest, have been constant and regular users of the ranges in the Forest.) This cut the total down very close to the capacity of the Forest, leaving about 15,000 head belonging to "new applicants"—men who had never used the range before, but were still bona fide settlers because they had recently taken up



IN THE SAN BERNARDINO NATIONAL FOREST, CALIFORNIA
This area has been "sheeped to death." Every bit of grass and ground-cover is gone—nothing left but the trees.



THREE YEARS LATER

The same range after sheep had been excluded for three years. Brush, grass and ground -cover returned. Only cattle allowed to graze.

land under the various land laws, or had purchased ranch-property from some one in or close to the Forest.

These are the men, however, that the President desires should be taken care of. They are the true homesteaders and home-builders—the men who are to people these western lands. What can be done for them? Just here is where the Forest Service makes itself sadly disliked, because, in order to take care of these new men, it says to all the other owners who have been using the range, "You must submit to a slight reduction in numbers, sufficient to make room for these new settlers, that the Forest may truly be 'the greatest good for the greatest number.' " Thus each man is scaled down according to a regular schedule—the man with 10,000, twenty per cent; between 10,000 and 5,000, fifteen per cent; from 5,000 to 3,000, ten per cent; 3,000 to 2,000, five per cent; until enough has been taken from each owner to make room for the new sheep and still not run over the number the Forest can safely care for.

Right here is where the charge begins that one hears so often made against the Forest Service by the stock-men, that it stifles the individual growth and forces a man to decrease his business instead of allowing him to expand and increase. But it is again a question of the greatest good for the greatest number. The demands of the stock-men that they be allowed to go on increasing their herds cannot be entertained; for, if it was allowed, the natural increase would in a few years give a few men the complete control of all the ranges.

The one thing the Forest Service does guarantee the stock-man is that he will never be decreased in numbers below a certain point, which is set with careful consideration. When that point is reached, no new owners may come in, and further extension will have to cease except where some one sells out and quits the business.

This point has already been reached on one or two National Forests, and is rapidly drawing near on many others.

It is simply a case of more stock than range, and while the Forester would only be too glad to say to all comers, "Here is room enough for every one who wants it," and thus avoid all these unpleasant complications, he faces the problem each year and endeavors to solve it as fairly and honestly as it can be done.

On the Manti National Forest in Utah this year, there were 132 new applicants—new men who wanted to gain access to the Forest and go into the stock-business. Many of these were young men just of age taking up their first homesteads and entering on life's course for themselves. Shall the man with 10,000 sheep or a thousand cattle not give up a small portion of his range and let the young man in with his little bunch?

Yet on the Manti Forest this cutting-down process has been so steady for the last few years that the 10,000-head man has all but been wiped out—cut down to an equality with his neighbors—and so little was left to cut down on, that this year, out of these 132 new men, but five could be taken care of, and the rights of the 132 were so very nearly equal that it was impossible to select the lucky ones in any better manner than by holding a lottery and giving the permits to the holders of the lucky numbers—which was duly done.

What are the results of this work by the Forest Service as far as the stock-men are concerned?

What did the Service find in Arizona on the great grazing region



IN THE SALT LAKE NATIONAL FOREST

Mountain-side stripped of all timber for smelter and other purposes, then ravaged by fire and stock until absolutely ruined

in the mountains there, now known as the San Francisco and Black Mesa National Forests? A barren range that fifteen years before was a paradise for the stock-man—10,000 cattle left where once ranged 200,000, the rest dead or shipped away to save them; the sheep-men struggling for an existence, fighting over the range and going from bad to worse.

What are the conditions today?

The range is rapidly returning to its old shape; there are almost as many sheep as ever before, and the cattle-men are increasing their herds every month.

For two years past they have been shipping range-beef direct from the ranges to the markets of California, a thing that had not

been done for years. Peace reigns where once was tumult and strife. Range-rights are respected and well defined.

Would you go back to the old days of '86 to '90?

I hardly think so.

What is true there is true all over the West. In Utah on one Forest 434 individual owners have permits for less than 1,000 sheep each. Dozens of them own and run less than 500 head each. On another, 169 different men are grazing sheep under permit who own less than 1,000 head each, a majority of them under 500 head each.



SHEEP ON THE BACA GRANT, ARIZONA

Their habit of grazing in large bunches, and very close together, makes them far more injurious to a range than cattle.

Think you in the old days of the Winchester and six-shooter these little fellows would have lasted very long in the scramble for grass?

Of the 18,616 permits issued in 1907, upon all National Forests, for cattle and horses, 11,662 of them were to men who owned less than forty head each. What would have become of their little bunches if the old system still obtained and great herds of sheep and cattle were allowed to sweep the country bare as they once did? You all know as well as I. The little men went out of the cow-business in 1893 to 1896. They are getting back into it today.

As for the main question of forest-preservation, everyone is for it—no one questions its value or necessity. The only point involved is the stock-men's use of the Forests; and, while there is some

past and will doubtless be made in the future. The little army which the Forester commands is scattered far and wide, and a watchful eye cannot be kept on all of them. Every man's record friction, it is rapidly passing away as the true value of grazing under such conditions is better understood. For his permit from the Forest Service, the stock-man is guaranteed grass, water and protection, and a stability and permanence in his business which he never knew under the old methods. He may fence up pastures for his saddle-animals, build drift-fences to keep his stock from wandering away from home, the wire for which the Forest Service furnishes him free of cost, get all his fire-wood and logs for corrals and building purposes free of all charge.



CATTLE ON RANGE IN A MONTANA NATIONAL FOREST

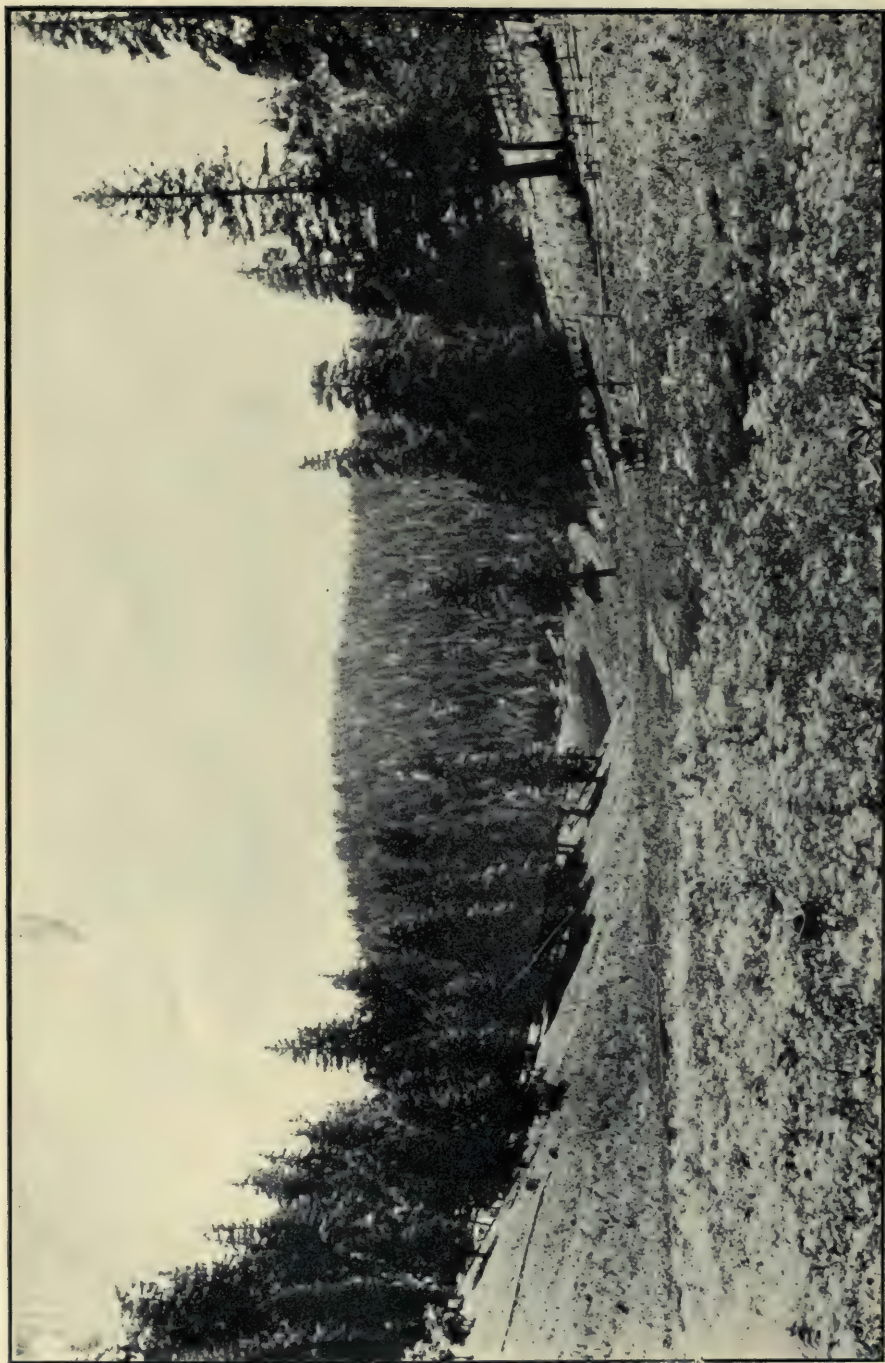
Cattle seldom run in bunches of more than a dozen head.

The Service opens up springs, and pipes the water to troughs for stock; digs deep wells where water is scarce; and, in fact, for every dollar the stockman pays for grazing-fees, the Government puts one back in improving the range-conditions for him.

And the fees? If the Forests were in private hands, or even if the grazing privileges were put up at auction, they would bring double or-treble the prices they do now.

All over the Pacific Coast the lands on National Forests owned by railroads and other corporations which are leased to the stock-men are eagerly snapped up at rates two and three times as high as the same grazing brings on the adjacent Government lands, although the lessee of the private lands gets back nothing whatever in the way of improvements.

As to the men who control the destinies of these Forests, they are but human and liable to error. Mistakes have been made in the



SACRAMENTO NATIONAL FOREST, NEW MEXICO

A high mountain valley (9,000 feet), in ideal condition for grazing. Soil is a very heavy, black loam, easily cut up, hence sheep cannot be allowed to graze over it, but its use is confined to cattle and horses.

is watched, however, and as fast as he shows ability along certain lines, he is promoted to positions of responsibility and trust.

A careful and thorough system of inspection is carried on by competent men, who are the eyes of the Forester, and the stock-man who fancies that his destinies are presided over by a lot of college-bred Easterners makes the mistake of his life.

In the Branch of Grazing in the Washington office, where the grazing business of all the Forests is mapped out and controlled, the seven men, each in charge of a separate division of the work, are all men from the ranges—western men from the core, to whom every phase of the stock-business is an old story, who know by practical experience the many difficulties and hardships that beset the western range stock-man, and whose sympathies are always on his side.

Of these seven, two were born in California, one each in Colorado, Arizona, Montana and Illinois, the seventh being born in Switzerland, but a resident of Utah almost from boyhood. When they entered the service, three of them were residents of Arizona, one of New Mexico, and one each of Colorado, Utah and Montana. As to their occupation in the past, four were cattle-men and three sheep-men prior to entering the Service.

Regarding the general force, one who studies it is impressed with the splendid organization that Mr. Pinchot has built up. The *esprit de corps* that pervades the entire force from the newest man up is simply wonderful.

The work goes with a snap; there are no laggards in the Service. A spirit of emulation and friendly rivalry seems to take possession of every man who enters the Service.

There are no jealousies, no "knockers." The success of one man in any line of work is a matter of congratulation by all. Each is eager to advance the work; every man is continually searching for new ideas, new plans, by which at some place the work may be improved.

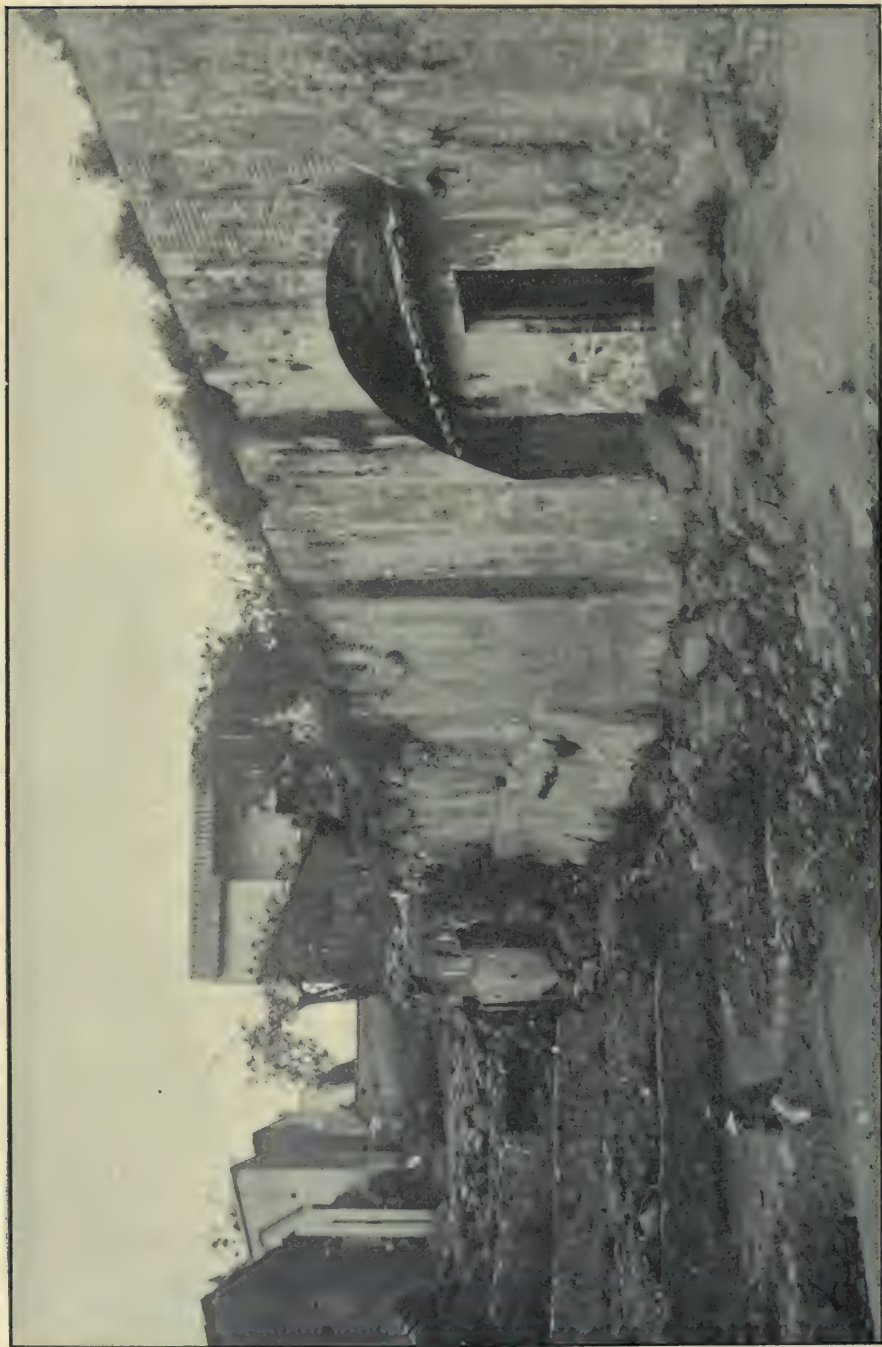
To a stranger, impressed with the thought that Government employees are a time-serving, clock-watching lot, this may come as a surprise. I am quite certain it did to me when I first investigated the Service. But from top to bottom, from Chief to Messenger Boy, the entire force is keyed to the highest pitch and works day and night for the success of the Forest Service.

Of all the workers, the busiest one among them, the man who is at his desk earlier, stays later, does more than any man of all the force, and then takes a day's work home with him over which to spend half the night, is the Forester—Gifford Pinchot. Can I say more of him than that his splendid courage, tireless industry, un-failing good-nature, genius for organization, and all-pervading personality have made the Service what it is?

Never was a leader more loyally supported—never a leader more deserving of that support.

In such hands, and with such a leader, the people of the United States, and the stock-men especially, may safely leave the National Forests, with the full assurance that in their administration all men will be dealt with on an equal footing, be they great or little, high or low, rich or poor.

Washington, D. C.



A STREET IN CUERNAVACA

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

IX.



IT WAS late in the afternoon of the same day. Soft shadows touched tenderly the vine-hung *patio* of the old hotel in Cuernavaca; the languor that spells the golden hour of dreams lay over all.

There was no rustling of leaves—even the breezes slept. The waters of the fountain fell into the stone basin with a faint, tinkling sound that was like the echo of a dream; the drone of bees in the roses was hushed. A paroquet in his bamboo cage mumbled drowsily as the professor, his head still bandaged, passed by, to stand for the twentieth time in the *portales*, where he had an unobstructed view of the street down which the travelers of the morning had gone.

"I don't see why my folks don't come," he complained to the landlord, an unimaginative, down-East Yankee of the type not given to worry or trouble-borrowing.

"They're all right," the latter returned, easily, between puffs at a big black cigar. "There ain't no Injuns or bears runnin' around loose, 's far 's I know, in this neck of the woods."

But the professor was not to be reassured. He seated himself in the chair that promised the greatest comfort, and, leaning his aching head on his hand, croaked dismally. What had possessed Miss Snodgrass to take an all-day trip—and such a trip!—without making matters clear to him? He had always judged his sister to be a woman of sense. A bridge three feet wide, and Zenia could hardly sit a horse! And they would get nothing fit to eat in a place like that.

The landlord advised the professor to "take a look around town." Tourists—the professor winced at the term—seemed to be plumb daffy about Cuernavaca. Cortez's palace was right over there—Cortez was a king or something. A man named Maximilian had built a real showy summer-house out in the suburbs, but it wasn't much now—all run down. Part of the year this man and his wife, Carlotta, lived in the Borda garden. *That* was a sight for you! It was much finer once, though—so people had told him. He couldn't say as to the truth of the yarn—it must have been twenty-five or thirty years ago that the Maximilians settled in Cuernavaca, and that was before *his* time—but he had heard that the waters of the fountains in the garden were full of gold-fish when Maximilian owned the place, and that peaches as big as your two fists fell into Carlotta's lap every time Maximilian shook the trees. Had the professor seen the cathedral? Everybody made a

fuss over the cathedral—and there wasn't a building in town that was in such need of a coat of whitewash.

Oh! The professor was a scrap-heap crank himself, was he? Well, give *him* things up-to-date. And that reminded him: A friend of his, Jones, living in the State of Vera Cruz, had the all-firedest, queerest thing on his *hacienda*—Old! It must have been there before the Flood.

Perhaps the professor had met the step-son of Jones—Angel Jiminez, his name was—in the City of Mexico. No? That was strange—and both stopping at the Hotel del Jardin. It was strange, too, that Angel hadn't followed Miss Staines around. Angel had set his heart on marrying an American girl, and had played bear to all the pretty ones that came his way. There wasn't a mite of harm in Angel—not a mite.

At this point the professor brought the wandering landlord back to the starting-point; whereupon he related his story without further circumlocution.

On the estate of his friend Jones was a pyramid, built of squared stones. A-top this pyramid was a roughly fashioned figure, a heathen idol. A number of *peons* were working in the field near by; and one day one of them, in a spirit of bravado, struck off the right hand of the image, or idol, or whatever it was, with a crowbar. According to his fellow-workmen, a dreadful frown darkened the face of the idol; and, wonderful to tell, the man who had done the deed was stricken with paralysis in the right arm!

The professor owned to be mildly interested in "heathen idols," and the landlord offered to give him a letter of introduction to Angel Jiminez, who would do the honors of his step-father's *hacienda* with the same princely liberality that characterized his spending of Jones's *pesos*.

"If he's got money, show him to me," said the professor. I'd like to interest him in my Lost City Syndicate."

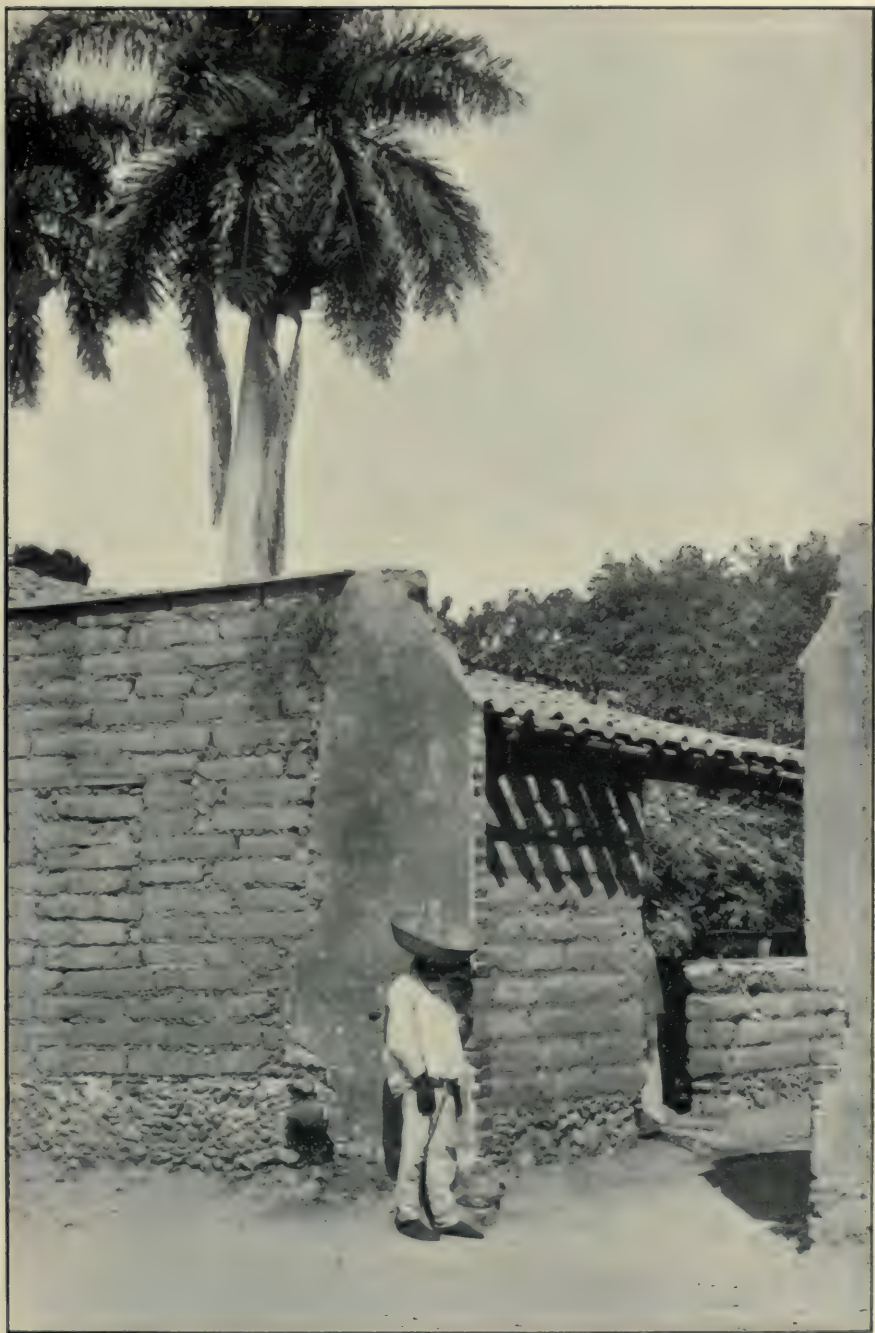
"A city is a mighty queer thing to lose," the landlord, scratching his head reflectively, opined.

"We have it from the *cura* of Quiche, who told Stephens that he had seen it from the ridge of a high mountain, that there *is* such a city," said the professor convincingly.

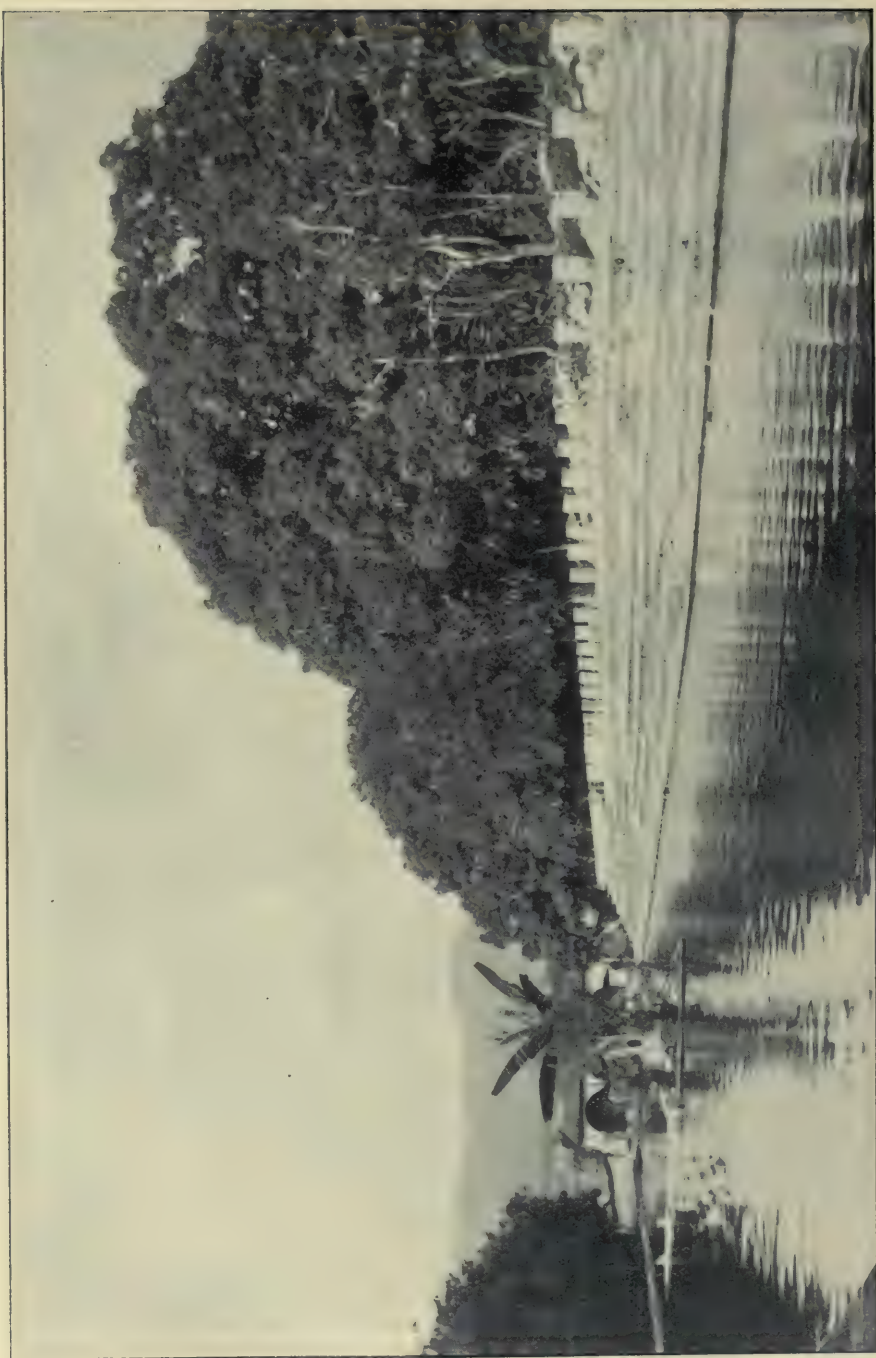
"Didn't he ever get any nigher than the mountains?" asked the landlord.

"I—ah—believe that no one so far has penetrated to the heart of the city and escaped alive. The city and region round about are inhabited by descendants of those who roamed the country before the Spanish invasion.

"Two young men—mentioned by Stephens and Morlet—once



"PLAYING BEAR"



THE BORDA GARDEN

entered the city after a fight with the Indians. They remained for a time, and were apparently tolerated by the inhabitants. Attempting to escape, they were set upon by the Indians and one was sacrificed upon the altar of their temple. The other, badly wounded, escaped to the forest of Guatemala, but died soon after being rescued. It is my intention to form an expedition and go in search of the lost city, just as soon as I—er—obtain more accurate information as to its exact location."

"Sounds exciting," commented the landlord. "How d'you expect to work it? Hypnotize 'em?"

"I have planned to journey by easy stages into the interior of Guatemala. With a force of armed *pcons*, we should succeed, where others, who braved the dangers without protection, failed."

"What would there be in it for *him*—Angel?"

"Why, the city is as good as a gold mine! The natives still observe their customs, manner of dress, and all that. They, supposedly, make offerings upon their altars, as of old. There is the wealth of Ind in their temples."

"Good idea to start in before someone else gets track of it, eh?"

"Assuredly! But there are such gaps between intention and action, in this land of *mañana*. No one ever thinks of doing anything *today*."

The thud of horses' hoofs sounded far down the street. The professor started up expectantly.

"That must be my folks," he said, wrinkling his forehead under its bandages in an effort to get a focus on the approaching figures.

"It ain't. It's Hiram Cook and Miss Cook, of Chicago—tourists, they be."

"They may have *seen* my folks," the professor persisted.

Hiram Cook, of Chicago, halted his horse in the shade of the *portales*, and tumbled, groaning, into the arms of the attendant Mexican.

"I feel as full of bones as a shad," he lamented, in loud tones that took the town folk into his confidence.

Dust-powdered, with perspiration working weird patterns on his sun-burned countenance, he limped the length of the *portales* and dropped heavily into a chair. Miss Zitella—properly skirted, now—paused in her retreat toward the *patio* as the professor stepped forward and addressed them:

"Has either of you by chance seen a middle-aged lady—my sister, and an archaeological student of some renown—and a young lady with a red parasol—"

"She wouldn't have a parasol on horseback," the landlord reminded him.



THE PALACE OF CORTEZ, CUERNAVACA

"Ah, quite so! The ladies were going to Xoehicalco—"

"We have just come from there," interrupted Miss Zitella.

"We saw the ladies, yes, and talked with them," Mr. Cook, keeping more to the point, supplemented. "What time was it when we saw them, Zitella?"

But Miss Zitella, mindful of dust, disordered locks and a sun-burned nose, had slipped away to her apartment, where the solace of a hot bath and cold cream awaited her.

"The ladies were all right, then," said the professor, straightening as if a weight had fallen from his shoulders.

They certainly appeared to be, Mr. Cook thought. They had mentioned their intention of passing the night at an Indian village.

The professor was sure they would get nothing fit to eat. Mr. Cook was of the opinion that they stood as good a chance there as in any part of a country that was without knowledge of Christian cookery.

"You are right, my dear sir, entirely right." The professor, speaking as soul to kindred soul, poured forth his confidences unrestrainedly, while the landlord brought that which would assuage a thirst induced by the heat of the tropics.

"You've been in Mexico long enough to know how it is yourself, sir. You go to a Mexican hotel or restaurant for a meal, and they bring on something so seasoned with pepper and garlic that you can't tell whether it's flesh, fowl, or good red herring. You eat the meat and wait for the vegetables; and while you are waiting they begin all over again, and serve you with seven courses of meat. If you're in luck, you get beans, or tomatoes, messed up with rice, on the side. What wouldn't I give for a good old-fashioned boiled dinner, or a big platter of ham and eggs!"

"I'd give ten dollars right now for a piece of mince pie such as my wife used to turn out," said Mr. Cook. "If there's one thing I miss more than another, since she died, it's her mince pies."

"Here's a telegram for you, professor," the landlord interposed. "Sent collect—charges, three-thirty, Mex."

The professor put forth a limp hand to receive the message; but on reading it he sat up alertly, pushing the bandage off his forehead, and gazing excitedly about.

"What time is the afternoon train from the City of Mexico due?" he asked.

"The train," said the landlord, "will most likely be in about five, if it's late."

"Weston sails from Vera Cruz on the twenty-seventh," the professor read, abstractedly. "Let's see—today is the seventh. 'I shall keep him in sight. Peter Yeere left here today for Cuerna-



CARLOTTA'S FAVORITE RETREAT

vaca. Will probably try to mislead you as to Weston's movements. BOLTON.'"

There was a rustle of crisp muslin skirts behind the professor's chair, a discreet little cough, and Miss Zitella appeared.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, sweetly, "but I couldn't avoid overhearing the name you mentioned—Peter Yeere, I think you said.



THE CATHEDRAL, CUERNAVACA

Is—is Mr. Yeere coming *here*?"

Mr. Cook took off his spectacles and regarded his daughter.

"You're up to something. What is it?" he queried.

"Why do you say that?" returned Miss Zitella, in an injured tone.

"Because you look so blamed innocent. The fact is, sir," turning to the astonished professor, "I haven't had a minute's peace since my daughter made the acquaintance of a young Spanish gent, coming down on the steamer. Claimed he'd been two years at school

in the United States, and him with a speech that goes sideways, like a crab to war!"

"But Peter's a down-East Yankee," the professor objected. "Nothing Spanish about *him*."

"Oh, the Spanisher's name is Jiminez," said Mr. Cook. "This Peter is every bit as bad, though. I thought we'd got shut of both of 'em."

"Where does the young Spaniard live?" asked the professor.

Mr. Cook indicated his supreme indifference as to the abiding-



SUMMER HOME OF MAXIMILIAN, NEAR CUERNAVACA

place of Mr. Jiminez, but believed it to be the City of Mexico.

"Ah! The idol man," the professor hazarded, looking to the landlord for confirmation.

"He may be idle," said the landlord, "but there ain't a mite of harm in Angel—not a mite."

"Did you say that Mr. Yeere would be here this afternoon?" queried Miss Zitella.

Aunt Zenia and Polly were riding slowly toward Cuernavaca—slowly, since Aunt Zenia vowed her inability to keep to the pace of the guide, who appeared to be in haste to reach town and supper.

The evening breeze had risen, cooling the sun-baked earth. It

wrought pretty confusion with the soft locks on Polly's brow as she rode along, her unseeing eyes fixed on the distant mountain ramparts, from which the sunset flags were flying.

She longed to be alone that she might think over the events of the past weeks, and form some plan of release from bonds that galled; but to deviate from the every-day routine was to excite comment. Aunt Zenia would question her; questions and comments alike must be avoided.

She loved and was loved; and oh, it was sweet to be loved—sweet as heaven! Knowing, now, the divine needs of the heart, she could not cheat the man to whom she was plighted with the poor substitute for love, affection; and affection was all she had to give Peter.

Perhaps the quickest, the most direct way of ending the matter would be the kindest. She mused on this, making irrelevant replies to Aunt Zenia's occasional remarks, or replying not at all. In conclusion, she decided that she would write to Peter as soon as she arrived at the hotel; and the letter should be sent to him, together with the ring, the first thing in the morning. After all, the surgeon's knife hurts but to heal.

It was dusk when the three galloped up the steep stony street of Cuernavaca, and drew rein in front of the hotel. The swinging lantern that lighted the *portales* dazzled Polly's eyes, accustomed to the gloom. She saw Aunt Zenia, limping away on the arm of the professor; then someone lifted her from her horse—and Peter's eyes were looking into her own.

He drew her into the *patio*, and, placing both hands on her shoulders, smiled down at her.

"You haven't told me how glad you are to see me, Pollywog," he said, whimsically.

"Oh, *why* did you come, Peter?" Polly breathed. "It would have been so much easier to write it."

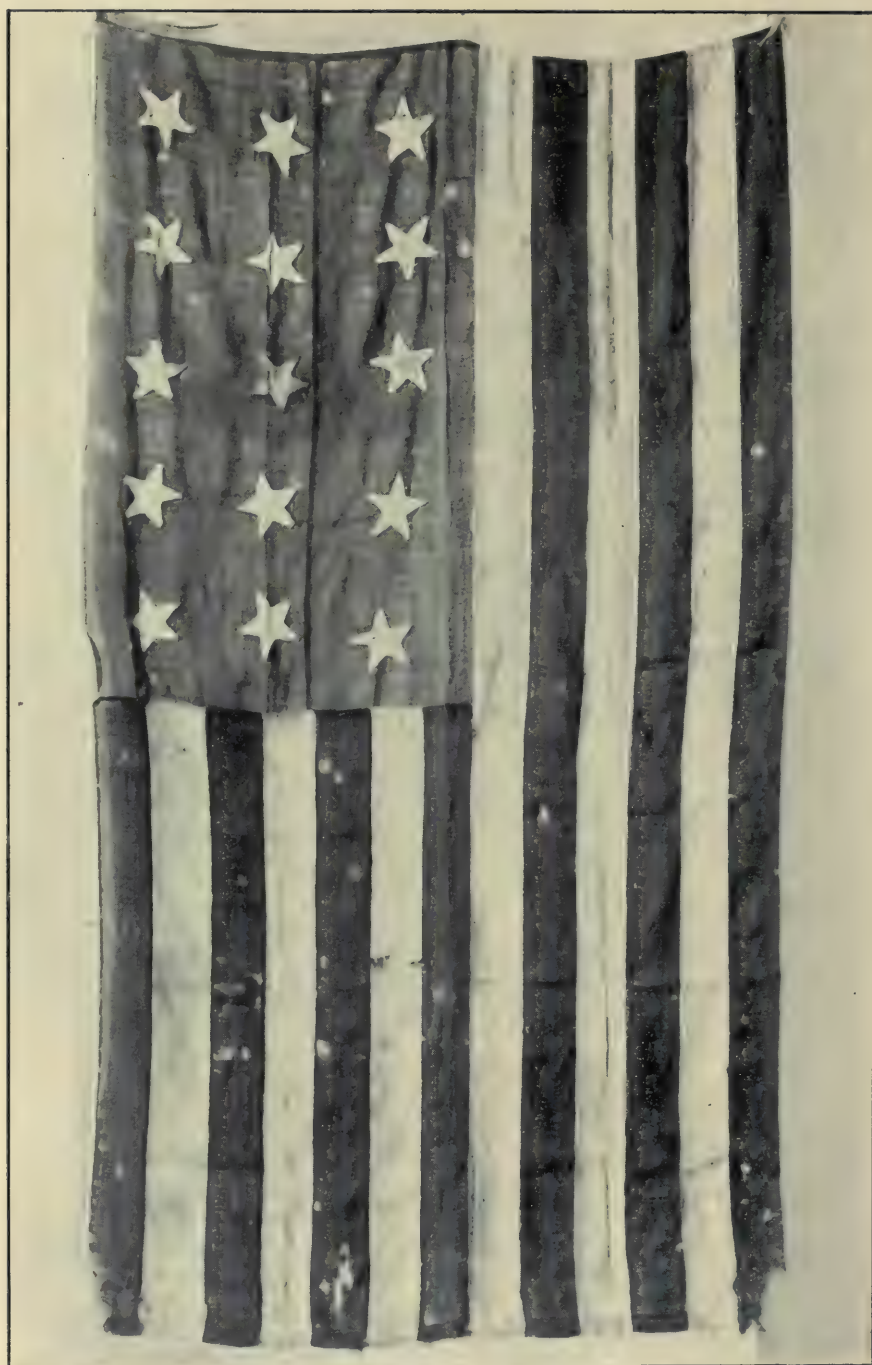
"Write what?"

"That—that it was all a mistake. It *is* a mistake, Peter,—oh, believe me, it is! Take the ring. Some other girl—some time—"

Peter made no move to take the ring. He allowed himself a moment of dazed incredulity; but at the second look into Polly's eyes, his winged love lay in the dust of humiliation. Wounded, angry as well, he flung away to battle with emotions heretofore undreamed of in his philosophy.

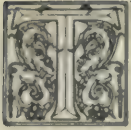
Polly gazed wistfully after him; there were tears in her eyes. She felt that the old *cameraderie* would never be theirs again, that she had lost, not only her lover, but her friend.

(To be continued.)



A HISTORIC FLAG

By W. J. HANDY.



HE flag shown on opposite page was brought from St. Louis, Mo., by Captain Frémont on his third expedition across the continent, 1845-6. The scars appearing on it are said to have been made by arrows in some of his encounters with hostile Indians.

It is the same flag raised at Gavillan Peak, near Monterey, March, 1846, when, after having received permission to obtain supplies and continue his explorations, he was ordered by General Castro, Mexican military commander, to abandon his work and at once leave the country, under threat of using force to drive him out. In Frémont's own words: "I replied this was an insult to my Government and myself, and I peremptorily refused."

With his small force a rude fort was erected and this flag raised. After patiently waiting a few days without any attack, Frémont leisurely marched away. This is the first time the U. S. flag was raised in defiance to the Mexican authorities in California.

Again, a few days after learning of the taking of Monterey by Commodore Sloat, Frémont went to Sutter's Fort, near Sacramento, and on July 11, 1846, raised this flag, with a salute of twenty-one guns, announcing that California had been taken and was held for the United States. Lieutenant Walpole of the *Collingwood*, English navy, described the appearance of Frémont's party in 1846:

"During our stay in Monterey, Captain Frémont and party arrived. They naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. The men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources.

"A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and then in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Frémont rode ahead, a spare, active looking man. He was dressed in blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body guard.

"The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle.

"Kit Carson is as well known as the Duke (Wellington) is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deer skin, tied with thongs in front, trousers of the same, of their own manufacture.

"They are allowed no liquor; tea and coffee only. This, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline, too, is very strict.

"The butts of the trappers' rifles resemble a Turkish musket,



The Raising of the American Flag and Taking Possession of California by Commodore John Drake Sloat, U.S. Navy

YF MONTEREY, JULY 7, 1854

View
down put and under

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1891 November 27.

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JOHN COOK, OF HONOLULU
Owner of the Frémont Flag shown on page 122.



GEN. FRÉMONT, WIFE AND DAUGHTER
The giant redwood behind them is named "Gen. Frémont." It is in the Big Tree Park, near Santa Cruz.

therefore fit tight to the shoulder. They are long and very heavy, carry a ball about thirty-eight to the pound."

The flag was with the California battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Frémont, in all the exciting events during the early days of American occupation, and at the final capitulation at Ca-huenga, February, 1847.

Its present owner, John Cook, now 85 years of age and a resident of Honolulu, says he was in San Francisco in 1849, and helped to build the first dock on the bay, at Clark's Point, and was a member of the first vigilance committee. His vigilante captain, name unfortunately forgotten, was one of Frémont's party from its organization on the Missouri river to its final disbandment. Taken sick, he was cared for by Mr. Cook and buried by him in the sand hills in Hayes Valley.

Mr. Cook says the captain gave him this flag, with some other relics, and frequently told him of his service with Frémont and the adventures in which this flag was present.

If this flag had a tongue, what interesting stories we should hear, for stirring reminiscences linger in its faded folds.

(Reprinted by request.)

THE SIDEWINDER

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

A LAZY loop of lozened grey,
I stretch amid the sand and sun;
Or writhe a sullen yard away,
The greasewood's creeping shade to shun.

The hot earth nestles to my chin;
My lidless eyes outface the sky
All unabashed; and dry and thin
My unawakened rattles lie.

The desert glare that does to death
The blind un-lovers of the sun—
Poor fools, that court a colder breath,
Nor know that heat and life are one.

It filters through my scaly still,
It simmers to one drop of Fate—
The mother-tincture of *To Kill*,
Quintessence of a whole world's hate.

Content I dream;—content is deep,
For whom three mortal joys there be—
My own white sun, my ardent sleep,
And sleep for him that wakens me!

Belford's Magazine, May, 1891.

**Crotalus cerastes*; the horned rattlesnake of the Southwest.

THE TORCH

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.



SING the words in the best sense, the two diners at the Falcon represented the highest forms of antipodal types—the master of men, the masterless man.

Cutler was born under Joseph's star—hero and pattern of his childish playmates; later, boast and idol of his class, unquestioned leader, "bold, fortunate and free." His victories were not less deserved for being lightly won. With a generous, sunny temper, a cheerful spirit of fair play, he had that last, best gift we so clumsily miscall "personal magnetism"—meaning, indeed, no such pitiful trumpery, but "the genius to be loved"; for which potential rivals had followed ungrudgingly, loyal allies, at most, rejoicing in his honors.

Noon-tide brought him but repetition of morning triumphs; sober thought, high dream, yet worded from that bright lexicon whose unconsulted golden leaves we turn no longer, you and I and most, conning only one self-opening, wonted page in the stained and blotted addenda.

Confidence and charm were backed by talents of high order—keen intelligence, ripe scholarship, shrewd common-sense, vitality, energy, industry, purpose. At thirty-five, he was an admitted leader of the metropolitan bar. Nor was he lawyer only—he had kindness, sympathy, insight, public-spirit. More than once or twice his plain-speaking had clearly voiced the confused inarticulate thought of the day. New York looked on him as a coming man, thrice-marked for greatness by birth, by solid achievement, by irresistible thrusting-on of standing, opportunity, place, faith and party; and by the nameless uplift of far-reaching fraternal ties, unmeasured but potent. Already he was a factor in the national life, watched from afar.

As he talked, Cutler found himself studying his companion with something more than curiosity, recalling his past knowledge of the man, startled to realize how little it was, despite the intermittent years of their acquaintance.

Gay was uncatalogued. Widely scattered as were the bits of his known biography, the given curve was not sufficiently defined for further calculation. When his erratic orbit brought him back to New York for brief, uncertain periods, he occupied a position unique, inexplicably sure, unjustified by any claim of his for accomplishment in his unexplained absences, or by any declaration of future intent. Himself almost unknown, Gay yet held a curious sub-celebrity with not a few men who had won distinction in widely diverging lines. Without credentials, without chronicled personal

achievement, making no demands, this unquestioning acceptance—as of a blank check bearing authentic signature—was a tacit acknowledgment of initiative, strength, refuge—a tribute the finer for its unconsciousness.

Between flittings, he had found time to assist in several reforms—an effective, unauthorized free-lance, a cheerful, casual satirist. His stinging phrases, step-fathered, became watchwords shrilled by drudging, hopeless multitudes in derisive scorn, more galling than any hate. Solemn Sham, hoary Privilege issued mandate, “Silence me this ambushed Laughter!” To find the Laughter unexpectedly invulnerable, asking neither favor nor gold of any man, having no ambitions to be crushed, quite beyond the reach of reprisals.

A good loser, Gay was a poor winner. Perhaps it was philosophical indifference to the gauds of success; perhaps his energies were destructive, a Benjamin’s portion, effective only in battle-shock. Be this as it may, once an affair was on the highway to prosperity, Gay stood back, follow the sequence who would; so losing that intangible thing which comes of advantage pressed and repeated successes—prestige, the confidence of others—which makes an ordinary man formidable and a strong one great.

Cutler had been speaking of an acquaintance of them both in Alaska.

“No,” said Gay, thoughtfully, “I never really liked him. He was keen, witty, brilliant, resourceful, but he didn’t win your confidence. You know what I mean. Not the man you would like to have at your back in a pinch. I wasn’t sure of him—not as I would be of myself, you know.”

The undisguised self-valuation, the change of pronouns by which he declined to vouch for Cutler, was amusing. Yet, Cutler reflected, this very quality of steadfast sureness was the foundation of his own unacknowledged liking and regard.

He recalled stories told of Gay in the dens and studies, vague, unsubstantiated, gleaned from far sources, told rarely, at propitious moments, to favored folk. Botha’s grim laagers had known him, De Wet’s forlorn hope. Indeed, for that knight-errantry he had only escaped the pedestal by caustic, malevolent Anti-Imperialism, shocking and unexpected. Older legends there were, of many lands—not always wholly creditable. Of high-handed wild exploits in desert, jungle and polar wilds, to which you might deny your approval but not your admiration.

One stood out clearly—earliest, best vouched-for. Last of the few surviving cattle-men in the bloody and disastrous Tonto Basin war, when his faction was dispersed, hopelessly beaten, his very steading burned, furrowed and sown with salt, the horse between

his legs and the clothes on his back all that were left of his holdings, he had bidden Arizona characteristic farewell. Alone, in the full glare of noonday, he fared down to Solomonville, rode at a quiet footpace through the straggling street, thronged with his flushed and triumphant foes, passed on, unmolested, with no backward look, to the far-off busy world beyond. They stood in silent groups to watch him go till he was but a speck on the long horizon. So the story ran.

Gay flicked the ash from his cigar. "Speaking of Alaska—it's a biggish country, but did you, by any chance, know Jim Hestwood? He was one of the first to find gold in the '90's."

"Hestwood? Why, I went to school with him in San José!"

"What!" said Gay, for once fairly startled. "The old school! Man! It's good to see you! Why, so did I!"

They were leaning over the table flushed, laughing, pumping at each other's hands.

"To think we've been acquainted all these years and never known!" said Cutler, in pleasant excitement. "Why, I know *you*, of course. You were before my time. *You're* Harry Gay! And I never guessed it!" He sang, liltingly:

"Some one stole my heart away,
Walking down in San José;
He looked up and I looked down—
Handsome, sun-burned Harry Gay!"

"A foolish old song—made in derision," said the older man, smiling. Cutler remembered when he had heard it sung—not in derision—but checked himself mid-word.

Gay looked at him, considering. "I see. It was when you went West to build up your health. I hadn't heard of any Californian episode. It couldn't have been long."

"It wasn't," rejoined Cutler. "I was a Special, making up on subjects where I lagged—so I could enter Harvard unconditioned. Your name was still one to conjure with. If the stories they told were only half true—"

Gay put the question of himself aside with a waved hand.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy and everybody keeps it up. Never mind. The boys—tell me about the boys," he demanded, eagerly.

Volleyed question and answer, broken by mutual comment and reminder. "Good man!" "Wise old owl! Venerable sage he at eighteen." "Good old George!"

" . . . Burrows, Denyes, Cavano, Clute, Casad . . . "

At the name which followed, a shade fell heavily over Gay's face. "He was my nearest friend. He was with me in Arizona. If he

had lived . . . perhaps . . . ” He roused himself with an effort. The shadow did not wholly pass away.

To us, their talk would have been a meaningless list of names, a new Catalogue of the Ships, tedious as last year's directory. To them it was eloquence unparalleled, glowing, vivid, brilliant; under whose splendid sway dry bones rose breathing, clothed in flesh and blood and youthful fire, radiant with the one imperishable charm. Yet Homer knew his trade. So sparkled that same dull Catalogue to listening Greeks, whose kindred manned those ships.

Laughing happily, they kept that eager roll-call, with pledge and greeting to each summoned face. Unnoted, the clock made its treadmill round. At one name Cutler's face took on a cynical expression. Before he could speak, Gay held up his hand.

“Don't tell me!” he said. “Let me remember them as they were—at their best. After all, who dares say the best self is not the true self? Let me keep my Table Round—unbroken. . . . I was there two years—the happiest of my life. Not one care, not one unhappy moment. I was straight from the uttermost desert, you know. A man grown—twenty-two years old. And I had never had any boyhood. I crowded it into those two years.”

Cutler could scarce believe his ears. Gay, the silent, was grown voluble, autobiographical, making free use of the “first person perpendicular.” The deep lines of his face were smoothing away, the stern eyes lit with rare enthusiasm, smiling at inner happy thoughts. In this softened mood of unsuspected loveableness, there was an indefinable suggestion of truce, of conflict deferred; as when Hector lays his helmet by, and gives himself to the hour.

So absorbed were they—Gay in his memories, Cutler intent on Gay himself—that more than once little groups had paused to look at the picture in the quiet alcove—Cutler's sunny charm, the other's dark and restful strength.

“I suppose few men ever have as good a time as I did there. Two years, and not one moment to regret. Then I went away. I don't know why. I suppose I was a fool. But I'm glad of it—*glad!*” he said, with fierce energy. “Something might have spoiled it. I never went back. Think of it, Cutler—how I must have enjoyed every moment! I was always an omniverous reader, but for those two years I did not read one book or magazine—hardly a paper. *Living* took all my time. I had attained my majority at the age of thirteen. At least I have done man's work ever since. I had never known any boys. Just rough men. I went there with a boy's unspoiled capacity to enjoy, a man's sense to feel how fleeting it must be. I had my youth in one deep, priceless draught. . . . I studied—of course. That was what I went there for. Hestwood

was the brightest of us, then Johnny Newells—but I think I had my lessons better, more thoroughly, than any of them. They interested me.” It was said so simply that the boast passed unnoticed.

“And so the old school is happened upon evil days—standing in Stanford’s shadow? Well, she turned out some good men. There must have been as high ability there as in any of the big colleges. It is given to only a few to really *do* things. But there are always men to do them when need arises. A good many more mute, inglorious Miltons than we know of, I imagine. It’s not wasted. They hand it on. Like the old Greek relay races—you remember? You didn’t only have to *run*; you must pass on an unquenched torch.”

He rose and buttoned his coat. Fronting Cutler across the table, he raised his glass. Some of the wine was spilled. “The school!” he said, in a voice low and quiet. “The school—and our dead!”

Cutler was tolerably hard-headed. His foes had never called him sentimental. But his glass, with Gay’s, crashed tinkling to the floor, to serve for no unworthier toast.

Cutler had started first. Remembering something, he came back. Gay was seated again at the table. The shadow was deep upon him. His mouth was twisted, as from pain, his eyes brooding on the spilled wine. Cutler tiptoed away.

When next he tapped at Gay’s door, he had gone, leaving no token. Months slipped by, became years, and New York knew him no more.

* * *

The Powers that Were had made tentative advances to Cutler concerning his nomination for important office. They had been guardedly explicit. There was no doubt whatever, they kindly said, as to his ability. But there had been an untraced rumor, a breath, that Cutler held impracticable, academic views on some abstract matters. They hoped Cutler was safe and sane. They sincerely trusted that his position was such as to cause no uneasiness in business quarters, no unsettlement of existing conditions. If Cutler could give assurance that he was not inimical to the best interests of prosperity, the matter might be regarded as settled.

Cutler saw plainly that, so backed, this foot-hold could be made a stepping-stone to higher honors. Opportunity knocked at his door. This was the beginning of a career which might lead him far.

Yet he was not quite satisfied. There was an uneasy twinge, a feeling hard to put into words. Of course, the great interests would

grind down opposition, as always, whether he went for or against them. If not himself, then another. Better himself than another, since he saw existing evils clearly. He would be in a position to soften policies, to show favor and mercy. Doubtless there *was* some inequality, a slight tipping of the scales. But after all, we were all so much better off than were our grandfathers. There were so many to divide the burden that the individual share was unnoticeably small. Oh, very small! Rome was not built in a day. Compromise, concession, was the law of progress. He would use his power well—as a trust.

He dressed and went to a dinner—a very select dinner indeed—given in honor of a world-renowned Explorer.

Having been introduced to the Lion of the Hour, and seated between two friends whose intimacy allowed inattention, Cutler let his thoughts stray to the day's problem, and at last gave free rein to thought and fancy.

When the coffee was served he was roused from his reverie. The humming, busy voices slackened to silence; the guests were listening to the Explorer. With a start, Cutler fixed his attention.

“. . . Western slope of the Andes,” the Explorer was saying. “They tell the story to all new-comers. I was at some pains to get at the facts, because he was rather in my line, and because I knew the man. In his way, he was quite remarkable. He had distinction of a certain sort. An Adventurer. Some of you must have known him. Gay—Harry Gay?”

Cutler stiffened with a shock. The persistent past tense became ominous, sinister. He leaned forward. His lips were suddenly dry. It was a relief when someone further down said indifferently, “Yes, I knew him.” The Explorer went on.

“It was quite characteristic of the confident vanity of the man, his appalling self-sufficiency, that he set about the conquest of this virgin peak alone, without preparation or plan. He was about to attempt it, so it appears, many years before. But one of the chronic revolutions occurred. He had word that some of his friends were involved, and gave up the climb. It seems he had not abandoned his purpose, however. . . . Oh, no—he had no personal interest in the political side of it—to be just. He was no filibuster, on this occasion, at least. Just sticking to his friends, after his lights. I put in some time getting the straight of it.”

It was evident that it was to be a good story. Evident, too, that the Explorer relished the telling of it, the opportunity of getting in the lime-light, with insufferable complacency. Cutler listened

eagerly—"Sticking to his friends, after his lights." Vaguely, the phrase troubled him, though he could not see why.

"Well—the revolution failed. His friends were all killed. I believe he was quite the Paladin. I had it from the other side, too. The old Captain who told me—rather a high official now—spoke of him with much respect and regret, gnawing at his grizzled mustaches the while. And, though he did not say so, I fancy that they rather connived at his escape. They didn't let Gay know. *He* thought he had a narrow squeak of it.

"Half a life-time later, he strolls casually into the village on the hill-foot and announces that he is to climb the mountain to see how it looked from up there.

"The *naturales* tried to dissuade him, as they did me afterwards. No one could reach the top; many had tried and failed—or perished. There seemed to be some superstitious terror mixed up with it. Of course, he didn't listen. Determined beggar. . . . Did *I* climb it? Oh, yes. But we were fully prepared and took our time. When we came to a ticklish bit, we drilled holes and put in ropes. Made stations, you know, and got up as far as we could before the final spurt. Yet I don't say the fellow wouldn't have made it, if he had gone alone. Yes, and said nothing about it afterwards, either. I'm not denying him efficiency. To my certain knowledge, he has done harder stunts."

Cutler remembered Gay as he had seen him that last night at the Falcon, with his softened mood upon him—already, had he but known it, Outward Bound—to the Great Adventure. He began to hate the Explorer. As if he had strangely become possessed of the Touchstone of Truth, which makes things seem what they are, he saw the Explorer's shallow soul, selfish, spiteful, swollen. His sudden assumption of the modest "we" became an affectation hardly to be borne. He was making Gay's name a stalking-horse, that himself might shine brighter by comparison. His purring, punctilious, belittling "justice" became an unbelievable and monstrous thing. This Hero of two Worlds grudged, envied—not Harry Gay's fame, for fame he had not, but what he *was*; resented bitterly that the other man had been above the grasping ambition that mastered himself. The unconscious self-revelation was indecent. He even grudged Gay his, the Explorer's own opinion.

"At last they prevailed upon him to wait until they could send after *el irlandés*—a week to the south. He would doubtless be glad to join the adventure; he was quite mad. (You find them everywhere—these Irishmen.) This one was prospecting—for quicksilver, I believe. From what I could find out he seems to have been quite the usual active, automatic, brainless, undifferen-

tiated biped. . . . They got some Peruvians to go along for pack-animals, as high up as they could coax or drive them, and to remain there till their return. Gay had an extra spy-glass. He left that with old Atanacio, the *jefe*, and told him to keep an eye on them.

"There was a severe storm the first day and they huddled in camp. It cleared that night. Gay and Conner—did I tell you his name?—started at dawn. They expected to make the summit and back to some sheltered spot, spend the night there, and return to camp early the next day."

The Explorer had attempted no description. But Cutler saw the mountains—forbidding, vast, gloomy, savage, cruel. Because his senses were quickened and his mind vividly pictured out the story, he granted the Explorer—grudgingly—the gift of words. But that other, his dead friend—that was the man of deeds. His friend. He had not thought of him that way; but he knew it now. . . . "*Not the man you would like to have at your back in a pinch. I wasn't sure of him—not as I would be of myself, you know.*" A boast—but he had made it good. With the premonition of disaster came the high certainty that his friend had not failed himself. Whatever came, Gay had been *sure*. . . . This Lion's ostentatious, abnegating modesty—Pah!

"They made slow progress, Atanacio told me, with many doublings and turnings back. Of course they should have established a station much higher up before making their dash. The morning came off clear and warm. Later it clouded over. Gay and Conner were going faster. Towards noon they passed out of sight behind a shoulder. I fancy the natives all turned to for *comida*. Naturally, they wouldn't admit it. Anyhow, Atanacio couldn't spot them for some time. All dark and cloudy, you know. It was past one when he saw them in a little sunny patch, where the clouds were broken. They were roped together, of course—about twenty feet apart. They had been skirting a narrow, icy ledge around a precipice. Conner had fallen. Gay had his feet braced, clutching a rock with his hands—Conner hanging by the rope. Of course, the Peruvians didn't know how long they had been there. Through the glass they could see that one of Conner's arms was limp and useless, broken by the fall. Beneath, the unimaginable abyss.

"Gay clung to the rock with one hand, and threw off his pack with the other. Conner, below, got rid of his. Atanacio says that Gay's feet seemed to be on a particularly sloping and slippery part of the ledge. Of course, when I looked the ground over, I couldn't place the exact spot; but it must have been so, for Gay was an

unusually powerful man. With a level square foot to stand on, he would have pulled the Irishman up, big man though he was.

"Three times he made the attempt; three times his feet slipped. He only saved himself by a lightning-swift clutch at that knob of rock. To drop the rope, with Conner's weight on it, *after* he felt himself going, straighten up, and catch the rock in time—good work! *I know!* And it must have weakened him terribly. . . . Atanacio was dripping with sweat, crying aloud, calling on the Saints—O yes, I've forgotten to tell you—the Peruvians seem to be much like other folks after all. With one look through the glass, forgetting their fears and superstitions, they made off to the rescue, hot foot. All except Atanacio. He was so old that it was out of the question for him. Gay had brought him along for the sake of discipline. He was the *jefe*—headman, you know. They made good climbing, too. Of course they benefited by avoiding all the no-thoroughfares Gay had tried.

"After the third trial—when they nearly went over and Gay could hardly get his feet back on the ledge—they gave up that hope, and waited. In that clear, dry air Atanacio could see them plainly. Conner was waving his arm, and seemed to be talking vehemently to Gay. Always, Atanacio says, Gay shook his head. I haven't a doubt but that Conner was urging him to cut the rope, and Gay refusing. They found Gay's knife on him, but not Conner's. Probably it had slipped from the scabbard when he first fell, and had lodged part way down."

Cutler's scalp and skin prickled, his blood ran cold and tingling. Suddenly, he began to be aware that the story had some indefinite bearing on his own case. . . . Concession? Compromise? The naked truth flashed on him blindingly. Surrender! weak, pitiable surrender! *Not even that!* He had the sensation of having shrieked. God! He was being bought with a price! . . . "*Who dares say the best self is not the true self?*" O good friend, torch-bearer, loyal and true! . . . Never! Never!

"Curious thing," said the Explorer, dreamily. "Gay had thrown off his pack, dropped the shod stave he used in lieu of alpenstock, to free himself for the desperate attempt to haul up his companion. Yet he kept the knife and belt. He could hardly have overlooked them. Did he think he might weaken at the last? Or did he deliberately look forward to beyond the last, when this mute witness should win him love and tears? I knew him, and I say, Unquestionably the last.

"The old fellow scraped up some bushes for a fire and made 'smoke-talk' to Gay that help was coming, snatched up the glasses in his shaking hands, and looked. He could see that Gay nodded.

The Irishman waved his good arm. . . . He—Conner, I mean—twisted slowly round with the rope. So the cliff must have over-hung here so far that he could not touch it to stop the twisting.

"Help was coming, but it would be long. It was two miles off—one of the miles *up*—and a hard climb. The men on the cliff were very still. The clouds grew heavier, darker, but Atanacio says that not once was that patch of sunlight crossed. The little break through the clouds followed the declining sun. It sank fast."

Cutler saw him, could almost touch him. The crimson glow was on him. The strong face was confident, unperplexed, unhesitant. . . . How many times the one must have cried out, For God's sake, to make an end. That it was useless. That he could not hold on. Not to throw away his life vainly. Better for one to die than two; and the other had smiled back his answer. . . . How he had clung to the memory of his old school friends—each as he knew them, with the yet untarnished honor of young manhood "*Let me keep my Table Round unbroken.*" . . . Such a man might do evil—even great evil. But, he to *choose* life with shame?

"Four hours. It is long even to sit still, warm and safe, without occupation. Long to those who clambered, slipped and fell. It must have been long indeed to poor Atanacio, waiting in agony, wringing his hands with futile curses and prayers, helpless, crying for his lost youth and strength. What was it to the one who, protesting, saw a life lost hopelessly for him, unable to prevent it; to Gay, chilled, cramped, stiffening, failing under the dreadful strain?

"The sun was low. The rescuers were not in sight. They knew now that it was impossible for help to come before dark. (In fact, the natives stayed on the hill-flank that night, a third of a mile below.) Gay decided to try to walk along that treacherous slope, till he could win to a place where he could find sure footing, and try again to drag the Irishman up to safety. . . . It was like the man not to have waited the end in passiveness. It was like the man, again, having the choice, with equal danger, to go forward or to go back for his slender chance, to have gone forward.

"Atanacio saw him kicking, first one leg and then the other, to restore the circulation. Then he started; creeping under the double weight, resting, inching, stooping to lift the rope around jutting corners of rock; fingers clinging to knob and crevice and tiny ledge; firm foot and hand and eye, in sure co-ordination, wrought his resolute bidding. He came at last where there was no slightest hand-hold. Before, a narrow hand-breadth of sloping shelf in the glassy granite; beyond, the scant level, a table's width, that was

their one chance—chance enough for such a man, once reached. Pausing a bare moment, Atanacio said, with one brief downward look at his comrade, he turned his face to the cliff, with arms outstretched and flattened palms pressed along the seamless polished wall. Steadily—slowly—unhesitating; one step—two—three steps. Half-way! Another step begun—and they whirled down the immeasurable gulf—so far, they seemed to fall *slowly*. . . . At once, as if it had been waiting, the storm came roaring, shrieking, bellowing down.”

No one spoke. The very lights were lifeless, misty and pale. Had anyone entered, in the stillness—to see those pale-faced beauties, those motionless men, silent, staring at the terrible, the fire, at nothing, never at each other—he would have thought the days of granarye come again, with knight and princess castle-bound in age-long enchantment.

The Explorer spoke again. There was a vast sigh, followed by whisperings and rustlings.

“Of course, the simple-minded natives have made him hero and demi-god. Remember, they had read nothing, seen nothing. He was their one touch of Romance—the unknown. Even without the final tragedy, he was a superior man of a superior race. Whatever his faults, the force of the man would have impressed any one. Any of you, meeting him once, would have remembered him. And he was already a sort of tradition, mind, because of his part in their old, petty wars. Why, they even went so far as to change the name of the mountain. The one it had before was sonorous, grandiose, many-syllabled. They call it now, quite simply, *La cima del Hombre*—the Mountain of *The Man*. Rather a tremendous compliment, that.

“It took them nearly a week to win their way into that sunless chasm and recover the bodies. That so indolent a people—lotus-eaters—did it at all, proves how deeply this alien had impressed them.

“So his grave is already a shrine, where young lovers sit at twilight. They have made a cairn, to which every passer-by adds a stone. The next generation will enlarge upon his story. Perhaps in time he may become a myth. The local bard has harped him in soft, feminine, limpid Spanish—tender, double-rhymed, lingering, caressing. They set it to dreary, haunting, shuddery music, repeating each verse in weird minors, after their fashion (like Biblical poetry, you know), and wail it at the moon. . . . It is what he would have wished. It would have pleased him. Vanity was the key-note of the man.

“I know him long and well. He had talent—I don’t say that he hadn’t even genius. He might have won distinction (if he could have submitted himself to law, convention, propriety) in almost any line. But like Coriolanus, he would not humble himself to strive, to ask. It pleased him better to assume that he might have

done thus-and-so—what he willed—had he cared. Not that he was afraid of defeat. He knew what that was. Only, he felt so intensely that what he *was*, intrinsically, was better than what he might do, or its reward. Vanity—call it pride, if you like—was his ruling passion.

"Take the final scene, from its rash inception to the inconceivable folly of its tragic end. With experienced associates and reasonable precaution, the risk would have been negligible."

("By George!" whispered Van Alstyne. "The fellow's actually sore because t'other man didn't advertise, or build a trolley-line up the hill.")

"Then, the finis. Absurd. Quixotic madness! Having done all that was humanly possible, it was useless, worse than useless, to throw away his own life. He was a brilliant man, who might, once he settled down, have been of real use to mankind. The other fellow—Conner—was a hewer of wood. To exhaust the possibilities of saving him was commendable enough. But, after the first, Gay could have had no real hope—only stubbornness. Not one chance in ten million. And the last attempt—I have seen the place, I tell you. It was, in his weakened condition, impossible. Impossible! The other man saw it. But his vanity—his own self-estimate—would not let him save himself. The man might have made *anything* of his life, I tell you—and he chose to throw it away rather than to act ungracefully. A Grand-stand play—to an empty stand! To paraphrase, 'It was magnificent, but——'"

Cutler found himself on his feet. "We will not modify it," he said harshly. "It is the right word. He was sure of himself. He kept the faith."

The buzzing ceased. Curious faces turned upon him. Cutler was visibly trembling, but he felt no shame.

"His standards were different from ours—possibly lower. . . . I do not know. . . . Such as they were, he lived up to them. He died for them. Would we—for ours? . . . Magnificent. We thank him."

It was "Good Society." Yet they sided with the dead man. A transient emotion, doubtless, but a generous one. A little shamefacedly, a little half-heartedly, they fell away and left the Explorer silent and neglected.

Van Alstyne even ventured an epigram. "Evidently," he said, "the—the wandering gentleman thought it better to be a dead lion than—a living one." The slender jest thrived, the better for its poisoned barb. So Harry Gay was remembered—nine days.

In the street, Cutler dismissed his cab and walked home through the crisp chill of October. His step was firm and swift and strong, the eager blood ran free and exultant in his veins. For the "opportunity," his lost "career," he had not one thought. In a deserted space he sang in undertone—not sadly:

"Handsome, sunburned Harry Gay!"

He paused, his head thrown back. In the star-light, his face wore the high look of one who accepts a trust—as if he crossed glances with one invisible, with challenge and promise.

How well that trust was kept will be remembered long.

Apalachin, N. Y.

THE HASH WRASTLER

(The old cow-puncher speaks.)

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

Of course, the boss he carries some weight,
 Tho' the owner's a figger-head,
 Handy fer signin' checks an' sich
 (The Lord in his pity makes some folks rich—
 Fortune at best's a skittish bitch,

As 'll neither be drove er led—
 An' "a fool fer luck" is a standin' rule,
 Which I reckon Solomon said.)

There's some as growed on the'r own home range,
 An' some as was vented young;
 An' I've knowed buckaros as can't be beat
 That wrastled the Greaser tongue;
 An' there's now an' agin a Tenderfoot
 The cinches don't seem to rub;
 But the man that the outfit hitches to
 Is the man that hustles the grub.

It ain't no cinch in the summer time
 To tighten a hungry belt,
 When yer horse is lathered an' steamin' hot,
 An' ye think ye'r goin' to melt;
 But that ol' chuck-wagon's a bigger throne
 Than the Czar of Rushy owns,
 When you've punched a blizzard from dark to dark,
 An' the marrer chilled in yer bones.

Yer chaps is froze to the saddle skirts,
 An' the froth on yer bridle white;
 An' the sigh that ye let it ain't no bluff
 When that camp-fire heaves in sight;
 An' ye watch him grab up the coffee-pot
 An' rattle the lid like sin,
 An' holler away to beat the band:
 "Grub pile! Fa-all in! Fa-all in!"

It's then that ye know yer friend o' friends,
 An' that wrastler gits his due—
 In cussin' an' sich—fer a haloed saint
 Couldn't cook to suit the crew.
 It's "Slushy, say, ye'r off yer base—
 Them biskits is dough inside;
 Did ye bile the critter that Noah milked?
 Or only her horns an' hide?"

"Stove?" Oh, sure! a hole in the ground
On the leeward side o' the camp;
The end-gate dropped fer a kneadin' board,
An' some grease an' rag fer a lamp;
But his kittles was slammin' by three o'clock,
Along with the boss's snore,
A-knowin' we'd polish his skillet clean
An' yell possessed fer more.

There was me an' Jim an' Otero's kid,
I reckon we didn't make
That wrastler's life one shinin' round
Of lemon-pie an' cake;
But he paid us off as slick an' clean
As ever a debt was paid;
An' I lay if our pull was better Beyond,
He'd git some boot on the trade.

The Spring rodear was all but done,
An' the beef steers waitin' to ship,
When it looked like the kid an' me an' Jim
Was booked fer a longer trip.
Small-pox—an' the way them boys lit out
Was worse'n the worst stampede
Of buffaloeed steers on a rainy night,
The ol' Trail ever seed.

All but that lank-jawed slinger o' pots—
That blamed hash-wrastlin' fool—
"I'm runnin' this camp—you 'tend to biz,"
He says, as stiddy an' cool
As a chunk of ice on a Christmas tree—
An' I reckon we didn't dispute;
Fer the kid an' me was as crazy as loons,
An' Jim on the cut an' shoot.

He tied Jim up with a hackamore,
An' he pulled the three of us through;
But, Hell! when I think o' the way things went—
An' him—I feel plumb blue;
Fer that same disease jist doused his glim
As quick as you'd holler "Scat!"
Jist cut him out, an' afore he knew
He was gone like the drop of a hat.

"The boys is comin'" he says, quite wild,
"An' them beans ain't seasoned right;
An' Jim 'll kick at the bread, an' say
The coffee's a holy fright;
You tell 'em,"—he fingered the kiverlid,
An' his words come choked an' thin—
"Reddy jist to the minit, boys—
Grub pile! Fa-all in! Fa-all in!"

PETRA DEL CAMPO

By WALLACE GILLPATRICK.



WHEN Petra's father gave her to Ismael she did not know the meaning of love, save love for her family—which meant service.

Petra was sixteen.

Ismael was fifty.

Her father was a poor man, and in Mexico this is saying more than in many countries—or less. All Petra's father called his own was the small adobe hut that sheltered him and his five children, and thre patch of corn and beans that fed them. Sometimes the crops were good, and he carried a few measures of corn over the mountains, and exchanged them for coarse, unbleached cotton cloth, from which Petra made the garments for the family. Occasionally he added to his purchase a square of thick cow-hide, from which he cut sandals for himself. His children went unshod.

Petra was beautiful like the azucena, the pale mountain flower that grows alone amid the barren rocks. She was not dark, like the other children, but ivory-white. Her face was pure and sweet as the face of the Virgin; her dark hair gleamed red, when the sun touchd it, and was fine as silk; her hands and feet were small and slender, with blue tracings clearly defined beneath the satiny skin. The blood of Araby and Andalucia is persistent in Mexico.

From the moment Ismael saw Petra he wanted her; and, with Ismael, to want a thing was to have it.

He was a small, sinewy, tiger-like man, with the springy tread of a mountain-cat, a bullet-shaped head, the clear-cut features of a high-class Hindu, and the yellow-bronze coloring. Ismael's eyes were black and fathomless as a Mexican night without stars. Ismael, himself, was impenetrable. You might talk with him for hours, but there was no getting back of those eyes. Still, he was famed throughout the mountain-district as sober and laborious. He was a bullion-freighter; he owned many mules, and carried the silver bars to the coast, from the rich mines owned by the Americans. But while he repaid their trust with good service, there was always an evanescent something in his manner that savored more of condescension than of seeking.

Ismael's life had been devoted to his family. When a boy of twelve, he had shouldered the burden of a man. His father and mother had perished, the year of the great cholera, leaving him and a host of younger children, with only the old aunt, Blasa, to grind the corn for the tortillas. Ismael manfully offered to provide the corn, and he was as good as his word.

The years flew and Ismael prospered. He bought first two mules, then one more, and kept adding to his train, until at last he became

the richest "freighter" in that part of the country. He built a substantial house in the mountains, of stone and adobe, with corral and stable for his animals, and finally, to return thanks to his gods, a tiny chapel, with bell of pure silver, where the priest came regularly once a year.

Gradually Ismael's brothers and sisters married and went to homes of their own, always generously endowed by Ismael, until only he and old Blasa were left, with one other—Celso, the orphan son of a favorite *compadre*, who had become as his own, and whom he called Ahijado, meaning God-son.

Ismael was sad. He saw the homes of his brothers filled with dark-eyed, red-cheeked children, while his own was lonely.

One day he stopped to talk with Petra's father—he was on his way to the coast—and Petra brought him some water to drink. With quick appreciation for female loveliness, he saw the grace of the slim, girlish shape—the pure beauty of the tender face.

"It is a good girl, and beautiful," he said, following her with pleased eyes, as she timidly withdrew. "How will you give her to me?"

It had been a poor year with Petra's father. The corn was low in the bin, and there were scarcely any beans. The second girl was almost large enough to take Petra's place, and it would mean one mouth less to feed. Beside, Ismael was rich, and in these parts when a man takes a wife, he not only provides the wedding-garments and the wedding-feast, but he also makes a considerable present to the parents; and when he happens to be rich and the bride's father is poor, the bride young and beautiful and he old, the possibilities as to the size of the gift are incalculable.

"Take her if she pleases you," said the father diplomatically. He knew he would fare well if he relied wholly on Ismael's munificence. And so it was settled.

When Ismael passed that way again, returning home, one of his mules bore a woman's saddle.

Petra did not go quite willingly, but she had been taught only to obey. Love for a husband was to her a myth. She was dazzled by the abundance already flowing into the family larder, and not less, perhaps, by the fine, flowered calicoes, the silken rebozo, the ribbons, the rainbow-tinted necklace, yes—and the shoes. She saw happiness shining from the faces of the others, and mistook it for her own. She embraced each brother and sister, and cried a little; she embraced her father and kissed his hand in token of continued obedience.

"Let us go," she said, turning to Ismael with her eyes lowered; so Ismael lifted her onto her mule, and they rode away, Petro covering her face with her rebozo.

When a mountain man takes a wife to his home he does not talk to her. What is there to talk about? Both know the mountains as dwellers in cities know the town. Every tree, bush, and herb, whether poisonous or good, and all the creatures of the forest they know. They feel and love the beauty of the mountains, dimly, for when they are taken away from them they sicken and are sad; but they seldom speak of it because there is no need.

So Ismael rode in silence, save when he addressed his men, or spoke a low word of encouragement to the mules. There would be enough to tell his wife after they were married, and her duties had begun.

And Petra rode in silence, and began to feel afraid.

It was long after sunset and the night-air was cold when they reached Ismael's mountain eyrie, and saw a bright fire burning before the door, and the witch-like apparition of old Blasa silhouetted against the flame, as she heaped on dry branches.

The crone received Petra with open arms and the kiss of a female Judas. She had ruled Ismael's house too long to endure a rival; but Petra, poor child, was too disturbed by the strangeness of everything to note the malignant eye of old Blasa. She ate a mouthful of supper, and was thankful to lie down on the rude bed of skins in a corner of the room. Then she prayed the blessed Virgin to be with her and fell asleep.

The next morning the priest arrived—he had ridden for five days on mule-back—and they were married in the chapel, with Blasa and the mule-drivers looking on. So Petra became the wife of Ismael, not knowing the meaning of love. Gentle, submissive, pure as an angel, she yielded her husband the obedience she had hitherto yielded her father. That was all.

Meantime old Blasa was busily planning how to get her out of the house.

One week from the day of the wedding, Petra went, in the morning, to put some azucenas on the chapel altar and pray. As she came out into the sunlight, she heard the bell of a lead-mare, and from the woods came a train of pack-mules, laden with corn. A young man ran beside them, calling out sharply to the laggards, restraining those in front with soft, hissing sounds, and finally bunching them, like sheep, before the stable door. It was Celso returned with corn from the lower rancho.

Celso was stalwart, ruddy, and gray-eyed, with something like the calm of the mountains in his presence. In him, as in Petra, the blood of Spain had dominated the Indian. His skin was fair, his hair as light as a Saxon's, his bearing erect and proud. He was a Goth in unbleached cotton trousers, a peaceful Viking in straw sombrero and zerape.

Until he saw Petra come through the chapel door into the sunlight, he had scarcely looked at a girl; even now his thought was not mundane but religious. "She is like the Virgin," he muttered. They stood looking at each other, and in the breast of each there began to stir that which awaits only the spark that enters through the eyes.

Old Blasa, who had come from the house, presented them.

"This is your God-father's wife," she said dryly, eyeing him like a cat the while.

Slowly, soberly Celso extended his hands, placing the right on Petra's left shoulder, the left at her side above the waist-line, while she timidly returned his formal embrace in kind. Thus he welcomed her to their family.

"Celso Lopez, to serve you," he said, and Petra, "Petra del Campo, to serve you."

Then she went with old Blasa to prepare the breakfast. She felt happy in her new home, for the first time, without knowing why, unless it was because this new brother had arrived.

"Celso is a good boy and very handsome also," said Blasa, as she was patting the tortillas for Petra to bake them on the iron. "The girl who gets him for her husband will be a happy one." The hag glanced at Petra and saw that her face had clouded.

Later she distilled a drop of poison for Celso's ear.

"Your God-father is a kind man," she muttered—she was lighting her cigarro from Celso's—"but much too old for a child like her."

To Ismael she complained that she was weary of seeing so many men about the place; she feared the Americanos would think he had deserted them, and look for other freighters. This was the one thing needed to drive Ismael from the side of his bride of a week. The next morning, before dawn, he and his men were in the saddle.

The days that followed were halcyon ones for Petra and Celso. Hand in hand they wandered over the mountain rancho. He showed her the lagoon where he bathed, the brook where he fished, the hill where he shot deer, the waterfall amid the pines where some day he would build him a house. And Petra said, many times, "Oh Celso, it is all so beautiful!"

At night they sat by the fire, before the house, and Celso related his adventures in the mountains; how when the white mists came down and hid the trail, and he within calling distance of the rancho, he had lost his way and wandered far into the woods, until he heard the cry of wolves and was afraid for his mules.

Then Petra sang a song she had heard when she was a little child, a wild, sweet, Indian love-song, full of complaint and longing:

"I want to love—I need a soul,
Ardent, like the noonday sun,
To flame and burn with mine,
Forever in infinite love."

Her voice, which had the sad inflections peculiar to the voices of her people, sounded strange to her; she seemed singing this song for the first time, yet she had sung it all her life, as she had another that Celso had never heard before:

"They say that in these mountains there should be
Many tigers, many lions for the chase;"

So Celso must sing a song that Petra had never heard, about a sailor, drowned at sea; to the lonely wife, wandering on the shore, comes a wave moaning the message of his doom. It was full of the longing and the dread of the mountains for the sea; and of the sorrow and loneliness of mountain-people.

That night, in her dreams, Petra saw Celso's face in the fire-light, which surged like the waves and became blood-red; he was singing, and when he finished his song he leaned and kissed her lips.

And Celso sat dumbly staring at the fire until sleep drugged his strong body, and he dropped down by the fire and slept until day-break.

Directly after breakfast, Celso started for the lower rancho, and as he and his mules were swallowed up by the woods, Petra suddenly called after him with shrill, sweet voice, "Celso"—but he did not hear. It was as though her heart had been torn from her body, and she was mad to have it again. The dream was so real! Celso had kissed her on the lips, yet now he went, scarcely looking, saying only "Adios." As she stood staring at the gloomy pines, old Brasa touched her with a skinny finger.

"What is it, my life?" she whined, and Petra, with this new and terrible sorrow, turned to the only woman near and cried, "Oh, Blasa, for one kiss from Celso's lips I gladly would die!"

An hour later Ismael rode into the corral, and before he had the saddle off his horse, Blasa, hag of hell, told him what Petra had said.

It is bad to rouse the tiger in a man, especially if he is a semi-oriental. The crone cowered before Ismael's eyes, which were like coals of fire.

"Where is Celso?"

He did not snarl—yet—it was almost a purr.

"He has gone to the lower rancho," said Blasa.

Ismael quietly entered the house, embraced Petra, and gave her the gifts he had brought from the store of the Americanos. At night, when Celso returned, Ismael said he was weary, and left his wife and godson together before the fire. And Blasa, seeing that matters were prolonging to her liking, pretended to be busy in the kitchen. So the tiger watched from one part of the darkened house, the cat from the other. What chance have a boy and girl, who un-

consciously have entered paradise, against a jealous husband of fifty, and a she-devil of seventy?

The next morning Ismael left with his mules for the coast, to be gone, he said, a week. And Celso, who still had much corn to bring from the lower rancho, departed in the opposite direction.

All day Petra could think of nothing but Celso—Celso. She heard his step in every sound in the forest. Still he did not come. She and Blasa ate supper, and after they had cleared the table, leaving only a portion of frijoles and tortillas for Celso, they went as usual to the fire. The moon had risen over the pines, and the clearing about the house was bright as day. Beyond it loomed the forest, through which Celso must come from the lower rancho.

The few Indian servants were asleep in their huts back of the corral. Everywhere was silence. Blasa was fascinated, watching the entranced face of Petra, whose every sense had merged into that of hearing. She was listening—listening—for Celso.

What she heard, first, was the scramble of mules' feet over the rocks—then Celso's sharp, piercing whistle—then his voice—"Sh-h-h—mula bonita!"

As the mules emerged from the blackness into the light, Petra sprang up and ran toward them. She and Celso came together on the edge of the moonlit clearing, and then the inevitable—Petra was in Celso's arms and he had kissed her lips—Blasa swears he kissed her—but before he could lift his head, a dark form sprang upon them. Blasa knew it for Ismael's. She saw something glitter in the moonlight, and swiftly covered her head with her shawl, for she did not wish to see more.

When Blasa uncovered her head, she heard the quick, receding gallop of a horse, and saw a dark heap lying in the moonlight.

She waited until the hoof-beats died away, and then lifted her cracked voice in a wail, like the coyote's, bringing the Indians trembling from their huts.

Blasa was crouching by the fire.

Petra and Celso lay dead in each other's arms—so they thought—Celso with wide-open, wondering eyes staring at the sky, but when they tried to lift Petra, she clung to him, pressed her face closer against his, and died smiling.

* * * * *

They buried them in one grave—not in consecrated ground, but without unclasping their arms. And Blasa wept, and proclaimed their innocence, and heaped imprecations on Ismael.

Ismael was never seen again. Some said he had turned bandit, but that was false. Cruel he was, and a tiger, but not a thief.

A mound of stones and a wooden cross mark the grave of Petra del Campo and Celso, her boy-lover, who died, not knowing the meaning of love.

Their bodies rest beneath the pines.

Their souls have gone in quest of what it was not given them here to know.

New York City.

MY BOBOLINK FIELD

By LAURA MACKAY



MY BOBOLINK field—it stretched away
 From the dune where climbed the rose and bay—
 Where the sun in its tangle burned so bright
 Over the edge of the dune at night
 When the day was done, to the dune in the east,
 Where the sun came up when he was released;
 And all that wide green field was mine,
 From the great sweet Giver of summer-time.

My bobolink field! There never grew
 Grasses more misty and deep, I knew;
 And every flower on the grassy lea
 Belonged to my bobolinks and me.
 I thought I knew where lightly hung
 Every nest that the grasses swung,
 And every nest that was built so low
 That surely none but a child could know!

The sky above was just for me,
 And mine the sound of the beating sea;
 And mine the sun, when I stood alone
 Stretching my hands to him going down,
 Smiling to him a wordless prayer
 For the child who played in the beauty there.

Then, with my sun-bonnet off, I turned
 From the rose and bay where the sun had burned,
 To the shadowy gray of the distant sea,
 Where the day would soon come back for me;
 And throwing a kiss in the shadowy light.
 I bid my bobolink field good night.

My bobolink field—they came from town
 And burned the roses and wild bay down.
 They sold it in house-lots fenced and small,
 And ruined the great sweet peace of all.
 They must not have known how daisies shine,
 Nor have guessed that the bobolink field was mine!

Oh, my bobolinks! through my tears
 I searched for you in those far-off years,
 And now when I hear you sing I know
 Some of the sweetness of long ago;
 And once again my heart is free
 In a wide green field by the sunlit sea.

Cambridge, Mass.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GARDEN

By HANNAH BURTON.



T WAS the bewitching view which beguiled us into perching our bungalow on the hillside, just above where it drops steeply down into a ravine. It is on the other side of the ravine that the ascent of the foot-hills begins. Up and up they climb, until, on a gray day, they seem to reach the sky. Their green slopes are dotted with evergreen old oaks, and, in the early Spring, the wild flowers run riot there in prodigal profusion.

It is the endless change of coloring which makes the view so charming. The light and shade, leaden cloud, gray mist, blue haze, the rosy tint of dawning day, the golden glimmer of the westering sun, all reflected on the foot-hill slopes, and on the mountain peaks, which stand behind them like sentinels keeping watch over the little town nestling below—these all combine to make a changeful picture of bewildering beauty.

There is lots of fun in planning a new garden. Even a small one has great possibilities of pleasure in the making. Of course, we had an expert gardener to level and lay out the flower beds, walks and so forth. It is half the battle to have all this properly done at first. "Once well done, is twice done."

Our gardener proved to be a treasure. Such an eye for levels as he had! and so thorough and exact in his work! I grew to have a great respect for him. It is refreshing to meet a man who is head and ears in love with his profession, as Crump certainly of bending over his work with the rake or hoe—it was as if he never had time to quite straighten himself. When walking with bent head, taking a long step and then a short one, with a sidewise motion, there was always a suggestion of raking or hoeing in his gait. His eyes were clear and keen, his honest face reminded one of a withered apple with its rosy color and its fine wrinkles. I confess he was somewhat stubborn. He naturally thought his way was the best way, and he would do no other—at least, not willingly. He carried his virtue of neatness to a painful extreme, especially in his own garden, where he had full sway.

As our cottage was near the street, the lawn must be very tiny, but a little green expanse we must have, as a restful break from the dusty road. It was divided into two parts by a straight path of generous breadth, leading from the street to the porch steps. It is a mistake to have a meagre, narrow path because one's garden is small; it accentuates the smallness of the garden.

A low stone wall separated the lawns from the street. Along the wall were planted cuttings of pink ivy-geranium, which soon made

vigorous efforts to smother the cold stone with its bright foliage and gay flowers. The house being on a corner, a simple fence ran from the wall to the back of the garden—a wire netting affair, not at all artistic—and we hastened to hide it with all possible speed, planning a hedge of marguerite daisies. It was at this point that we ran counter to the strongly expressed opinion of Crump. "I wouldn't hev no hedge if I was you, mem," he protested. "You hev to keep a trimmin' 'em, or else they looks untoidy. A noice oiron fence looks a heap better—it allus looks neat and handsome." His own garden had an "oiron" fence, as his rose-bushes knew to their cost. They were planted along the fence, but they were not allowed to touch it. Not a straggling branch must peep above it, for the "oiron" fence was the pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes, and so, though there was a twenty years' growth in the stems of his rosebushes, and they were as thick as one's arm, the branches were little stunted dwarfish things, a sight to make one weep, and to wish that there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Flowers.

We carried the day, however, about the hedge, and a row of marguerite daisies down half the length of the fence made such rapid growth that soon the unsightly object was completely hidden by a symmetrical daisy hedge. The mass of white blossoms elicited many admiring comments from passers-by.

For the back garden we craved privacy. We wanted here a place where we might bring our sewing with a friend, or where, with our books, our other friends, we might live outdoors through the sunny summer days, and—yes, through the sunny winter days as well—and yet the public street was on the other side of the transparent netting fence, and every passing stranger could look over. Here was a problem! What must we do? We had a happy thought—we would plant a bamboo hedge!

In the first spring after planting, it sent up such a forest of new shoots that a stone wall ten feet high could not screen our little back garden more effectually from the dust of the street, and from the public gaze. And it is a thing of beauty. The graceful leaves, of such a tender green, flutter with every breath of wind. The birds make a bower of it, especially the little darting long-billed iridescent humming-birds. It is a great comfort to have a bamboo hedge for one's back garden.

Across the back a fence of solid boards, six feet high, was a nightmare of ugliness; covered, however, with a growth of English ivy, it made a pleasing background for the rose-garden which borders this and the remaining side. To screen from possible neighbors on this remaining side, a tall lattice, speedily covered with climbing honeysuckle, jasmine and morning-glory, secured our utter privacy.

While we are in the back garden, let us notice that a clump of tall cannas rounds out the corner where the two fences meet.

Set in the lawn in the back garden we have an orange tree for beauty. Whether with fragrant blossoms or golden fruit amongst the glossy leaves, it is a delight to look upon. A lemon tree, too, stands near as a mate to the orange; they seem to belong to each other.

Near the corner of the lawn, facing the path which has the daisy-hedge on its right, is a scarlet poinsettia, with a group of scarlet salvias about it, to add to the mass of color. These are our chief reliance for Christmas decoration, as they are winter-bloomers.

On the broad sill of the porch-wall at this corner (the porch into which the dining-room opens) are pots of flaming red geraniums, a reflection of the flaming red poinsettias and salvias below. Together they form a striking study in scarlet.

There is a projecting room at the back of the house—my own room. In the angle between its wall and the wall of the main building is a bed of carnations for cutting. Carnations are a delight. They have a bewitching odor, the variety of color is charming, and as cut flowers they are most durable. Never before have we had all the carnations we wanted to cut and give away.

Under a window of this bedroom is a clump of yellow cannas. They evidently find a congenial soil, for they are fully ten feet high, and the yellow sprays speckled with brown look very handsome. At the peep of dawn I hear from my room a humming-bird taking his breakfast from the canna-blossoms; he is a daily visitor. He hovers over the topmost spray (we have watched him) and darts his long bill into the depths of the topmost flower, and then goes down in an orderly manner to the next below, tasting of each flower in turn, until his dainty appetite is satisfied.

Now we will go up the long path bordered by the daisy hedge, to the front garden. Here on the broad sill of the porch are pots of pink geraniums, looking over across the lawn at their neighbors, the pink ivy-geraniums, which are climbing over the low stone wall. Below, along the wall of the porch, is a bed of pink carnations, making altogether a study in pink, harmonizing well with the soft-tinted gray cedar shingle wall still in its natural color.

On the other side of the broad central walk, are plants of mammoth heliotrope, in the bed below the living-room windows. They have grown up between the windows and on either side, until they almost reach the roof. The flowers are rich clusters of royal purple, exquisitely beautiful. The busy bees buzz in and out amongst them, all undisturbed when I go with staples and hammer to fasten up a straggling branch.

In front of the heliotrope are lavender petunias, and then a bor-

dering of variegated geranium, shading from palest green to richest cream color. The coloring in this bed is a charming combination, so charming that a visitor declared he would like a garden entirely of these colors. At the corner, just by the rain-pipe, is an asparagus fern. It has climbed to the room already, wrapping 'round and 'round the pipe, transforming it into a mass of delicate greenery. The bed on this side has a northern exposure, with just enough morning sun to give the earth a genial warmth. This is a habitat such as begonias and fuchsias love, and so we have them all down the bed, begonias and fuchsias of all colors and kinds. They respond to the morning sun and to the sheltering shade through the later day, and look very beautiful as it is their mission in life to do. In front of the begonias and fuchsias we have a border of pansies for a part of the way, and oh how they have bloomed! We have picked them freely for the house, we have given them to pansy-less friends, we have gathered bunches for delighted little children, and still they bloom more profusely than ever. Give me pansies for pleasure! There is a pathetic beauty in a pansy, like the beauty in a quaint young face.

Next comes our violet border. Give me violets for perfume! These will bloom when the pansies have ceased. At present they have a beauty of verdure, and that is all. The remainder of this long wide bed has a border of blue lobelia, gay all the summer long, its deep blue flowers matching the blue of the sky. In the colder weather it is just modestly green.

The porches are screened by a few climbing plants. The front porch has a white solanum, a white jasmine, and a white rose. The porch opening from the dining-room at the back, is shaded by a white rose and a tecomah. We prefer a glossy clean foliage rather than color for climbers, as the color might conflict with the color in the flower beds.

The task of tending and caring for our little garden has been one of pure delight. The flowers respond so readily to a little attention.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOMS

By MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

II FELL asleep beneath a fragrant
Arrow-leafed tree;
And all night long its drooping branches
Showered sweet dreams on me.

But when the dawn wind stirred the tree-tops,
I saw—oh, wondrous sight!—
My dreams, pale spheres amid the leafage,
Ethereal, poised for flight.

San Jacinto, Cal.

TISARE

By NATALIE MANSON DEW.



LONG line of little Indian boys marched demurely along the board walk, their feet awkward in the white man's shoes, making a great clatter. Into the boys' building they wheeled, the line broke, and a rush began to change the stiffness of school uniforms for happy-go-lucky play-clothes. Whooping they were gone again out into the mellow autumn sunshine, to play marbles, to hurl reed spears and to throw handfuls of dust into the air, enjoying, when it fell, the dear familiarity of dirt.

All but one. Tisare stood alone, slowly tying to his reed spear a long precious white string he had begged of the matron. On the end he fastened a bent pin. There was a world of gravity in his sombre black eyes as he fumbled deep in his pocket. It might be gone. Not since supper last night had he seen it. Yet here it was—a tiny bit of bread. Fate had been good to him. He shoved it back as soon as his fingers identified it and crept down the steps to the basement.

There was plenty of light streaming through the half-windows for him to see the coarse, mortared walls, the cement floor, cracked and crumbling in places and the mouse-holes—they were his goal, the mouse-holes. Stooping, he unlaced the noisy shoes, and, stepping out of them, slipped up to the biggest, the most promising, as warily as if to cast a fly into a trout-stream. The bit of bread was stuck firmly on the bent pin, and down into the hole the fishing-line went, not so swiftly as to startle the victim with the idea of invasion, but slowly so as to induce the belief that Providence was gently lowering an unsought blessing.

The fisherman squatted patiently a few feet off. The minutes went by slowly. The laughter and the curious foreign English of the other boys floated in from the sunlit world without. The black eyes, motionless, expressionless, were fixed on the string. A half hour was gone—three-quarters. The line quivered, was drawn tight, was frantically pulled. The struggling mouse, fast hooked, was drawn from his very home to captivity.

"Washte! Lili washte!" The flush of triumph made the boy's newly learned English words pale and inadequate. He played with his victim like a cat, letting it run the length of the string, and pulling it back again. Bye-and-bye he carried it, dangling, up the steps and out into the play-ground. There he looked for his friend—for he had an important mission on hand and needed a backer. The play-ground was big and flat. So was the whole world as far as the mountains, except for the red-and-yellow hills that marked the

course of the river. Wittogant, a little boy in a big suit of clothes, was sitting on the board walk gazing wistfully off across the grey-green expanse of sage-brush where a pony was galloping, an Indian in a big sombrero on his back. The up-and-down of the motion was so regular that the effect was that of a puppet drawn across the back-ground of a stage.

"You catch him, ha?" The fisherman was proudly displaying his trophy.

Again English failed. Tisare began his explanation, quite low so that the forbidden language might not draw down reproof and with a little of the sign language of his race to give dramatic intensity.

The woman belonging to the man who wrote was very beautiful. She was large and her hair shone red, quite red, like the sun in the month when the sun-dance is danced, or the moon when the coyotes sing to it. Beneath her window are often flowers she throws away which one may have to stick in the hat. She has, too, a cat, not like a cat, but large and with hair that sticks out like a bear's hair. If we take the mouse, she will be glad, and we may see the cat with hair like a bear!

Tisare did not say that the clerk's woman possessed his heart, but such was the case. Ever since the last snowfall when the silly little snow-birds had whirled and danced so gaily, he had loved her—well, not just as he loved his mother, the stout little squaw who brought him crackers and candy and sometimes delicious beef-entrails under her shawl, but a little as Indians love the mountains where the ghosts live—loving and fearing at once. That last day the snow-birds danced, Tisare had set a trap of horse-hair nooses far out near the fence where nobody would see it. When school was out there were three of the black and grey revellers flying up until the nooses choked them. Tisare had pulled off their wings. They looked so funny hopping around and trying to fly without any. He laughed so he did not hear the footsteps in the soft snow until she stood just behind him. His mother, the stout little squaw, would have laughed too until her red-and-yellow shawl quivered, but this woman was different. There was a look in her eyes that made Tisare afraid to move—something like the light that comes before the thunder-bird screams. She caught and killed the funny little hopping birds one by one, gave a look at the bloody wings scattered on the snow and in a moment jerked the boy to his feet and shook him as he had never been shaken before in his lawless camp life. He threw his fingers out in the sign which means, "You're very wicked," but then he looked into her eyes, which were big and brown under the curling red hair, and forgot he had been shaken by a woman. She talked to him a great deal, holding him

by the arm, and although he did not understand a word, he never moved his absorbed gaze from her face. Many times since, he had seen her. Chapel held a charm hitherto unknown when that beautiful red hair shone behind the organ. Even the long board walk which led to school and slavery possessed one point of consuming interest where She and the big Angora cat might sometimes be seen sitting on the window ledge.

Wittogant did not seem duly impressed with the venture. There was too much risk attached, too little to gain. Now if the idea had been to rope the calves in the corral—that would have been pleasant if they were not caught, but to face a strange white woman—no! He had seen the cat, had once seen it close enough to throw a rock at it. No, he would not go.

Tisare was resourceful. He had a ribbon, frayed it is true, but still red. Wittogant looked, reached out a covetous hand, and was lost. He clumped stolidly along behind his leader down the board walk, up the stairs into an alien country, whose borders he had never trodden before. The clerk's wife opened the door in response to the timid knock, and drew them into a glorified room full of unnecessary things. Tisare knew she slept (as Indian children, too, had to do when in school), insecurely balanced on a sort of shelf, but he was taken unawares when his foot sank into a soft something with pictures of flowers and vines all over it, that covered the floor. The walls, too, had things on them. This, perhaps, was because she lived so high up above all those piled-up boxes that she could put nothing outside on the ground or on the roof. White people's houses were wonderful, but insecure and inconvenient.

This time she was smiling when Tisare held out the writhing mouse. "Me ketch him," he explained, in his foreign drawl. "Maybe so your cat he eat him, ha?"

"Thank you, Tisare. Miss Muffet loves mice and she never gets a chance to catch them for herself. But how did you catch him? Fished for him with a hook and line? Mercy! But don't you know, Tisare, it hurts the poor little mouse having a hook right down in his stomach? It is a good thing to catch mice, because they do harm, but you mustn't let anything suffer. Now you kill it. Ah, take this broom and hit it hard on the head. Now, Muffet, Muffet, come here. You may give it to her."

Miss Muffet approached daintily, carrying her plumy tail with aristocratic dignity, seized the mouse and made off with it to the most distant corner, where she amused herself for a half-hour pretending it was alive before crunching the choice morsel, still growling to encourage a growing belief that she had really caught it.

The clerk's wife had a true womanly love for all helpless things.

These silent Indian children brought in from the squalor and filth of camp life—the innocent inheritors of generations of disease and ignorance, crime and irregular living with so little to help them up, so much to drag them down—touched the strong maternal chord that never failed to vibrate tenderness. She held a hand of each little boy as they sat beside her on a barbaric Navajo blanket brought from the far southern desert for a couch-cover.

She talked to them slowly, so that her words could become Shoshone in their understanding, telling them about little American boys and girls, about animals and how we must all be kind to them and to the birds—the snow-birds and bobolinks, the black-birds and meadow-larks. The little savages listened, with earnest eyes fixed on the beautiful red hair. Tisare understood a great many of her words, but the meaning was strange. Who ever thought of being kind to animals in a land where horses were broken by being roped and thrown, choked until half senseless, and then allowed to stumble up with a rider on their backs? And birds! Surely she didn't mean the meadow-larks who mock the Indians, calling, "You didn't comb your hair! You didn't comb your hair!"

He thought about it a great deal even in school next day, when, amid the arduous labors of addition, he found time to draw a line of bucking broncos across his slate. He was still thinking of it when he saw Black Coyote's wife, an ugly old squaw without a nose, sitting on the board walk. Her daughter, one of the girls who was learning to cook, came out in a long blue apron and sat down beside her. Something in her walk caught his alert glance, so that when she drew her apron a little to one side, he saw that the thin legs in the long black stockings were swollen and strangely lumpy. He chuckled as she pulled out her booty—prunes crammed down to her shoe-tops, and biscuit—one, two, three, four. How sad that the legs had to go in too, else breakfast as well as supper could have been brought out unnoticed. The old woman stowed the food away in her shawl. As she fumbled, something white and fluffy back in the gay folds moved and mewed—a stifled mew—Miss Muffet! Tisare's heart came right up in his throat and back again like mercury in a thermometer. Black Coyote's wife had stolen—had dared to steal—Her cat. He would have as soon thought of stealing the sacred pipe, or cutting down the sun-dance pole. And She had said, with that dear look in Her eyes that made them misty and deep like the evening shadows over the cañons, that we must be kind to all animals, and to the birds, even to the meadow-larks who sneer and mock, "You didn't comb your hair! You didn't comb your hair!"

There was no time to look for a friend to bribe. Tisare must go alone up the piled-up boxes and into that white man's country above

them, and tell the clerk's wife, else she would never, never see Miss Muffet again. He went before his courage should ooze away, and knocked, as he had been taught, many times. She was gone. He clattered back again, only to see the red handkerchief and gay shawl of Black Coyote's wife bouncing along in Black Coyote's sway-back wagon down the dusty road that leads on and on through the sage-brush, past the hot springs, "down below" into Arapahoe land.

Tisare stood and looked until the wagon was a black speck dragging a tail of golden dust. Then he drew a long breath. He had made a resolve. Over in the field his pony, "heap strong, one year old," was picking at the patches of buffalo-grass. He, Tisare, seven years old, would run away, not to his own people, but to the enemy. He would follow the trail of that wagon, and, if the Arapahoes did not kill Miss Muffet, he would rescue her under cover of darkness. He would bring her back to her mistress, and see the smile of approval in the soft brown eyes and perhaps sit beside Her on the Navajo blanket, holding Her hand. A warm glow came over him at the delightful picture that almost kept him from feeling afraid.

To rope his pony was easy. No one was watching him. He would not be missed before supper. Mounted, he kicked the beast in the ribs until it abandoned the idea of taking the shortest cut-off to the tepee up among the hills, and edged unwillingly down the unfamiliar road. Holding with his legs, his eyes bent on the tracks ahead, he galloped along, trailing the Arapahoes as many of his forefathers, hideous in their war-paint, had trailed them, many, many times in the bloody days gone by. Far off he saw the black speck with its golden tail of dust, and pulled his pony down to a slow trot. Some Indians were riding across the sage-brush and he caught faintly the 'guttural chant of their dance-song, but met no one. It was almost night. They must camp soon—A—ah! they were heading for the river. Would they ford? No—no crawling speck went up the hill on the other side.

Bye-and-bye the warm glow of the camp-fire shone home-like through the solitude of twilight. The little boy, watching, began to shiver, between the chill that comes with sunset in high altitudes and dread of coming darkness. Cautiously he rode as near as he dared, dismounted, and tied his horse among the cottonwoods on the river bank. Through the open tepee flap he could see Black Coyote and his wife munching the school biscuits and prunes. In the firelight the noseless woman was no longer human. She was a monster with the body of a woman and the blank goggling face of a fish. Tisare, lying on his stomach among the trees, watched her with an awful fascination. She vanished, a witch among the shadows, and came back with Miss Muffet, no longer haughty and

mincing, but a wild-eyed bunch of white fur in terror of its life. The woman tossed the cat to her husband, who, stretching it on its back, began critically to examine it. Tisare, the late torturer of snow-birds, hated him—hated him once because he was an Arapahoe, hated him twice for what he might do to Her cat. But curiosity was all, for the present. Having satisfied himself as to how this strange animal was put together, Black Coyote carefully tied it to a tepee pole, rolled himself up in a blanket, and, with his feet to the fire, was soon snoring. The witch lost no time in following his example.

The fire flickered and died and flickered into life again as a trembling little boy, with an open knife in his hand, crept in, cut the cord and crept out with the big cat in his arms. He was in a panic of terror. Outside, he ran frantically, stumbled and fell, barely catching Miss Muffet by the tail, and getting well scratched for his pains, got up and ran again, gained his pony, untied it with shaking fingers, scrambled on and was off into the night, the reins hanging over the horn of the saddle, both arms clasping the struggling cat. Some one was behind him—Black Coyote, or a ghost, or perhaps Nindimbe, the devil himself. He could have shrieked in nervous terror. He kicked the willing pony in the sides and they fled along the dear home-trail, away from the enemy's country—a young brave successful in his first foray, alone with the silence of the desert and the silence of the stars, and desperately afraid.

Just as the rising bell, which always ushered in the systematic and civilized day of the Indian school, was ringing, a boy, a cat, and a lame pony came through the gate. They were all limp and dejected. Leaving the reins trailing over the pony's head, Tisare once more climbed the piled-up boxes that led up to the white man's country. He had his offering, still wild-eyed and very ungrateful, clasped in his arms. The clerk's wife heard the awkward clatter of his shoes and opened the door. Her red hair shone in the fresh morning light like an aureole around her sweet face.

"My dear Miss Muffet! My precious little fluffy cat! Did you find her, Tisare?" She put her hand on his shoulder while she cuddled the bedraggled Miss Muffet adorably under her round white chin. Tisare's heart sang happily within him, but he could not recount his deeds. He was too shy, and besides he did not know enough English.

"Thank you, Tisare. You know I love Miss Muffet, just as I told you you must love all the animals and all the little birds, and it makes me glad for you to bring her back to me." Turning, she looked for something to give her small chief pleasure. On the dressing table a broad ribbon, apple-green, lay alluringly, "Let me tie this around your hat, Tisare, and here is a big red geranium I will pin on your coat—not to pay you, you understand, but because I like you."

She was still smiling in her doorway when Tisare, silent but gorgeous and happy, went down the stairs and over to the boys' building to take his punishment for a runaway.

Sweet Briar, Va.

' REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

(Specially Contributed.)



HAT constitutes an ideal home city?

Perhaps there is no spot on earth that can fill the specifications wholly, but Redondo Beach, as a suburb of our South-western metropolis, possesses about every endowment that Nature can bestow upon a home location.

When Los Angeles was a Spanish pueblo, sheep herders were practically the sole tenants of Sausal Redondo Rancho, and the sleeping Southwest was waiting for a signal from the railroad to announce its birthright. In those days the tourist who sought an ideal climate with attractive environment usually landed in Florida or Southern France.

Southern California's awakening might be said to date from the completion in 1887 of the Santa Fé between Chicago and Los Angeles. The American public needed but a sight and taste of "God's Country" to thirst for more. And when it was made easy and comfortable to traverse the heretofore barren and much-dreaded expanse west of the Mississippi, the problem soon became one of how to handle the multitude rather than how to attract it. Southern California had suddenly become the watchword of the East, and Los Angeles County was the Mecca for tourists in search of the Promised Land.

The possibilities of our soil and climate had begun to be understood and the vast empire south of Tehachepi proved—and incidentally is still proving—almost as alluring to the world as did California's gold in the days of '49.

Concurrent with the boom of 1887, Redondo Beach took its start. No beach location near Los Angeles possessed such attractive features. The rolling contours and natural terraces offered rare scenic advantages for attractive country homes. Add to this, wealth of soil, perfection of climate and an abundance of pure water; result, Redondo Beach as first introduced to the public. This introduction, however, was too late for its sponsors, who





IN THE CARNATION GARDENS, REDONDO

Photo by C. C. Pierce

knew and appreciated its natural advantages, to profit by them, as the general real estate excitement had carried people far beyond the pale of reason and common sense, and the day of reckoning had already arrived. The tide had turned, and, as water seeks its level, so the era of inflated values and rash speculations had given way to one of ultra-conservatism and a seemingly dead real-estate market.

Times looked dark, but soon there were silver linings to Redondo's clouds. At this juncture Capt. J. C. Ainsworth and Capt. R. R. Thompson, two retired Oregon capitalists, who had been associated together for many years and were especially conspicuous in the transportation history of the Northwest, made a visit of inspection to Redondo Beach, and with their stamp of approval infused new life, by promising for the little seaside city the brilliant future that it deserved.

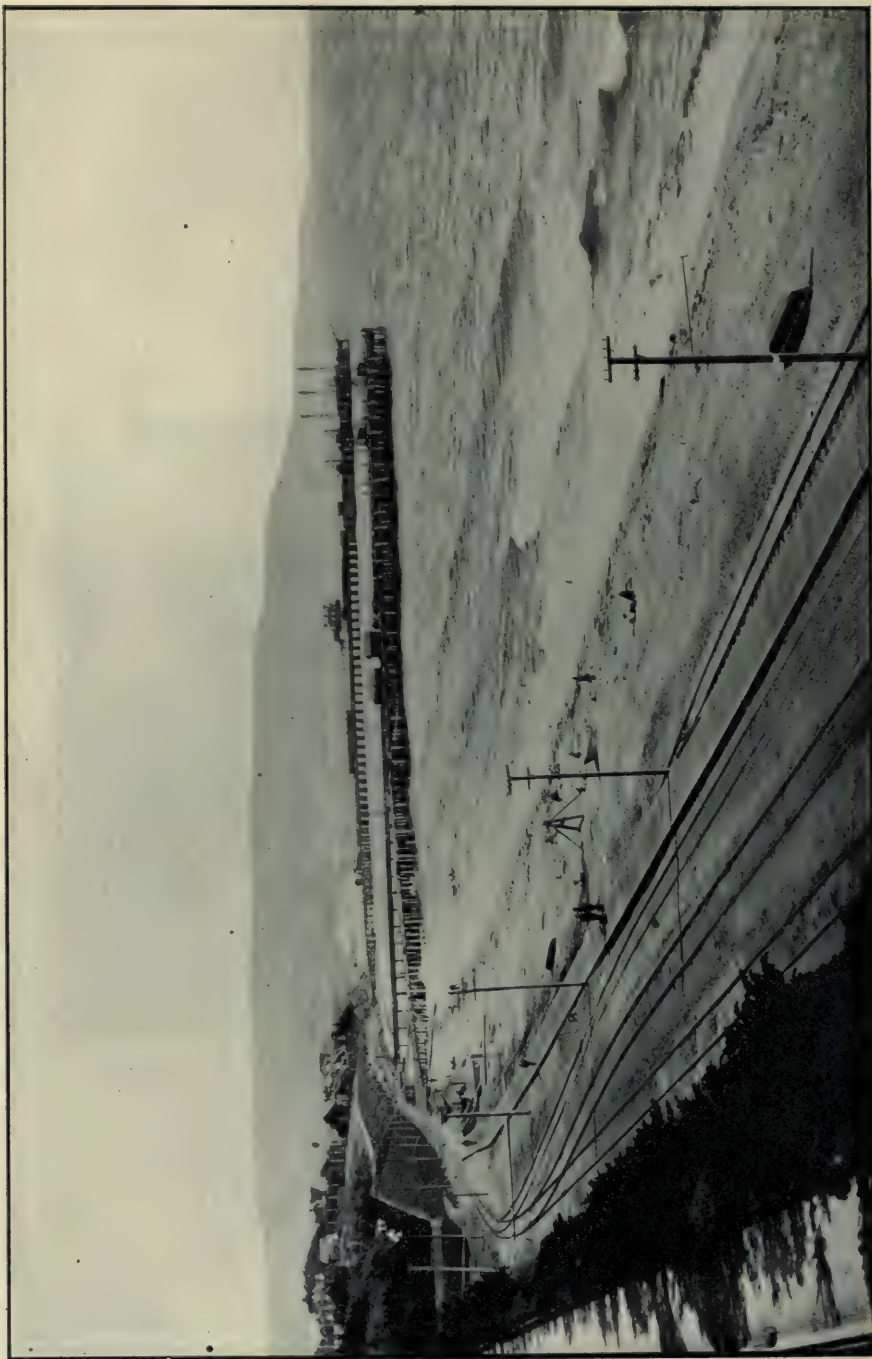
Surveys had shown these captains of industry that a deep sea-cañon, head-



PAVILION ARCADE, REDONDO

ing at Redondo Beach, would admit of wharves being built at moderate cost to accommodate deep-sea vessels. Steps were immediately taken to build what is known locally as Wharf No. 1, and inducements were offered which resulted in a railroad extension of the Santa Fé from Los Angeles. This was completed in 1889. The wharf was ready, with track facilities, and Redondo Beach had the proud distinction of being the first port in Los Angeles County through which lumber and merchandise from deep-sea vessels could be handled direct from ship's tackle to cars.

A great step had been taken; the possibilities of the port had been demonstrated. But those who conceived these advantages also realized the necessity for an independent rail connection with Los Angeles. Work was soon commenced on the Redondo Railway, and this line was opened for traffic in the Spring of 1890, giving to Redondo Beach what was then considered



A PART OF THE BEACH, REDONDO

an excellent passenger service and completing the independent link that has meant so much to Los Angeles County.

The importance of these accomplishments was probably never fully appreciated. That Los Angeles was put in closer touch with San Francisco; that a permanent line of fine passenger and freight steamers gave to the country a regular and reliable service, connecting through Redondo Beach with all the large coast cities; that this independent route settled for all time any question of extortionate or unreasonable rates; that it insured up-to-date equipment, modern comforts and proper dispatch in coastwise travel; that it was the direct cause of vast expenditures being made by competitive interests, to create or improve other ports and dock facilities; that it has protected the people of this section against much financial loss and physical discomfort at times when railroad troubles would otherwise have blocked

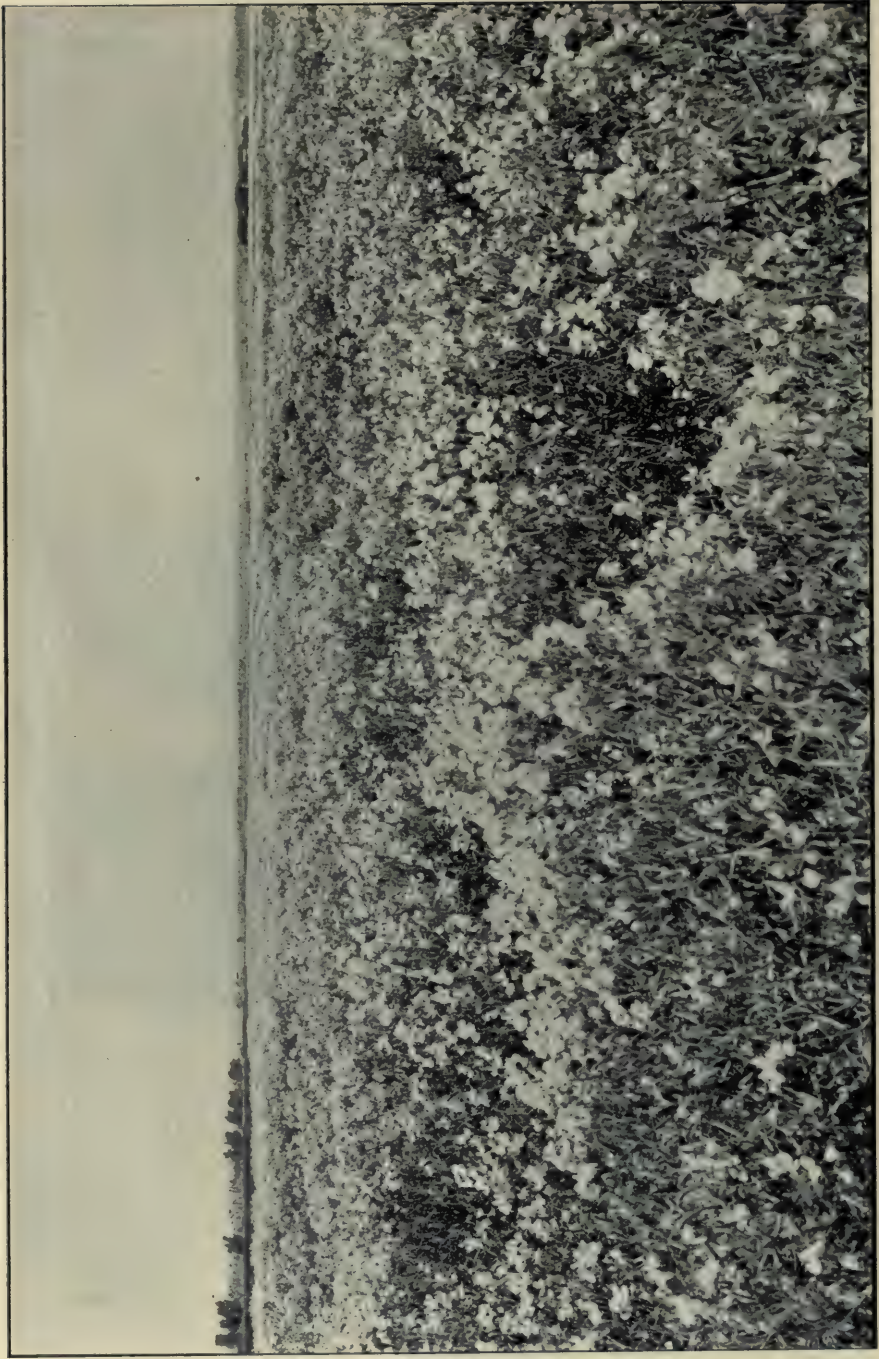


A REDONDO GARDEN

traffic; that it was in fact the *only* channel through which coastwise freight or passengers could be handled for Los Angeles during the great labor strike of 1894; all these facts, and many others of like tenor, bear evidence of the really important part Redondo Beach has played as a port of entry for Southern California and an independent factor in the field of transportation.

Redondo's port facilities have been improved to meet the increased demands of trade, and three modern docks are now so taxed to accommodate shipping that plans for extensions are well under way.

While these substantial foundations were being laid, the local interests of this popular resort were never lost sight of. In 1889 the locality—consisting of about 1000 acres—was incorporated, as a city of the sixth class. Its municipal activities since that date have contributed very largely towards beautifying it and adding the comforts and attractions of modern civilization.



SWEET PEA FARM NEAR REDONDO. 350 ACRES—1,500 VARIETIES

Photo by C. C. Pierce

The City Hall, recently completed, is one of the handsomest and best-arranged public buildings in Southern California. Many miles of street work, including cement sidewalks, curbs and gutters, have been completed at an outlay of over \$250,000. The modern sewer-system, now nearing completion, is designed to drain every section of the city, while the odorless output of its septic tanks will irrigate farm-lands, beyond the city's boundary. The bathing-beach, which is noted for its freedom from undertow, is thus protected against any contamination, and will always remain one of the attractive features of this resort, vying with Moonstone Beach, which has become famous for its semi-precious stones and attracts a continuous crowd of treasure-seekers to Redondo's north shore-line.

It is interesting to note that, with all her municipal improvements, Redondo's indebtedness is but slightly over \$100,000, and her tax-rate less than one dollar per hundred dollars of valuation.



THE PAVILION, REDONDO

Another important initial step, taken to insure the early prestige of Redondo Beach, was the erection of a mammoth hotel, which opened its doors to the public in May, 1850. Hotel Redondo has become well and favorably known throughout the country and still ranks among the leading hostelrys of Southern California.

One product of this resort, which was a potent factor in its early advertising, is the Redondo Carnation. This flower was so peculiarly adapted to Redondo's soil and climate that it has for many years been produced on a wholesale scale; and gardens that were originally planned only as an attraction have for fifteen years past devoted an average of ten acres to the exclusive culture of carnations for the market.

Another local product, which antedates Redondo's first awakening, is the manufacture of salt from a lake at the north end of the city, which is below sea level, and whose waters have always contained about 100% saturation of salt. Long before the first rail connection with Redondo, this product was

teamed to Los Angeles, and the first settlement within the limits of the present city, was due to this enterprise.

One of the most important articles manufactured locally is a sandstone brick, which is produced in all colors, has stood the test of years, and is becoming popular in the Los Angeles and Pasadena markets. Among other industries that employ labor and thus add stability to this place, are oil and lumber. The Standard Oil Company has tankage capacity on its own lands, within the city limits, for over 100,000 barrels of oil. Through traffic arrangements with the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company, owners of the wharves, crude and refined oils are pumped direct to and from oil tank steamers. Frequent cargoes of 25,000 to 40,000 barrels are loaded or discharged in a few hours time. The process is clean, noiseless and decidedly effective.



CITY HALL, REDONDO

The Associated Oil Company also has a pipe-line on the wharves, and ships large quantities of oil through this port from its Sherman fields.

Four wholesale yards, carrying stocks of twenty to thirty million feet of lumber, give employment to many laborers and occupation to a fleet of lumber-vessels that are always in evidence at Redondo Beach. During 1907 they delivered more than 100,000,000 feet of lumber over her wharves, and 1908 will doubtless exceed that figure.

For years Redondo has been the banner beach of Southern California for the quantity of fish it ships to market. The industry supports many families and is growing in extent each year. Rod-and-reel enthusiasts need no introduction to this famous fishing-ground. They are always in evidence on the several wharves, or in dories or pleasure launches; and at times, when yellow-tail are biting, the wharf scenes present a spectacle of activity, enthusiasm and carnage that would melt a "wooden Indian."

Two National and two Savings Banks supply Redondo's financial needs, and these, in keeping with her general prosperity, are making ample returns to their stockholders, while building up a comfortable reserve. They are all in strong hands and would be a credit to any community.

A Chamber of Commerce, composed of some two hundred loyal "rooters" for Redondo Beach, has done splendid work in making its attractions known, and investigating and promoting many enterprises that pertain to the community's needs.

To its other advantages, Redondo Beach adds an exceptionally fine school system, including a Union High School and two Grammar Schools, while it is sufficiently close to Los Angeles to permit of attendance at the numerous special schools, universities and business colleges of the metropolis. Churches of all denominations are also represented in Redondo Beach, and its citizens are cultured, refined and prosperous.

In 1903, three electric lines were built between Los Angeles and Redondo, one via the coast line to Playa del Rey and thence connecting with the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway system. The other two routes—which are more



TENT CITY—HOTEL, REDONDO IN BACKGROUND

direct and therefore better patronized—were built by the parent company, which changed its name to the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company and formed a traffic connection with the Los Angeles Railway system that admitted its cars over the principal city streets.

Redondo Beach was now a suburb of Los Angeles. Fast electric cars running every few minutes over a choice of three routes gave to beach residents practically all the advantages of the larger city. And with a climate more equable even than that of Los Angeles, little could be asked to more definitely insure its future. But if one thing more than another will guarantee continued prosperity, it is the fact that Mr. H. E. Huntington—whose name and reputation as a builder need no introduction—succeeded, in June, 1905, to the control of the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Co. and the Redondo Improvement Co., the latter representing large real estate holdings at Redondo Beach and owning the entire water system.

Announcement of this purchase by Mr. Huntington was the signal for one of the most remarkable "real estate booms" ever witnessed in California.

In one sense it was a great tribute to the man. Redondo was favorably known, and needed but the backing of such a man to insure its future. For four days every car-line leading to Redondo Beach was taxed to its utmost, and vehicles of every description conveyed people from outlying districts miles beyond Los Angeles. It seemed as though every real estate firm in Los Angeles established an office at Redondo, and hundreds of business men deserted their Los Angeles offices to be "in the swim." Men and women stood in line day after day, to take their turns in buying lots. The whole town-site swarmed with agents, buyers and sellers. Maps had given out, and before others could be printed, many were selling for \$5 each. Lots were re-sold at fabulous prices, and were bought and re-sold again. This unnatural excitement of course had its evil effect; while many profited, many were swindled by unscrupulous operators, and many lost all they had. It is gratifying to note, however, that the Redondo Improvement Company placed no unreasonable values on its lots and that all who purchased from it got value received.

And as proof that the public confidence was *not* misplaced, witness subsequent improvements, under the Huntington regime:

Seven miles of second track have been added to the Inglewood division, making it double track throughout. Two miles of local car lines have been built in Redondo Beach and an equivalent length of second track added to the Gardena division. A double-track line has been extended through Clifton-by-the-Sea, and twelve miles of double track have been completed and regular cars are now operating on the Moneta Avenue division, thus giving Redondo a choice of four electric routes to Los Angeles.

The Redondo car shops—at which all passenger and freight cars on the system are built—have been doubled in size and a full force of workmen continuously employed.

A 25,000-horse-power electric power-plant—which is the largest under one roof west of Chicago—has just been completed; and, incidentally, this has proven to be the most efficient electric generating plant in the world.

Plans are completed for what will be the largest and best appointed natatorium on the Pacific Coast. A constant flow of warm salt water, now running off as waste from the power plant, will serve to keep the great tile-lined swimming-pool perpetually supplied and always inviting. This institution in itself will attract many from Los Angeles and the interior, and would do credit to any city of the first class.

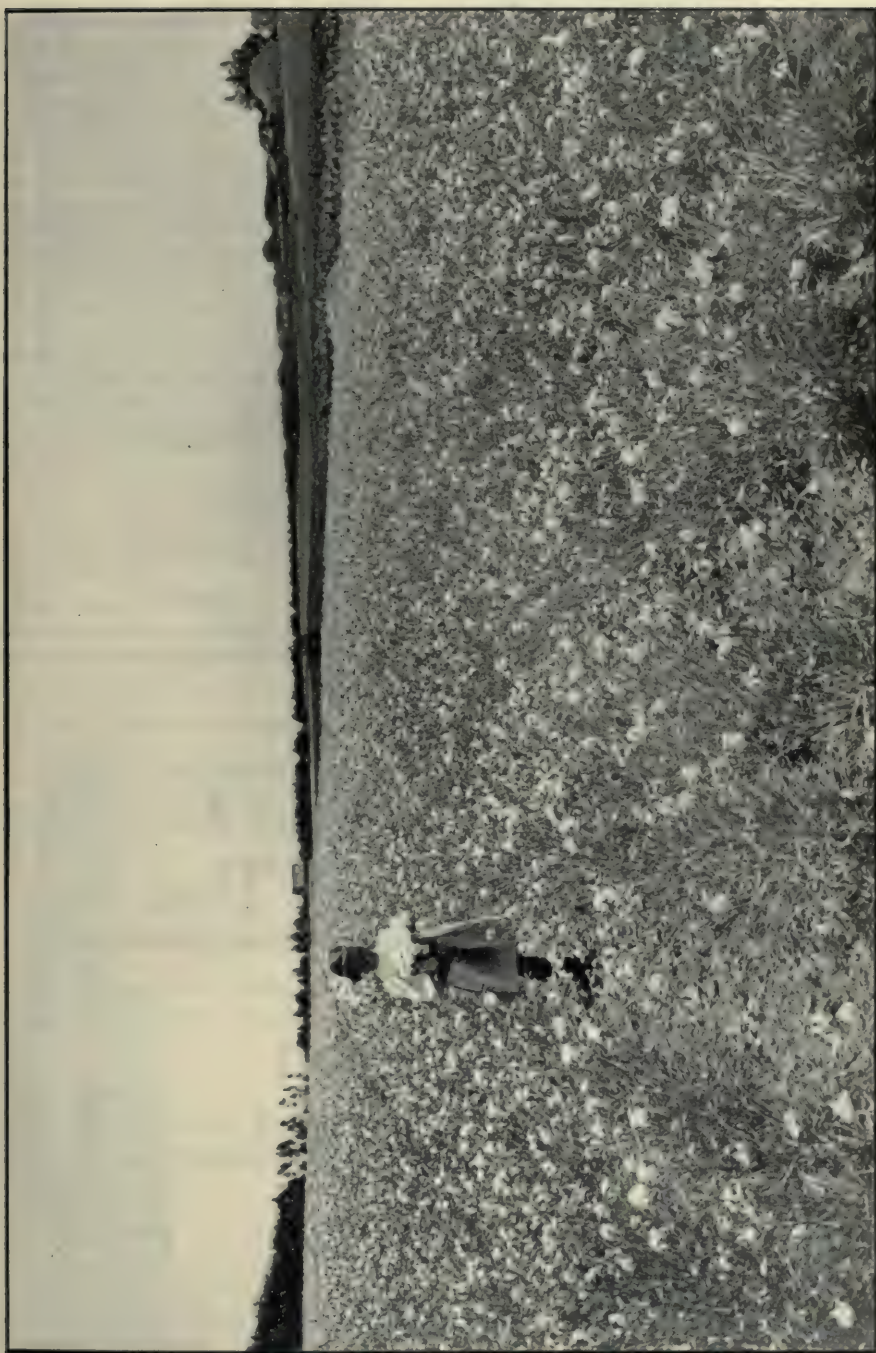
A magnificent pavilion has been completed on the water front. Its dance hall is second to none on the coast, and an excellent orchestra is in attendance.

Clifton-by-the-Sea, also a Huntington enterprise, adjoins Redondo Beach on the South. It is a subdivision for high-class homes, on which nearly \$500,000 has been expended. A twenty-minute car service puts it in close touch with Los Angeles, and all conveniences known to modern civilization are found here. Its building restrictions guarantee a desirable class of homes and its natural advantages will appeal to home seekers.

The water system at Redondo Beach has been more than doubled in this period "after the boom." So have the consumers. So has the car travel.

Was the public mistaken in its judgment of Mr. Huntington and what his Redondo purchases foretold? The most sanguine have not been disappointed. Redondo Beach is a fixture commercially, and as a home city, and is destined to grow until it is one with Los Angeles.





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San
Bernardino
County

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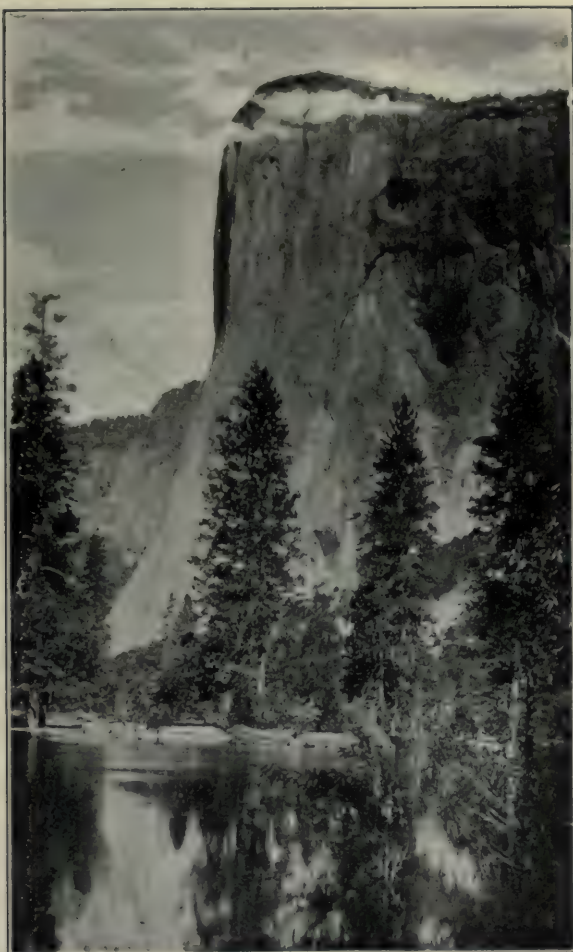
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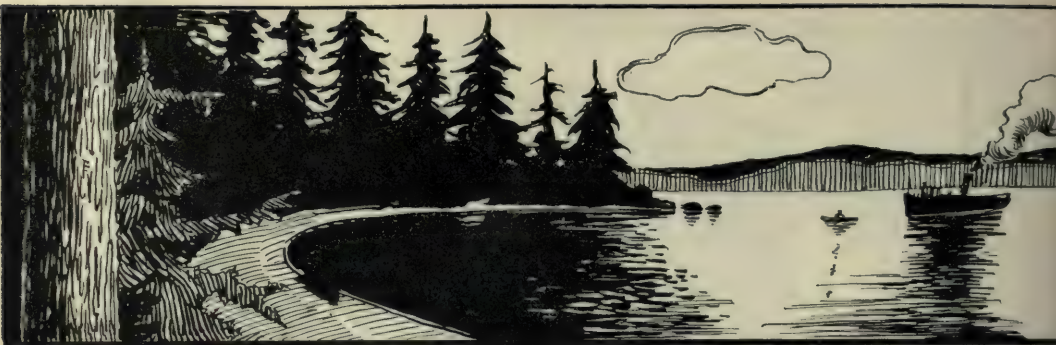
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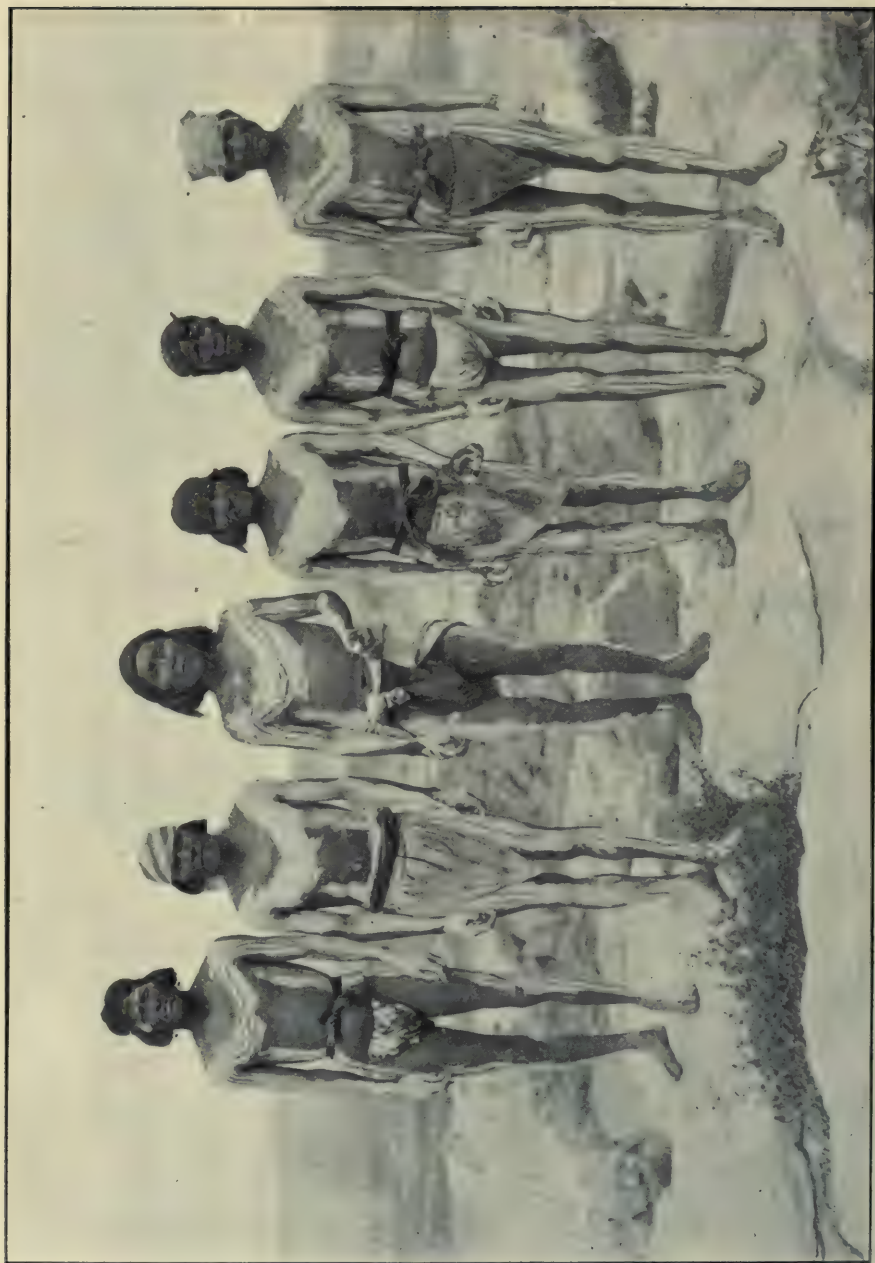


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ACOMA RUNNERS
"The G-string and the gypsum suit"



Vol. XXIX. No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1908

* THE ARTISTS' PARADISE

II.

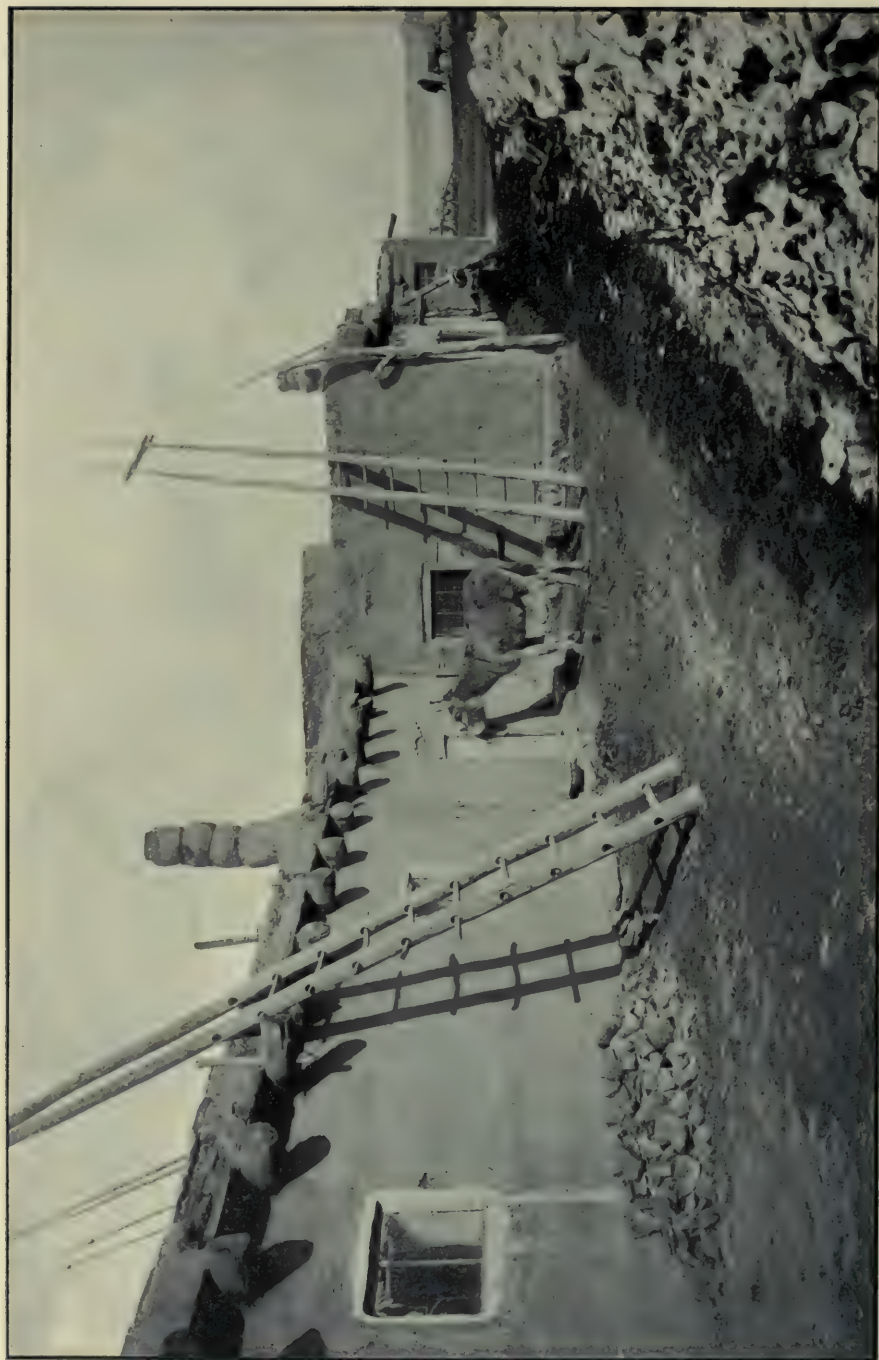
By CHAS. F. LUMMIS



SINCE certain scattering remarks in these pages about The Artists' Paradise, I have been challenged to show cause as to what right I have to talk about either of the three terms. That is easy. Very little—but the Beginning.

"Art" is translating as much of God as you can understand and in the way that you understand Him. "God" is an easy word of three letters that anybody can understand somehow. The reason for Art is that nobody except the First Author can fully understand the Original. But everybody can understand more or less what a smart interpreter it is that can take a little patch of coarse linen, pulled tight over four sticks of white pine, and, with a bunch of hog-bristles or badger-hairs, and a few tin do-funnies that squeeze out red, green, yellow and blue mush, produce something not exactly in the image of its Maker, indeed, but recognizable as the counterfeit of a landscape or a person. The original landscape has too many million blades of grass and leaves, and rocks and ripples for us to See. The translator brings it all into words of one syllable adapted to our comprehension—with a green swabble for the grass and leaves, and a blue ditto for the water, and other glittering generalities of color and form, according to his wit and his fluency in the language. The highest art is in picking the passages which the translator can best understand himself and make most intelligible to others. Among the many immaturities of men, doubtless God looks on this one of Art most tolerantly. Even as we do when the child tries to "do as papa does." It is a shallow fool who laughs at the three-year-old mimic. It is a heredity in both cases.

An "artist" is one that tries to do this little trick of translation. "Artistic" means an easy material bit of evidence which a great interpreter may reasonably hope to make intelligible to the audience.



"FORGOTTEN ME?" (ZUNI)

Photo by Husher, for Taber

Everything that God ever made is beautiful. The only reason why every grain of sand, and spear of grass, and leaf of a fluttering tree is not "artistic" is that it's beyond the translator. For the same kind of reasons that you cannot put Shakespeare into French, nor Don Quixote into English, the incomparable preponderance of God's creation is not "artistic"—that is, not of the sort whose reproduction can make the finite mind sit up and take notice. If "artistic" meant interesting, beautiful, noble, worthy of love and admiration, there is no atom in the universe which would not be artistic. But artistic doesn't mean that at all—it means simply so much of the beautiful and admirable and desirable as is required to bump our dull minds into recognition of these qualities. God therefore is not an Artist in any scientific sense—though this may hurt the feelings of those lovable imitators whose least fault is science. If God *were* an artist, there would be no others. It is because He was a Creator that there are artists to imitate Him. If the universe itself were brushed on canvas, no 14 x 17 bedauber would try. But the model is sky and stars and the white-laughing sea and the glad earth—all real, all alive and good to look at and live in and love in and die with—and so there is not only room but welcome for the nice fellow, with his chin-hair pointed, to make little sketches of a little piece of it all, in a shape that we can frame and hang against the walls that hide us too much from reality.

That this is true, though crudely said, is best proved by the word "artistic" when you sit down with it for awhile. The patient hand that swings the spheres to a hair surely did nothing that was not worthy; yet not a billionth of His output is available on canvas. The trouble is not that it isn't all admirable, but that most of it is beyond our thought—not to say beyond our imitative fingers. It is only the obvious things, the things of bright color and striking form, as to which we can put on our little red-topped boots and Play Father. These are the things we call "artistic"—those beginnings of the infinite alphabet which we *can* understand and repeat.

Naturally, then, there are degrees of "artistic"—that is, classes of things which we can handle with greater facility and with less or more effect. A tree is more artistic than a telegraph pole. A Dutch windmill is more artistic than a Woodmansee. A river is more artistic than an irrigation ditch. A Greek vase is more artistic than a tin pail. An Arab dress is more artistic than overalls. Why? Because they are nearer natural; therefore simpler to translate;*

*I don't mean easier to "draw;" but what beauty is left in them is so dehumanized, so subtle, that no finite fingers can make them handsome to finite eyes. The grain of the wood, the temper of the tree, is still in the civilized pole; the water has still the river's quality, and even under compulsion is still gnawing wilful little curves in the banks of the straight gash in which it is corseted. Even in the bucket, the luster that shone in the darkness of the earth's entrails asserts the metal nature. But who can paint the sheen or the grain or the current-writings? They are beautiful, but they are not artistic.



IN ANCIENT ACOMA

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AN ANCIENT CEREMONIAL IN ACOMA



ANNOUNCING THE DANCE, ACOMA

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

therefore more intelligible even to us who, in spite of civilization, have not yet learned any Esperanto as well as we know the mother-tongue of humanity. We are highly civilized, and pink-teaed, and harnessed to business; but we are still human (at least some of us, a little) and inclined to call it savage under the skin. We still vote war (which is murder on a large scale without the excuse of a duel), we still gossip (which is assassination by wholesale and without any excuse at all), we still grab if any have anything grab-able—and, in spite of our silks, we are no better than the cave-men, but only weaker, and more fussy and more dressed. Also, less creative and more “artistic.”

As for “Paradise,” that is equally easy to be defined. A Paradise is what God would have made if He had consulted you—and would make over as fast as you discovered your mistakes or changed your whims. A Paradise is where the things you like are the Chief Order of Business; and the things you don't like can't catch the chairman's eye at all. An Artist's Paradise is where the picturesque hangs upon his neck like the arms of a honeymoon, and he even forgets to care whether he'll sell a canvas, so glad is he to make one.

If the earth were a shop-window “dressed” with waxen and Impossible Shes, by a cosmic floor-walker, one might be an Artist who could reproduce that window over across the street in its mate, or upon canvas in its counterfeit. But as a matter of fact, *this* world-window is “dressed” by the Boss, and not by any of his hirelings; and an artist must have not only the faculty of imitation, but some quality of the author. He must have imagination and prophecy. He must have reverence and respect for authority. He must look up not only to the First Author, but to the Masters who plied the imitative trade a thousand years before he was born. He must be vulnerable to the reasons that induced the Almighty to make this nice little world in the first place. He must be something more than a walking mirror able to reflect the exact image that confronts him.

Any man who is really an artist will find the Southwest the most imminent and audible prompting of God that he has ever encountered. No other cue is so likely to make him forget his Audience and remember only his Part, as a region where the ingenuity, the imagination, and the love of God are so visible at every turn. A person who slaps colors on to canvas ever so admirably, but who cannot be stirred and moved and inspired when he sits down, for instance, in the presence of a place where God used the broad-axe upon landscapes which elsewhere went through the planing mill; who does not feel a new thrill all over his head and his fingers in the presence of pictorial human beings, who are the visible, tangible proofs, and lovable hyphens, from the Stone to the Electric Age in the one life; who cannot feel what it means to work among the



THE ANCIENT DANCE AND THE MODERN OVERALL. (LAGUNA) Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

landscapes and the facial types where he can see a diamond drill operated by gentlemen who occupy their evenings with dancing the Mountain Chant of 2,000 years ago; who is not pricked to some new agility of his artistic fingers by getting acquainted with folk who grind their bread as in the early times of scripture, yet wear the sudden product of an overall factory—all is, he isn't an artist. He may be able to buy all the canvas and tubes and brushes competent to his job. He may be able to connubiate the three after a fashion that shall fetch him handsome prices from the new-rich. But he isn't an artist, and he never will be. It is high time for the artists to come upon the Southwest. Here, as everywhere else that



NAVAJOS RUNNING A DIAMOND DRILL. Photo by Col. Code

civilization touches, the artistic is evaporating like snow before the sun. Within my personal acquaintance, there were a dozen national costumes in vogue in the Southwest absolutely different one from the other, yet as stirringly picturesque as any in the world. The national costume of the Pueblo Indians—particularly of the women—has never been surpassed anywhere in either comfort or picturesqueness. Civilization has triumphed by introducing the mother-hubbard. The charro costume of Mexico—neither in Abyssinia, nor in the court of the fourteenth Louis, nor anywhere else in the world, has there been a more picturesque garb. Within a few years the Mexican hacendado has abandoned it. The same thing is going on everywhere. In Mexico, thank God, when a lady goes to the service of God at mass in the morning, she must wear the old-time



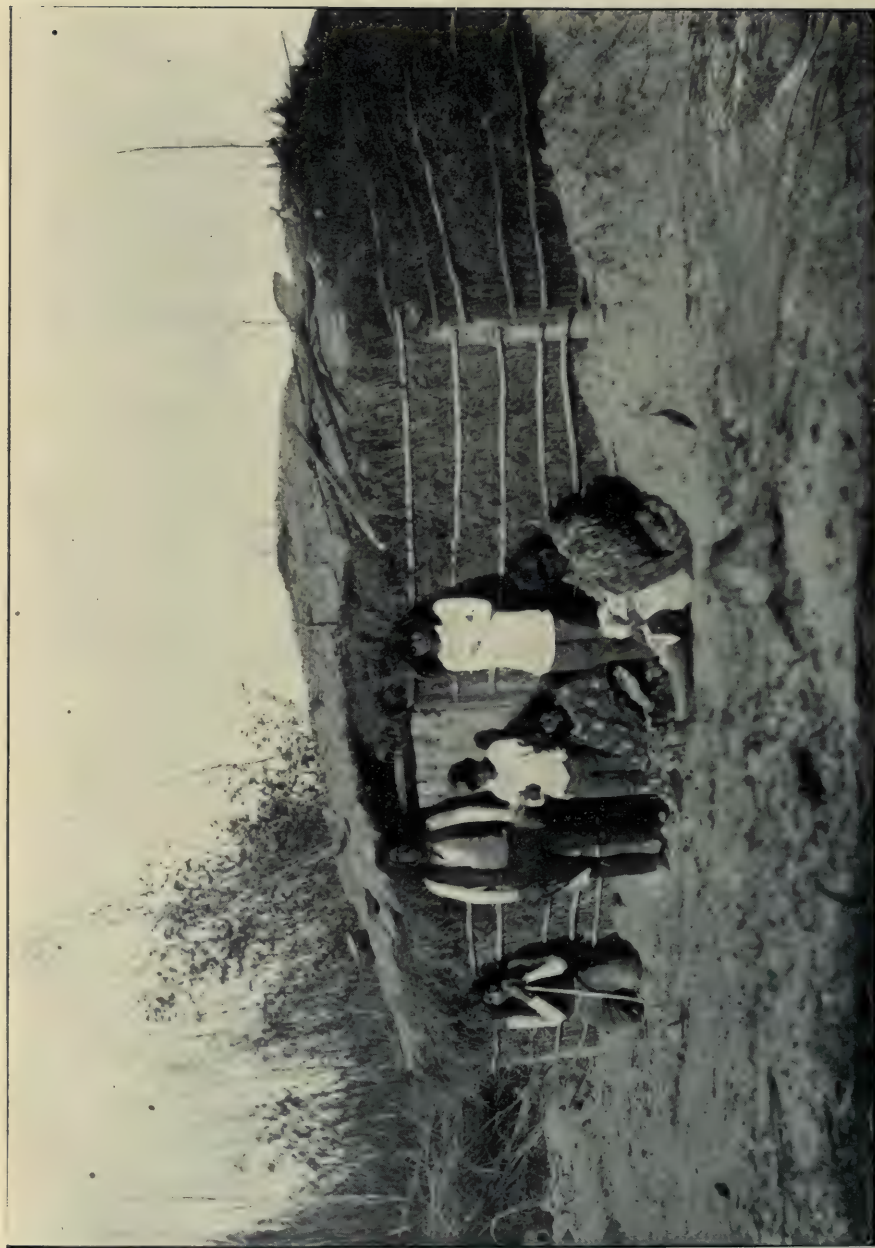
NATIONAL DRESS OF PUEBLO WOMEN

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis.]



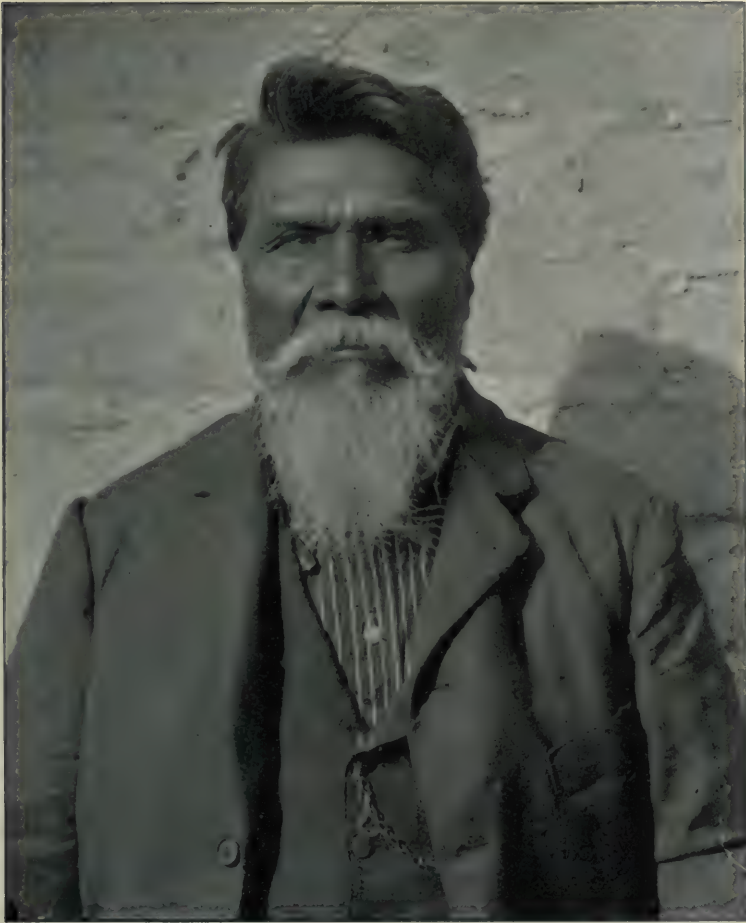
A PUEBLO WOMAN

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis



A BASKETRY HOUSE OF THE MOJAVES

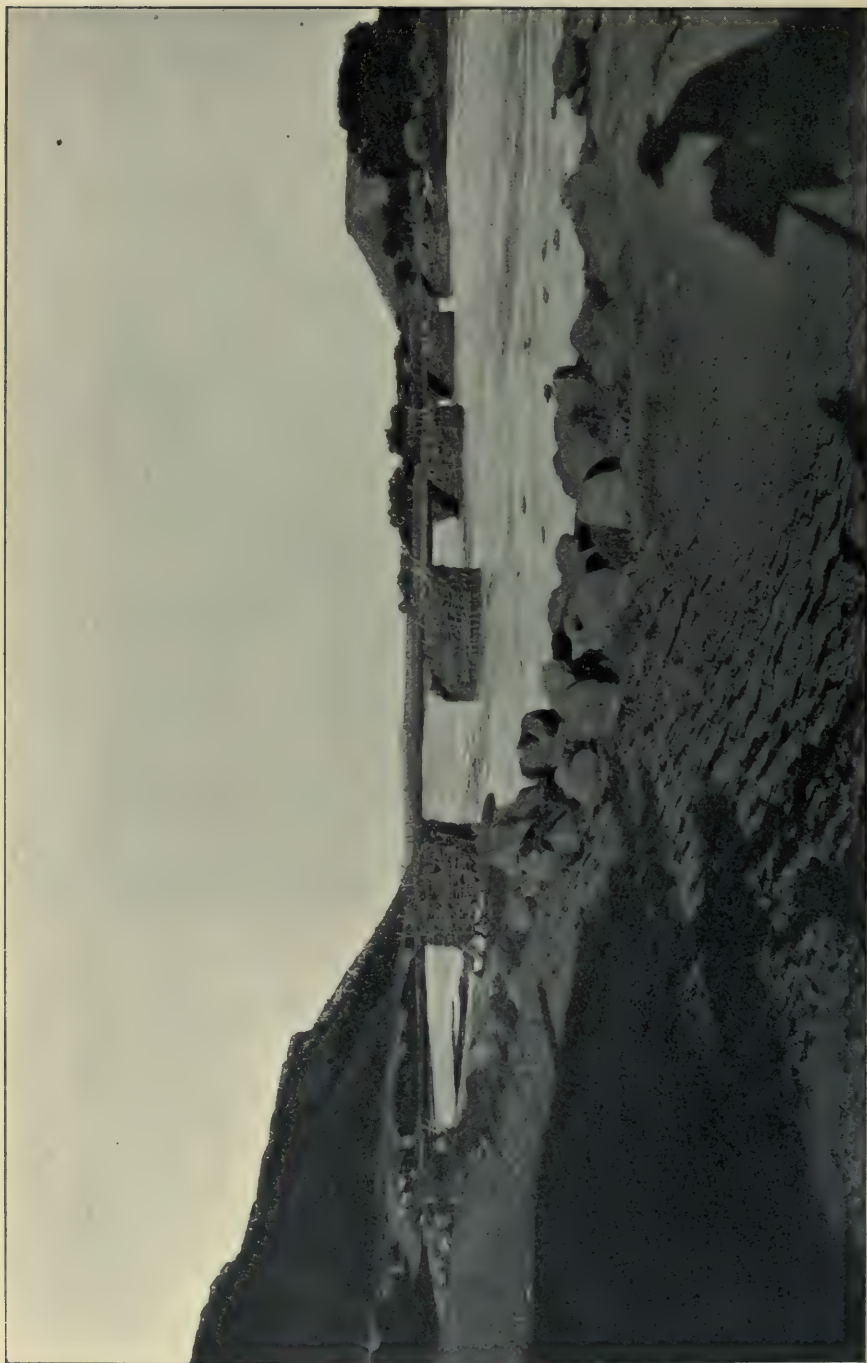
Photo by Chas. F. Lummis



A MISSION INDIAN TYPE

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

costume, with the beautiful mantilla—but after that, the rest of the day, you will see her in a French hat and dress. In Peru and Chile, in Central America and Brazil, they have all come into the planing mill. There is no visible nationality any more—except with a few old-fashioned people of certain ceremonial times which even the monkey-march of civilization has not yet overwhelmed. I would not condescend to ask any artist which is better worthy of his brush—these national dresses or the deadly universal likeness which is so rapidly replacing them. The few scattering pictures here not only ask the question but answer it. The first reason why the Southwest is still The Artists' Paradise is because there are thousands of people still so unspoiled that they wear the immemorial garb. The manta and the buck-skin—even the G-string and the overcoat and panties of gypsum stain—may not be as polite, but are certainly more artistic, than hand-me-down suits at \$2.98.



A BASKET BRIDGE, 300 FEET LONG

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

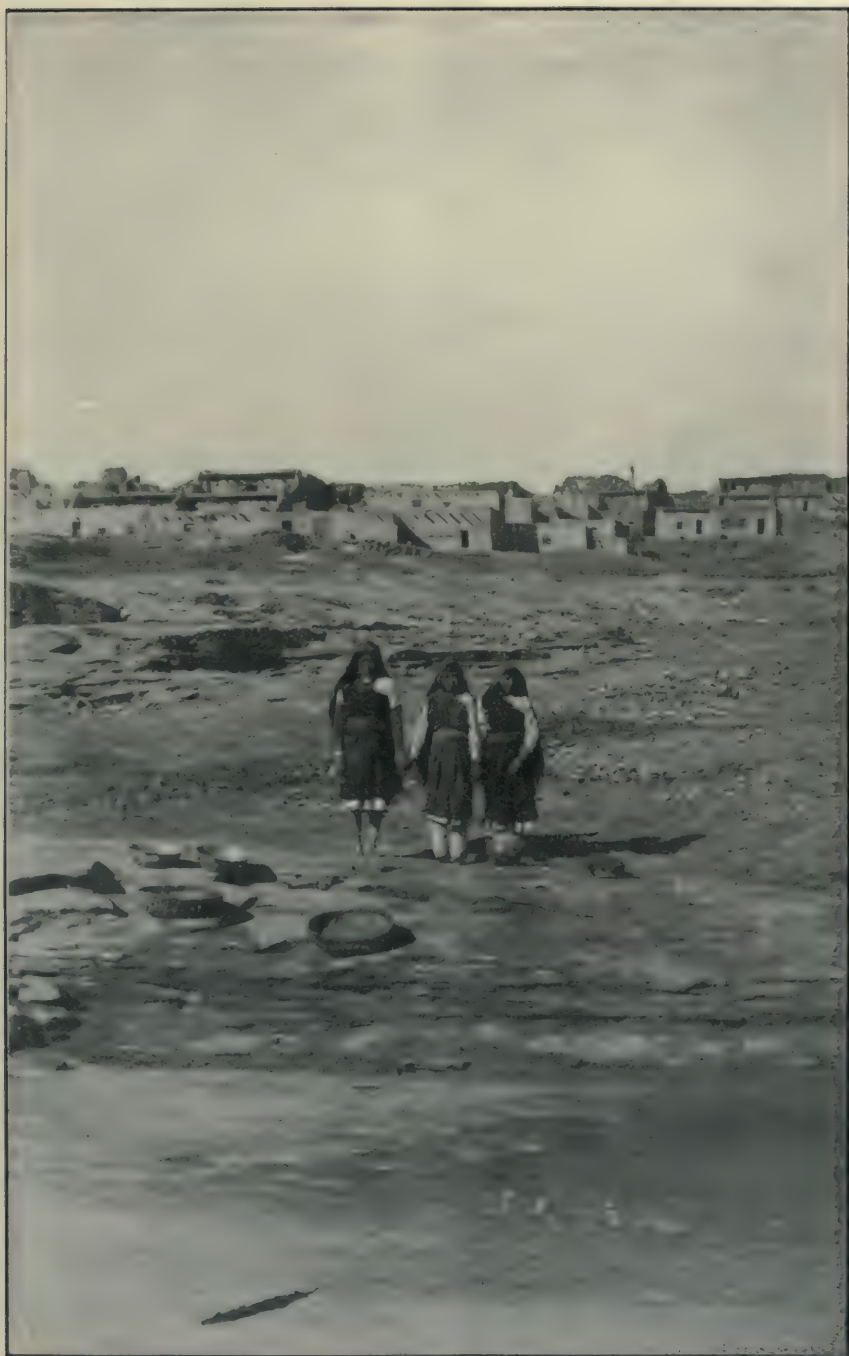


Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

PUEBLO GIRLS AT THE WHEAT-WASHING

A factory of any sort is not artistic. Hand-work of any sort is artistic. The Southwest is the only million square miles in the United States where hand-work is still largely practiced. Even the people who have deserted their buck-skins for denim overalls still make the best blankets in the world; still make silverware which the judicious prefer to Tiffany's; still maintain that noble primitive art of basketry—not only by the Nevada "squaw" whose latest basket sold for \$2,500, but some build their houses by basketry, or apply the basket to architecture. I have a certain pleasure in reproducing here a picture of the oldest bridge on the Rio Grande River. That treacherous stream, which I have forded in flood, has carried out every modern iron bridge ever built upon it. But this basket bridge of the Pueblo Indians has withstood all floods—and it is simply a series of big basket caissons filled with rocks, and has hewn planks for treadway.

An American dance may be very nice—but I have never heard it described as artistic by an artist. But no artist could see any one of the ceremonial dances still in vogue across 2,000 miles of the Southwest without feeling that it was one of the most picturesque things ever seen by man.

It is not artistic to cut your wheat with a reaper, stack it in elevators, grind it in mills and knead it in tin pans; but in a big area of the Southwest the bread-making is a picture from start to finish—even threshing the wheat with a flock of trampling goats instead of a machine; and the washing of the wheat at the desert stream by statuesque maidens, and the grinding by them in the very same way that the Bible itself takes cognizance of, and the baking in ovens that are a picture by themselves.

Doubtless the hardest thing of all to paint is that glorious stuff which we cannot see, but which makes everything beautiful that we do see; which is too thin for our eyes to grasp, and yet so potent that without it they would pop out of their sockets; which is tasteless, yet without which we could never take another bite; which is colorless, yet tinges everything on earth—the Air. The atmosphere of the Southwest is perhaps the hardest in the world for artists to catch. It is so subtle, so magical, so mixed with witchcraft, that it fools the sharpest eye and laughs at the cleverest palette. Yet no other atmosphere is so well worth painting, and no other is so critical a test of the greatest artist. An air that brings the very rocks to life, that glows and broods upon the desert until strange unrealities fill the world, and one sits in the beautiful presence of a dream; an air that makes night visible, and reveals a million new stars, and transfigures the moon to a glory past what anyone ever dreamed of who has not seen it here; an air that ebbs and flows in



A MOJAVE FAMILY

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis



A MOQUI FAMILY

almost visible tides in the vast gashes that time and its patient tools have carved upon the face of the Southwest in titan wrinkles, and with the innumerable ingenuities of God paints new colors upon them with every passing hour—that is something worth the while for the world's biggest interpreters to butt their heads against, happy but futile. I would like to have seen Turner set down upon a certain brink I know, at a certain time—but with half-inch cables on him to keep him from falling into the gulf from sheer delight. Only a few weeks ago, after a gap of sixteen or seventeen years, I had the joy again of sitting there with "Old Tom" Moran, who has come nearer to doing the Impossible than any other meddler with paints-and-canvas in the Southwest. No one knows better than he the hopelessness of painting God's masterpiece; but no one so well has made a transcript for our comprehension. He has just repainted his great picture of the Grand Cañon; and I would like to see someone try to better it.

While there are many "scenic routes," I never knew a railroad to be built for scenery—unless you would call the Mt. Washington and Pike's Peak and such freaks "Railroads." Coal, and freight, and grades and other uninteresting things are the inspiration of highways. Every transcontinental or important railroad in America follows an Indian trail; and the Indian trail followed a deer trail, or buffalo trail; and the common object of the buffalo, the Indian and the railroad is to "get there." It is only an accident, and discovered later, that the "getting there" involved going over places where you really wanted to stop and turn around and look—and finally came to observation cars.

It was an accident that the Santa Fé route when it followed the line of least resistance across "the Great American Desert" (as it was called fifty years ago) skimmed the cream of the artist's interest of the Southwest. There is no railroad in the world, not even excepting the Peruvian Central—which penetrates such a wonderland of the pictorial in geography and in humanity.

From far higher than the top of Mt. Washington to far below the level of the sea; through pine forests and alkali flats; through the coal country and the land of turquoise, and gold and silver and copper; in sight of the American Alps, and across the American Sahara; from the busiest bedlam of American civilization, through communities that were building six-story tenements of a thousand souls per house when Caesar conquered Gaul; where the elements have shaped upon the plains vast sandstone forts beside which the highest constructions ever reared by man would look like playthings, and where the level plain is rifted with a thousand chasms into any one of which the city of New York could be wrecked without a splinter showing at the surface—to say nothing of an abyss wherein every city of the New World could be dumped and lost for good.

It doesn't hurt me, and it doesn't hurt the cow-pastures and the cows, that they are so innumerable and innocuously increased and multiplied upon inoffensive canvas. For the unweaned eye, there are few more stimulating models than a cow.

But I cherish the comfortable hope to live long enough to see the Southwest discovered by artists big enough to try it—at least big enough to dare to Try to try. When they discover it, they will begin to discover themselves.



"THE PAINTED WOOD ENSHADOWED OR AGLEAM"

AN HOUR OF IDLENESS

(*Summer in the Santa Cruz Mountains.*)

By MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY.



O LIE here prone, relaxed, wholly at rest
On Earth's warm mother-breast—
So close you almost hear the rhythmic beat,
So close you almost feel the stir and start
Of life's full tide that pulses from her heart—

Is it not sweet!

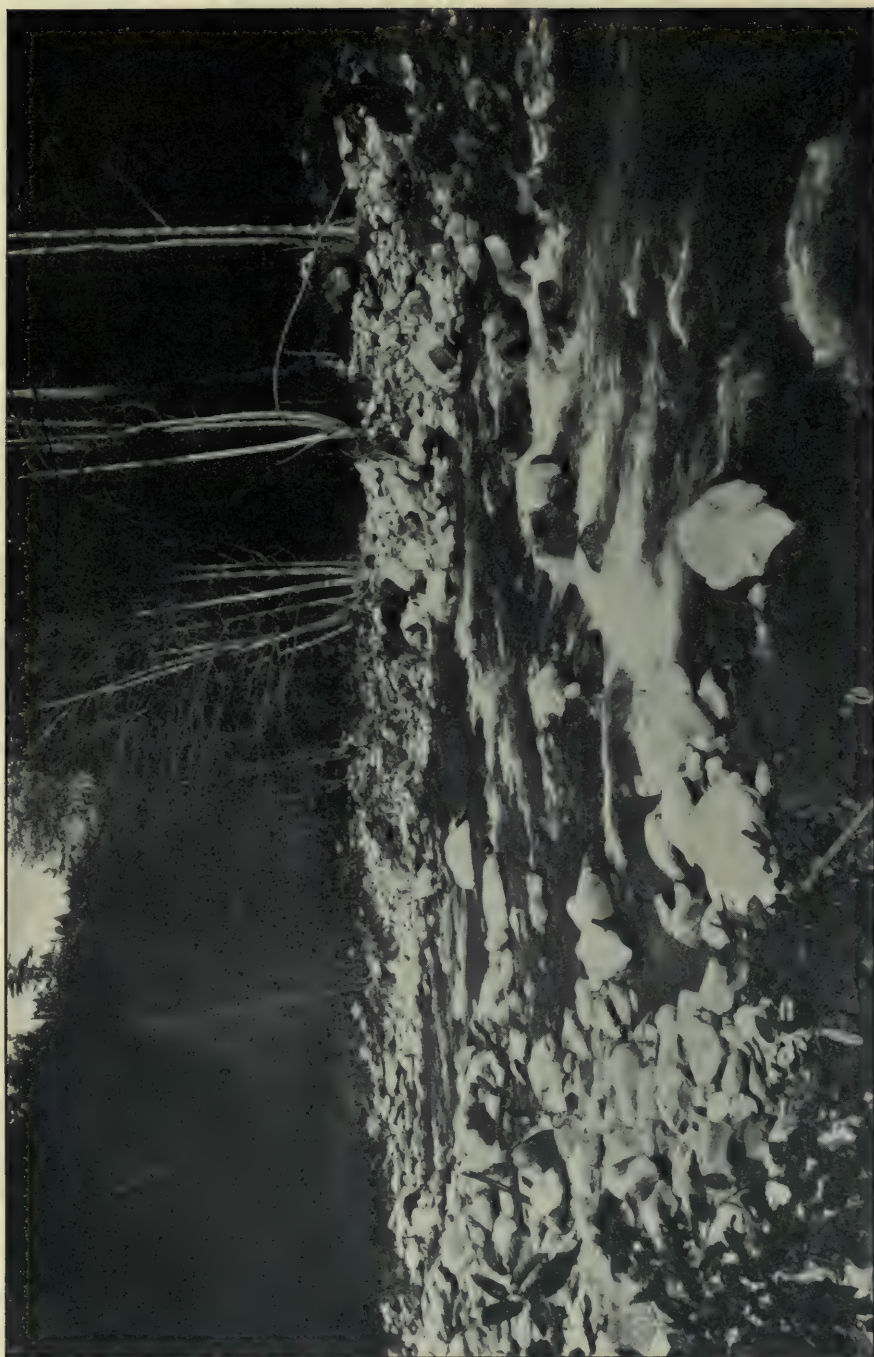
Rest for the weary feet that long have trod
Far from the living sod;
Rest for the weary brain
With life's insistent problems ever vexed;
And ah, surcease thrice blest!
For the tired heart, faint with the overstrain
Of passion and of pain—
Rest!

Just to lie quietly and half a-dream,
Without a thought or care;
To listen drowsily;
To view from half-shut eyes
The painted wood enshadowed or a gleam.
So lies a babe against the bosom fair
That nourishes—now lists the lullabies
With lowered lids, now slowly doth upraise
Its long still wondering gaze
Unto the heaven of its mother's eyes.

The brake-fern's tender grace
Droops lightly on my face.
Far, far above, a bit of heaven's a-lean
The dusky redwoods' columned boles between;
The redwood branches crossed
Their dark-lined patterns trace
Across its perfect blue.

And now again—O softly breathe!—I see
Across yon leafy path that winds the wood
A shy brown mother-quail come forth to lead
Her pretty brood.

Alas! the alien meets her startled ken,
And lo, in an eye's twinkling every one
Has disappeared, has gone,
Has turned a crumpled leaf—all's still again.
Aha, my woodland babes, I see you feed
(I know the lore of fairies) on fern-seed.



"A LITTLE STREAM FAR-HIDDEN CROONS . . . LOW LAPSING LULLAIBES"

All's still again. That little fir tree there
Still keeps at every tender tip alight
The pale green flame of spring. Upon it, bright
Dappling the dusky green,
The yellow flecks of sunshine flicker fair;
And there above, between
The woven laces of the redwood screen,
The God of Day sends one long golden dart
To find the fragrant laurel's hidden heart.
Ah, bold Apollo, your wooing's all in vain;
You'll never find your dainty Daphne now;
Yet here's a wreath to bind your bow and brow
As fair as any on Illyssa's plain.

Hear how that dove's sweet moan from yon deep dell
Melts goldenly in seas of circling calm.
This is no silence of the void, death-dumb,
But murmurous of life as is the shell
Of Ocean's surge. A dreary interlude
Of life's triumphant psalm,
Where one may hear the trees a-grow, the hum
Of all those filmy wings invisible,
Ephemeral creatures of life's lightest mood
Momently poured upon the passing hour.
All feeling floats upon its rhythm subdued.
And see, there in the midst—a wider space—
A tiny gleaming cloud doth lightly float—
A fairy boat,
A sail from those far treasure-islands lost
Our wondering childhood knew.

Only to lie and lie
Steeped in the golden hush of afternoon,
Lapped thus deliciously
In lotus-languors sweet
And soft caressing calms.
I hear a little stream far-hidden croon
As to itself low lapsing lullabies.
Sudden a wandering wind runs lightly by;
The gnarled white-oak waves her wrinkled palms;
The laurel thicket whispers low surprise;
The pine tree sighs, and drops her odorous balms;
The murmurous redwoods call
From hill to hill;
Madroño bright replies,
A moment shakes her coral boughs, and all
Her broad green garments rustle and are still.



"THE DUSKY REDWOODS' COLUMNED BOLES"

Silence again, and there on yonder tree
A frisky squirrel just about to sup
Stands statue-still, a slender acorn cup
Still held aloft in one brown hand; and now
A flurry of falling leaves, and suddenly
A blue-jay drops upon a near-by bough,
Flaunts his fine crest and cocks his beady eye,
Flirts his long tail, then chides
With raucous throat,
While chipmunk frisking nigh
Stops and derides
In shrill staccato note.

Thought closes softly as a folding flower.
Rock, mother Earth, on thy warm bosom deep,
Rock me to sleep,
To sleep!

Tucson, Arizona.



A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

X.

PETER EXPLAINS.

PETER, swinging through the public park of Vera Cruz, was ruminating on a letter he had received—the first word that had come to him from the professor's party in two weeks.

Much may happen in two weeks, he reflected. The girl one loves may in that time become the girl one has loved; and the girl one has loved may have become the girl one loves. Peter thoughtfully whistled a bar from his favorite ditty: "If Ever I Cease to Love."

Other changes had occurred, as well. The breaking out of a revolution in Guatemala had caused his cousin to abandon the trip for the present; therefore, Lowell had sent Peter on to Vera Cruz to cancel reservations made for the steamer which sailed on the twenty-seventh, while he, in company with Angel Jiminez, of recent acquaintance, had gone mound-hunting somewhere in the interior.

Among other things, the letter mentioned the probable arrival in the State of Vera Cruz of the professor's party, plus Mr. Cook and daughter, of Chicago. The professor, bearing a letter of introduction to Angel Jiminez, was also on mound-hunting bent. There would be a meeting—entirely unexpected, and therefore, unavoid-



OLD CHURCH, VERA CRUZ



"AT A TURN IN THE PATH BLOOMED A RED PARASOL"

able—between Miss Pauline Staines and that old mummy, Lowell. It was high time that somebody took a hand in their affairs—

Peter stopped short, and fixed an approaching vision with a rapturous eye.

Before him stretched a broad, gravelled path, checkered with light and shade; and at the turn of the path there had suddenly bloomed upon his astonished sight a red parasol—such a one as he had once likened to a big, overblown morning-glory.

"Peter!" cried Polly. "What under the sun, moon and stars *and* the Milky Way are you doing in Vera Cruz? This is only the twenty-first."

"I am looking for a place where I can spoil a beautiful thirst," Peter gravely said. "S'pose we wander round to the band stand, and have five or six lemonades in rapid succession."

"S'pose we do," Polly agreed. "Peter, what do you think of this for a tropical climate? I can't breathe any further down than my collar button. I hope the band will play something nice and creepy," she went on, as they took chairs in the shade of a sheltering palm. "It should, you know, when the villain appears."

"Thanks, awfully."

Polly swiftly turned and eyed him with grave commiseration.

"Tell me why you followed me to Vera Cruz," she said.

"I believe I was here first," Peter mildly returned.

"*Why* are you here?"

"I came to see the girl I love," he slowly, deliberately replied.

"Oh, Peter! *Did* you come to see me? I—I am so sorry that I—that I ever thought you inconstant. You have the truest heart in the world."

"Er—yes," said Peter.

"We have been parted for a long time, and you were getting lonely."

"Er—yes," Peter brilliantly remarked.

"You don't know how good it seems to see you again. If it were not for the band-master, who is looking right this way, I'd be tempted to give you a real bear-hug. How's Mr. Weston?"

"Old Lowell? Oh, *he's* all right."

"There's something amiss—I can tell by the expression of your face. What is it?"

"Nothing—nothing at all."

"But there must be! Can't you confide in me? You used to—"

"Sure!" said Peter, with inspiration. "My *machete*—you know what a bargain I got, Polly—has disappeared. Someone must have stolen it."

"Which, of course, is a calamity. But you didn't come all the way from the City of Mexico to tell me that?"

"No," he acknowledged, with an embarrassed wriggle. "I came to—"

"Oh, my poor Peter! It's useless—perfectly useless! We never can be more than friends."

"What?"

"Friends."

"Oh!" Peter blankly observed.

"You must take back your ring."

"Oh!" said Peter, again.

"You will be wanting it for some one else soon."



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, VERA CRUZ

"Oh!"

There was silence for a space. Polly gazed thoughtfully at her her parasol, which she was spinning like an inverted top on the gravel. Finally they both looked up and laughed.

"Now, then, for particulars," said Polly, dropping the parasol and wiping her eyes, flooded with tears of merriment.

"She's the dearest girl that ever lived, Polly."

"Yes, I know—just as you are the dearest boy. She hadn't been at the hotel in Cuernavaca one little half hour before she had shown me a much-prized stamp-picture of one Peter Yeere."

Peter leaned weakly back in his chair.

"Really?"

"Really. See here, Peter, it has just occurred to me that you

did not seem unduly surprised at meeting me in Vera Cruz."

"I knew you were coming," he placidly rejoined. "Zitella told me."

"She told you— *What* did she tell you?"

"That you were coming," said Peter. "She also intimated that there was to be an archæological picnic at the *hacienda* of Angel Jiminez—or rather, at his step-father's *hacienda*. And that re-



A STREET IN VERA CRUZ

minds me: I have something from our young friend Angel that might interest you."

He pulled a crumpled note from his pocket, and handed it to Polly; she smoothed the sheet on her knee, and read:

"You are verry butifle. I anticipate myself to inform you because you are going out from here. Ymmediately on your return I send you this letter so that I will be acquaint with you."

"Why, this is delicious!" cried Polly. "When did you get it? For whom was it intended?"

"It is yours, fair maid, all yours," said Peter, generously. "It arrived, together with a bunch of roses and a serenade, the night after you had left the City of Mexico for Cuernavaca. Sorry I didn't save the roses, but perhaps I can repeat the serenade—"

"Not for worlds!" Polly hastily interposed. "I should like to keep this note, but it may not have been intended for me—"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Peter. "It must have been intended for the bell-boy. That's why it was tied to the knob of your erst-while chamber door. The song that was sung under your window



AT THE WELL, VERA CRUZ

was meant for me, although the singer distinctly stated that, until a certain young lady appeared on the balcony, the sun would not shine in that quarter of the city."

"I have never even seen the man!"

"You never saw him! Never saw the child-like and lovely Angel? Why, he had the room across from the professor's suite."

"That man! Aunt Zenia thought he was a government spy—"

"Why a government spy? And why that blush, Pollywog?"

"I didn't blush," said the conscience-stricken Polly, burying another blush in her glass of lemonade.

"Some side-lights wanted here," Peter, shaking his head, gave

Polly to understand. "Is there a third Romeo in the field?"

"Er—you are not my father confessor, Peter."

"Just the same, I have a right to ask certain questions. If you didn't like old Lowell, why did you turn me down?"

"You are positively coarse at times, Peter."

"If you do like the lucky beggar, why don't you give him a show?" Peter pursued, quite undisturbed by Polly's censure. "If you've been liking him all along, why did you tell me there was no one?"

"I didn't know it myself," said Polly, in a still, small voice.



THE WATER CARRIER

"Um-m-m! That's a side-light that's been wanted for some time."

"And *he* doesn't know our—our engagement is broken."

"Dear little Pollywog! You always did play according to Hoyle. But trust me. I'll give him a hint that'll turn the 'dark flowing blue' of his horizon to a cheerful rose color."

"Peter!" shrieked Polly, heedless of the curious gaze of passers-by. "Not a word—not a hint! You wouldn't shame me so."

"Of course not," he hastily assured her. "But never mind. There's a good-sized possibility that it will turn out right, after all. By Jove, Polly! Things do dawn on me, sometimes; then, again, they fall on me like a ton of brick."



A TYPICAL HOME OF THE POORER CLASS

Polly sighed.

"I'd like to punch his wooden head!" suddenly growled Peter.

"I shall unlove you if you talk like that. Doesn't your conscience trouble you when you remember everything your cousin has done for you?"

"It does give a squirm, now and then. Let's talk of—of—Zitella. If you can think of anything comforting to say, I wish you'd say it."

"She's a connoisseur on curios," Polly laughed. "I was packing mine—you know we left the most of our baggage in the City of Mexico—when she came in for a chat. It was about you, Peter. No, I certainly shall not tell. In an hour or so she arose, and chanted in a high, shrill voice: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's tall brass candlesticks, nor thy neighbor's short fat candle-

sticks, nor thy neighbor's blue plate, nor thy neighbor's ivory casket, nor anything which is thy neighbor's.' After which she coolly took her departure with my fattest candlestick under one arm."

Peter tilted his straw hat at a rakish angle over his left ear.

"I may be the clammiest clam that ever wore a shell, but I really believe the little girl is rather fond of me. And I'll get you another candlestick."

"She hath a merry eye," warned Polly. "'Take care—she's fooling thee!'"

"Do you really believe that?"

"I don't know, Peter—honestly, I don't. I like the girl, and she's interested in you—now. But a girl like that must have had a great deal of attention, at one time and another—"

"Watch my smoke! I'll cut 'em all out."

"Yes, my poor Peter! But when you are far away— Oh, I wish the old medal had never been heard of!"

"Medal? What medal?"

"Why, the medal offered by the Archæological Society—the one that the professor and your cousin are so keen about."

"The professor may have hankerings, but old Lowell isn't on that tack at all."

"Then why is he trying to find the lost city?" Polly wanted to know. Something in Peter's face told her that she had said too much. "Now I've done it!" she ruefully exclaimed.

"Yes, and you may as well finish the job," Peter advised. "I assure you, though, that Lowell isn't suffering from medalitis. Don't you remember my telling you that he was making a study of monuments of Mexico and Central America, in order to compare them with those of Egypt?"

"Yes, and I also remember your remarking that he was looking up a lost city on the map. Wasn't that city in Guatemala?"

"Not by several hundred miles. It was Monte Alban that he was studying—for his book, 'The Temples of Silence,' you know. It's the book that was taking him to Guatemala."

"The professor believes that Lo—Mr. Weston is pointed straight for the lost city, and that, if he keeps Lo—Mr. Weston in sight, he will in some way betray its location. The professor, you see, doesn't know just where it is."

"And so *that's* at the bottom of your exodus, is it?" Peter threw back his head and laughed hugely. "Well, Pollywog, all we've got to do, to block the professor's little game, is to say a word to Lowell and have him explain the situation to the professor. Lowell isn't here just now, but I'll round him up—"

"No, no! Can't you understand how the professor would look

at the matter? He would be sure to think your cousin was trying to throw him off the track. And consider my position! Mr. Weston would suspect that I—that you— Anyway, we're going to leave Vera Cruz tomorrow night. No, I don't know how long we shall be at the *hacienda*. Yes, of course, Zitella will accompany us. You will come up to the hotel and see us before we leave?"

"I—er—have a little matter of business to attend to. But, see here! This lost city foolishness must be stopped. You can't go prospecting around in the wilderness, butting into revolutions, and yellow fever, and Indians, and—and— Why, it's—er—*indecent!* Guatemala is on the ragged edge of a revolution now."

"Tell Lo—Mr. Weston that on no account must he oppose the professor. It's the only way to manage him."

"Why don't you tell old Lowell yourself? You needn't be afraid of him. He's a reformed character, is the mummy. He has taken to writing poetry lately—at least, I suppose it's intended for poetry. I ran across a verselet the other day. It began:

'Only to see thy voice again—
Only to hear thy smile!'

"I came to the park to hear the music," said Polly, with dignity, rising and unfurling her parasol. "Since you won't let me listen to it, I may as well return to the hotel."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESERT-HUNGRY

By LUCY J. WHITE.

 H, for the sight of the white-blue hills
And the desert stretched in the sun,
The ringing beat of the pinto's hoof,
The shouts and the boisterous fun!

Since last the breath of those heaven-sweet winds
Blew over the mesa to me,
Never the world has seemed so wide,
Never so wild and free.

I could not bring the heart I brought,
Since our youth and our faith are one;
But oh, for the sight of the healing hills
And the desert stretched in the sun!

San Francisco.

THE KID

By J. ALBERT MALLORY.



SOME men can assimilate a idea, an' some has to have it beat into them with the barrel of a six-shooter. Old Windy Wilkinson was one of them latter kind, an' that is the reason him an' me was rollin' around in the dust on the main street of Wilcox, tryin' to change the contour of each other's countenances as the result of a little argument we had over the height of a horse.

Now I haven't got much book learnin', but I sure do know somethin' about a horse. Besides, it ain't nice to have a little runt like Windy was disputin' your statements which you know is true. But for a little runt he sure was a stayer, an' it took me a considerable long time to convince him that he was wrong. An' I ain't right sure that I'd 'a done it then, if it hadn't been for a big rock which was lyin' handy in the road, an' which, used in a judicious manner, seemed to make a opening in his head through which a mite of sense percolated. Anyhow, he hollered 'nough, an' I got up an' dug the sand out of my eyes. An' then I see the Kid.

He was standin' with his hands in his pockets an' grinnin' like he enjoyed the spectacle.

"Gee, you're a scrapper!" he said.

Then he picked up my hat an' handed it to me, lookin' at me so comical out of his big brown eyes that it made me laugh.

He was about sixteen years old then, only he was small for his age an' looked younger than what he was. What few clothes he had on was all dirt an' grease. I sort of liked his looks, though. I see right away he wasn't no common kid. He didn't look like one of them smart Alecky boys what think they know it all just when they're gittin' big enough to put on long pants. An' I could see that he didn't belong to them parts. No Arizona kids in them days ever wore clothes like he did, nor talked like he did, either. Up to that time I hadn't ever heard anyone talk like him, though once afterwards when I went back to Noo York to blow in a year's wages I heard lots of that same kind of talk down on the Bowery.

"Hello, kid," says I. "Where did you come from?"

He pointed down to the railroad, where there was a long freight train pullin' away from the depoo. "I come in on that train," he says.

"Oh," says I, kind of disgusted like, "you're one of them young railroad bums, eh?"

By Jinks, you ought to of seen how mad he got when I said that.

"No, I ain't no bum!" he snaps out, swearin' somethin' scandalous. "'Cause a feller ain't got no money to pay his fare an' beats the road out of a ride, it ain't no reason to be called a bum by every yahoo he meets."

He looked so blame funny, I just roared with laughin', an' that made him madder an' he went on cussin' me till I could ketch my breath. Finally I sobered up an' said:

"Well, if you ain't no bum, what are you?"

"I'm a workin' man," he says.

"What did you ever work at?" says I.

"No matter what," says he, "but I come out here to be a cow-boy an' kill Injuns. You're one, ain't you?"

"One what?—Injun?" says I, keepin' down the laugh that was near killin' me.

"No, cow-boy," he says. "You are one, ain't you? An' how many Injuns have you killed? An' kin I git a job on your ranch?"

"Well," says I, "I reckon I do know somethin' about the business of punchin' cows; an' as for Injuns—" Then I quit. It would 'a' been a mean thing to lie to that kid. "So you want to be a cow-puncher, eh?"

"Yep," he says. "Kin you git me a job?"

"I dunno, but I might try," says I.

I didn't think I could git him a job, but I liked to hear him talk, an' so I took him to a restaurant an' bought him a feed. We left old Windy sittin' in the road, lookin' kind of dazed an' uncertain as to what had happened.

When that kid see he had me on the string, the words just poured out of his mouth in a steady stream. He wanted to be a sure-enough cow-boy, there wasn't no manner of doubt about that. He said he used to be a newsboy in Noo York, an' that's where he picked up them funny notions he had about cow-boys an' Injuns. I reckon he read a considerable number of them books like Hank Smith brought out to the bunk-house one winter an' used to amuse the boys by readin' out of. They must 'a' been writ by a man what never seen a cow-puncher an' got his ideas of Injuns from a wooden cigar sign. Say, there was one of them books what said—but no matter, I guess mebby you seen some of them yourself. An' now I'm tellin' you about the Kid.

That kid was a wonder all right. He'd worked on a Kansas farm an' made a stake of forty dollars. That was a heap of money to him, an' he had kep' it to buy his outfit with. Somehow or other he had found out that a puncher had to furnish his own saddle an' trappin's. But forty dollars wasn't nothin' in Arizona in them days, an' the Kid looked pretty sick when I told him so.

But he said he'd git a job washin' dishes or somethin' an' earn enough more. He was game all right. Now I see he was so set on bein' a cow-puncher that I made up my mind he would be one. I knew he wouldn't find it like he thought, but there's worse things in this world than bein' a cow-boy an' livin' out-doors in the fresh air. There ain't much romance in the business, an' a whole lot of hard work. I've been chasin' wild red steers over these plains for the last eighteen year pretty regular. Once or twice I tried to git away from it an' go into business, havin' saved up a stake for that purpose. But it wasn't no use—I just had to come back to the ranch. I reckon I ain't fit for anythin' else.

But that kid now, he was so dead set on bein' a cow-boy that I concluded to help him out.

Down to the corral the boys was all waitin' for the Old Man to come back from the bank with the roll of cash what was to pay us for eight months' solid work. I took the Kid in tow an' went down to git my share of the wealth. An' in the meantime, while we was waitin' for the Old Man to show up, I trots that kid out an' made big medicine to the boys, which was for the purpose of gittin' them all to chip in an' rig up the Kid with a outfit, providin' of course, that we could induce the Old Man to give him a job.

The boys agreed to my plan, an' the Old Man didn't make no serious objections. Though he did say he didn't have no confidence in a "gutter snipe." The Kid heard that, an' I see he didn't like it; but he didn't say nothin'. He was feelin' so good over bein' a real live cow-boy that he couldn't do nothin' but grin.

The way we fixed that kid out was somethin' handsome. We don't put on much style now-a-days. The ranges is all fenced; there ain't no big round-ups nor long drives, like there used to be; the bad men is about all killed off, an' it ain't necesasry to travel with a ars'nal strapped onto you. But in them days things was different. The Kid had the best outfit that money could buy. He was mighty proud of his goat-skin chaps, his big Mexican carved-leather saddle, an' his silver-mounted bit an' head-stall. But most of all he was proud of his six-shooters. Of course, we had to git him a pair of them—one wasn't enough. He couldn't hit a flock of barns with them, but he sure did burn up a lot of ammunition in the first few days.

For the next three days there wasn't any of us had much time to see what happened to the Kid. We was too busy spendin' our money. When I woke up in the chuck-wagon about ten miles out on the trail, with a head as big as a barrel an' a throat as dry as a lime-kiln there was the Kid ridin' alongside the wagon as pert as you please.

He had got so he could ride pretty good, too. All the way back to the ranch, what time that kid wasn't shootin' at rabbits an' ground-owls, he was chasin' stray cattle over the hills an' tryin' to get his rope onto them. It didn't take me long to see that he would make a mighty good cow-man. By the time we got to the ranch-house he could throw a rope pretty decent, an' shoot a little.

Everybody liked the Kid. He was quiet an' obligin', when he wasn't mad, an' he didn't pretend not to be green. He was always willin' to learn, an' so he missed a lot of the rough treatment that is generally dealt out to the tenderfoot. But from the time he hit the Bar-K ranch I reckon there wasn't anything that went wrong in the whole San Simon valley that wasn't laid to the Kid. An', to do him credit, he was responsible for the most of it. I never did see anyone that could get into as much devilment an' cause as much worry as that kid could, an' yet come out of it all without gittin' lynched.

Every blame calf on the place was lame on account of him practicin' ropin' on them, an' the horses in the corral was all so wild for the same reason that if you wanted to get a saddle onto one of them you had to knock him on the head. He had the fans on the wind-mill so shot full of holes that it took a cyclone to pump water. The Old Man would get mad an' give him a good cussin' once in a while. But the Kid would just laugh at him with them big brown eyes, an' then the Old Man would say he'd fire him next time. But next time the same thing would happen over again.

Finally the spring round-up come along. The Kid was made horse-wrangler, an' was kep' so busy he didn't have time to get into much trouble. Our outfit, the Three-C an' the Hash-Knife was all workin' together that year, 'cause them three ranges was close together an' there wasn't no fences. The Kid done fine in the round up an' the Old Man said he could have a raise in wages an' sent him along with us on the trail to wrangle the horses.

When a cow-outfit is on the trail it takes quite a big bunch of saddle-horses along. Sometimes a man has to change horses three or four times a day if the country is rough an' the weather bad. The wrangler has charge of the horses, drives them what ain't bein' used in the day-time an' at night herds them away from the cattle in a bunch by themselves where they can feed. There has to be two wranglers, 'cause a man can't live without sleepin' once in a while; though a cow-puncher has to come pretty near it sometimes. An' the drive that year was one of them times.

The weather was awful uncertain. You couldn't tell what minnit a squall was comin' up. The feed had been fine an' the cattle was in first-class condition, ready to run at the drop of your hat.

Night-herdin' ain't very pleasant business at any time, but on that drive it was the toughest proposition I ever went up against. We had a hundred an' twenty mile drive from the round-up to Wilcox, where we was goin' to ship about two thousan' head, an' for ten days an' nights I never had my boots off, to say nothin' of bein' wet through to the skin most of the time.

The three outfits drove together. It was easier that way an' we was goin' to cut out an' ship one brand at a time when we got to Wilcox. We was goin' to, but we didn't. An' the reason we didn't was mainly the Kid.

Poor little beggar, I s'pose he was near dead for sleep like the rest of us. Anyway, one night at the end of the second week on the trail, when he took the horses out I seen by the looks of him that it would be a wonder if he didn't fall out of the saddle with sleep, an' it bein' my time to mount guard I rode out a ways with him an' give him some advice about keepin' away from the herd. You see I was afraid he might lose them horses an' I didn't want them to come a bustin' into the cattle an' stampede the whole blame outfit. Stampedes had been quite frequent on that drive, an' there wasn't any of us hankerin' after another.

It was a nice night. Everythin' was quiet an' pretty as a picture. The cattle bedded down early. Four men on guard was all that was needed an' we had an easy time of it. At midnight along come four more to relieve us. As I was goin' to turn in an' get a few hours sleep I thought of the Kid out there alone with the saddle horses, an' him so sleepy. It got to worryin' me somehow an' I started out to see if things was all right with him.

I had told the Kid to take the horses down to a bunch of big cottonwoods where I knew the feed was good an' that was the place I headed for.

Pretty soon I come in sight of the cottonwoods. The moon was shinin' bright an' I could see plain; but I didn't see no horses. I seen just one horse an' he had a saddle on an' was tied to a tree. When I come nearer I see the Kid stretched out full length on the ground.

I knew the Kid was just plumb played out. I see that when he took the horses out after supper. But the sight of him lyin' there so peaceful like an' the horses nowhere in sight made me mad.

"Git out of that, you lazy dog," I says.

He didn't move, an' then I got down an' give him a kick in the ribs. That didn't faze him either, an' then I see that somethin' was wrong. I turned him over so I could see his face. It was covered with blood from a small cut on the top of his head.

I got some water out of a hole close by an' soon had the Kid sittin' up an' askin' what was the matter.

"What's the matter!" says I. "It's me wants to know what's the matter. Where's them horses?"

With that he jumps up and commences to swear like a mule-skinner.

Pretty soon I got it out of him that he was so tired when he brought the horses out that he couldn't keep awake, an' twice he had nearly fell out of the saddle. Then, when the bunch had eat their fill an' was nice an' quiet, he tied his own horse to a tree an' lay down to get a rest. By an' by he wake up, just in time to see two men ride up an' ketch two horses an' put their saddles onto them. Then I reckon he must have hollered at them or somethin', cause they rode up to him an' one of them busted him over the head with the butt end of a quirt, an' he didn't know nothin' more.

Well, it didn't take me long to figure out what that meant. Them fellers had been doin' dirt of some kind an' there was a posse after them. They needed fresh horses an' helped themselves.

The Kid an' me struck for camp as fast as we could travel. You bet the boss was mad when we told him what had happened. Here was the whole outfit left afoot you might say. There was only six horses for about thirty men, an' a cow-puncher afoot ain't of no more use than he would be in a rockin' chair. Then, to top the whole business, down comes that fool posse an' butted right into the herd an' stampeded the bunch. An' all we could do was to stand an' watch them run by.

But it was a lucky thing for the Kid that the posse come just when it did, 'cause the boss let up on cussin' him an' lit into the sheriff.

The sheriff told us that them two fellers what had run off our horses was members of Black Jack's gang an' had held up the train an' killed the express messenger near San Simon Summit.

The posse stayed in camp just long enough to git a good cussin' from the boss an' deputize me, 'cause I was a old Injun fighter an' knew somethin' about follerin' a trail. I was mad all right, but I had to go.

I know Southern Arizona like a book, an' I figured it out that the train robbers was headin' for a certain place on the Mexican border. So I led that posse over a short-cut, calculatin' to head them off.

About daylight we made camp in a little cañon, an' all turned in to git a good sleep. We was all dead tired an' we didn't post no guard. That sheriff was pretty much of a fool, anyhow.

About noon the sun blazin' down into the cañon woke me up, an' the first thing I seen was the Kid. Well, by Jinks, I was su'prised.

"What you doin' here?" I says.

He said that the boys in camp had caught the remuda (that's the name of the bunch of horses what belongs to a cow outfit) an' that the boss was awful mad about the cattle runnin' off, an' laid the whole thing to him. He sneaked away an' come after them two horses what had been stole. He said the Old Man had called him a "gutter snipe" the first day he come to Wilcox, an' now, if

he didn't git them two horses what he was responsible for, he wouldn't never go back to the ranch.

I didn't think the Kid would remember about the Old Man callin' him a gutter snipe, but it showed what kind of stuff he was made of. I didn't think he could git to go along with the posse, but when the sheriff woke up the Kid just used his eyes a little an' got deputized.

We done some mighty hard ridin' for the next three days. The second day we got some fresh horses an' some grub at the Lone Star ranch, but mostly we didn't have nothin' to eat an' very little water to wash it down with. I reckon that we never would of camped, if it wasn't that the horses had to rest once in a while.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we struck the trail we was after, just where I reckoned we would. It wasn't but a few miles to the Mexico line, which if them robbers got on the other side of they was safe. I see in a minnit that we was close onto our men, an' that their horses was about played out. We went pretty slow an' easy an' made a big detoor around so as to git between our game an' Mexico.

A little after sundown we camped in a big arroyo. We planned the trap we would set for them robbers in the mornin', an' then we all rolled up in our blankets an' went to sleep, after hobblin' the horses. Now when I git to thinkin' about it, I wonder why we didn't build a fire so as everybody in the neighborhood would know where we was. I see what a crazy thing we was doin' by not havin' anyone on guard an' I told the Sheriff so. But he was one of them fellers what knows it all, an' mostly you'll find that them kind don't know nothin'.

It was the Kid that woke me up by shootin'. He had more sense than any of us. He didn't only hobble his horse; he had a forty foot lariat tied to him, with one end fast to his saddle under his head. An' so when them robbers sneaked up on us an' started to run off our horses, the Kid woke up, see what was the matter an' begun shootin'.

We was all on our feet in a minnit an' runnin' to our horses. But it wasn't pleasant business chasin' around out there in the moonlight after them crazy horses while them two robbers kep' pumpin' lead into us out of the shade.

Pretty soon we got saddled up. But the Kid was ahead of us all, an' away he goes yellin' like a Injun. When we got out on the open plain, we had a runnin' fight all the way to Mexico. One of our men was shot in the shoulder, but I couldn't see as we done any damage to the robbers.

Them robbers got across the border all right, an' we set there in the United States like the bunch of silly yahoos we was an' watched them disappear into the chaparral on the Mexico side.

We was all mad an' clean disgusted, but mostly the sheriff. If anybody ever bungled anythin' an' made a blame fool of himself that sheriff was the man. An' he knew it, too. He had been figurin' on gittin' elected again, but he sees that his goose was cooked right there. We didn't any of us say a word. We made camp at a spring close by an' prepared to rest a day before goin' back.

But the Kid, you couldn't never tell about him. The first thing we knew he had slipped across the border an' was into the brush on the other side, right on the trail of them robbers. We yelled at him to come back, but he didn't pay no attention to us. I was sorry to see him go an' a couple of us wanted to start after him, but the sheriff wouldn't let us an' growled somethin' about "international complications."

I looked for the Kid back pretty soon if he wasn't killed by them robbers or didn't run into some Mexican line-riders, which was probable. He didn't git back, though, by the time we was ready to start for home. I wanted the sheriff to let some of us wait another day, but he wouldn't do it an' said, "To hell with the Kid!" He was feelin' pretty sore, was the sheriff.

We took it easy on the way back, 'cause of the condition our horses was in. The second night in camp, with everybody sleepin' like dead men, we was woke up by somebody yellin', an' when we turned out, there was the Kid ridin' into camp with them two robbers. One of them was tied onto his saddle like a sack of meal, an' he looked pretty sick. An' good reason he had, too, with a bullet some place in his thigh. The other was all right, only he looked plumb tuckered out. But the Kid, he was just wore to a frazzel. He had a big bandage around his head, an' he looked awful out of his eyes.

We stood there like a bunch of lunkheads, lookin' an' lookin'. Then the Kid begun to swear, soft an' easy. I've heard a few people cuss a little in my time, but I never heard anythin' before or since that come up with the cussin' the Kid give us there in the moonlight, an' him so weak he couldn't hardly stay in the saddle. By an' by his voice petered out to a whisper an' he rolled out of the saddle onto his head an' lay still. That brought us back to life an' we got busy.

I never did find out just how the Kid done it. He come onto them robbers in camp, an' turned loose with his shootin' iron. So did they, an' the Kid got a piece shot out of one ear. He put one of them out of commission, an' the other surrendered. He took them by surprise, an' they thought the whole posse was back of him.

But the toughest part for the Kid was to bring them back. He made the one that wasn't hurt load the other onto a horse. That part of it was easy. But think of that kid ridin' them two days an' nights all the way back an' never darin' to stop to rest or sleep! Well, I knew he was a wonder the first time I see him.

He was a pretty sick kid for a couple of weeks afterwards. We took him back to the ranch-house an' put him to bed.

I had to go back up the valley an' help round up them cattle what was scattered all over the San Simon. Before I left the Kid woke up an' see the Old Man standin' beside him. He smiled with his big brown eyes an' says:

"Well, boss, I brought back them horses what was intrusted to me." An' then he added: "If you ever call me a gutter snipe again I'll kill you. I'm a cow-boy, that's what I am."

Lemon Grove, Cal.

OLIVE A. OATMAN—HER CAPTIVITY WITH THE APACHE INDIANS, AND HER LATER LIFE

By SHARLOT M. HALL.



STORIES of the captivity of white women with various Indian tribes have been part of the romance and tragedy of the frontier from New England westward; but the Apaches of the Southwest seldom burdened themselves for any length of time with white captives of either sex, and Olive A. Oatman is the only white woman who survived the hardships of an extended captivity among them. That she did so survive was due in part to the fact that she was a strong young girl accustomed to outdoor life; and also to the fact that she was taken in the early years of their contact with white people and before treachery and wanton offense on both sides had aroused the spirit of relentless extermination which later marked their attitude toward all white persons who fell into their hands.

In 1850, the "Great American Desert" still swept almost unbroken to the western ocean—a vast, unexplored region of which little was known except that it was the grim barrier that stood between the East and the new-found gold of California. Thirst and hunger were in it, and interminable days of weary travel, and Death was the toll-master on every road. But there was never a price men would not pay for gold, and while the reports from that distant treasure-land were still vague and uncertain, long lines of white-topped wagons were heading into the wilderness.

Experience soon divided the westward movement into two great streams, one bending northward along the north fork of the Platte river into Utah and Nevada, and down over the Sierra Nevada mountains into the Sacramento valley. The other turned to the south along the old Santa Fé trail, thence following the wagon-road made by Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke and his Mormon battalion in 1846 to the old Spanish town of Tucson.

From Tucson to Los Angeles the road traversed as grim a stretch of desert as was ever bridged by human hope and endurance; but being much nearer for parties from the lower Mississippi and Gulf States, and for the most part free of snow in winter, this southern road was travelled by thousands. It cut through the very heart of the Indian country; but in the beginning nearly all the tribes were friendly, and the Apaches, so soon to leave their trail of blood across a quarter of a century, had shown a disposition to welcome the Americans.

On August 9th, 1850, a party of about fifty emigrants left the town of Independence, Missouri, bound westward by the southern

route. Among them were Royse Oatman, his wife, and seven children. He was a native of western New York, but had come by slow stages through Pennsylvania and Illinois. As early as 1849 men returning from the war with Mexico brought to his Illinois home the most glowing accounts of the valley lying at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, and tried to organize a party for colonization there.

Mr. Oatman had been in failing health from an accidental injury received some while before and this, with business reverses, led him to consider seeking a home in a milder climate. He had relatives in California, and it was his purpose to go on there if the Colorado river valley did not impress him favorably.

Many of the families in the train were bound for California, but several who had come with Mr. Oatman from Illinois were intending to remain on the Colorado river if it proved a desirable locality, and this was the first American train to set out with the purpose of settling in what is now Arizona.

All of the party were fairly well supplied with wagons, cattle, and household goods, and carried, as did every west-bound outfit in those days, what was believed to be sufficient food for some months, and a stock of articles suitable for barter with the Indians from whom further food-stuffs might be obtained.

While summer lasted, the travel day by day was pleasant, but at the approach of winter dissensions arose as to the plans and leadership, and in the Santa Fé pass the party divided. The larger number chose to follow a more northern route, leaving the Oatman family and their neighbors to go south toward Tucson. This division, which followed the loss of a considerable number of horses and mules by theft of the Indians, and other mishaps, left the smaller party short of animals; and these were soon further reduced by other Indian depredations, and by the poor and scant growth of grass along the way, which offered uncertain and insufficient grazing.

The slow travel made necessary by the weakened animals also reduced the store of food, and it was found difficult to buy more at the few Mexican villages, where, as for the Indians, a season of unusual drouth had spoiled the crops. The idea of settling on the Colorado river was abandoned, and the party of eight wagons and twenty persons pushed on with what speed they might toward California by way of Tucson and Fort Yuma.

While encamped to rest the teams and increase the food-supply by hunting twenty head of stock were driven off by the Apache Indians, and it became necessary to abandon part of the wagons and goods—a frequent happening on the emigrant trails then and later.

Short of food for themselves, and with their cattle weary and foot-sore, the Oatman party entered what is now Arizona in January, 1851, proceeding by short stages. The horses had all been lost or stolen, the surplus cattle had been killed for food, and cows were yoked to many of the wagons in place of the lost oxen.

At Tubac they were warmly welcomed by the handful of Mexican inhabitants, who craved the protection of the Americans against the Apaches, by whom the little town was constantly harried. They were given such food as could be spared, offered lands for farming, and urged to stay a year at least. This they felt was impossible, as their own number was too small to afford safety to themselves or their hosts.

At Tucson, also, they were begged to stay and take up farms; but at both places the drouth had cut short provisions, and the Apache raids rendered any business unprofitable and nearly impossible. It would clearly cost the Americans all they possessed merely to live until another crop season came round; a few could afford to remain, but Mr. Oatman, with two of his neighbors moved on to the Pima Indian villages at Maricopa Wells, with the hope of trading what household goods they could still spare for corn, wheat, and mesquite beans, with which these peaceful Indians often supplied passing emigrant trains.

The drouth, however, had reached the Pimas as well, and instead of having grain to spare they were themselves close to famine. Their young men returning from other points confirmed the reports of Apache raids all along the Gila river and strongly urged the entire party of Americans to return to Tucson at once and remain till the journey was safer.

Two families decided to do this, but Mr. Oatman felt that his means were becoming too slender to permit delay if he would reach his relatives in California. When Dr. John LeConte, a scientist and traveller who had spent some time on the Pacific Coast, passed through Maricopa Wells on his way from Yuma to Tucson and said that he had seen no Indians, Mr. Oatman decided that it was as safe to proceed as to remain where they were.

It was a sad parting there in the desert, when the Oatmans drew off and their white-topped wagons moved slowly into the gray, desolate waste of sand and grease-wood that lay between them and the Colorado river. More than one had premonition that it was an eternal farewell, and Mrs. Oatman was especially sad and reluctant to enter the wilderness alone with her little brood.

They still had two wagons, and though so much of their household goods had been sold or traded, the loads were too heavy for the poor cows who now supplied the places of oxen in the yokes.

Their progress was so slow that on the seventh day they were overtaken by Dr. LeConte and his guide returning from Tucson to Yuma. They were then about ninety miles distant from that place, and it was apparent to the experienced traveller as well as to Mr. Oatman that without assistance they would never reach the fort.

Dr. LeConte had only his saddle horse and a Mexican guide and could render no immediate assistance, but he hurried on as rapidly as possible, bearing a letter from Mr. Oatman to Major Heintzelman, the commander of the United States troops at Fort Yuma, and promised to do all in his own power to hurry the aid so sorely needed.

The following night the Apaches robbed LeConte of his horses and only a narrow chance saved his life. He was a man of too much experience to underestimate the danger, and the one hope for his own life and that of the party behind lay in reaching Yuma at the earliest possible moment. On the stump of a tree beside the road he posted a card warning the Oatmans and then hurried forward on foot.

It was never surely known, but his surviving children believed that Mr. Oatman found this warning and destroyed it, to spare his family added anxiety. Their dark fate seemed closing in rapidly; they missed their way, and after dragging through the deep sand till the cattle could go no farther, they were forced to make camp for the night on a low island in the Gila river.

As the night came on a sand-storm swept over them, rolling the river up in great wind-lashed waves, drenching their clothes, bedding and provision. The driving sand stung their faces and beat on the weary cattle till they bellowed with fear. It seemed they would overturn the wagons in their terror, and Mr. Oatman and Lorenzo, the fourteen-year-old son, sat up all night trying to quiet the poor, faithful creatures that had brought them so far.

It was terrible above all that had yet befallen them. The babe in Mrs. Oatman's arms wailed pitifully, and the other children crept with their mother into one of the wagons, where they huddled together, shivering with cold and silent with fear. Before the long night was over, Mr. Oatman's courage broke down, and, leaning against one of his trembling oxen, he gave way to tears.

The storm spent itself before sunrise, and with all possible haste the family resumed their journey. The road was particularly difficult, and at a point where the trail led up a steep bluff to a small rocky plain they were compelled to unload the wagons and proceed by hitching all the cattle to one wagon and so take them up one at a time. They carried up much of the goods on their backs, and it was after noon before they were ready to go on.

All the while Mrs. Oatman and the children had watched the hills in all directions with keen anxiety. At last she gave a sigh of relief and said: "Thank God, we are so far on the road safely! There seems to be no danger—no one is in sight." Even as she spoke Olive, the second daughter, called to her father that the Indians were coming, pointing down the road behind, where several moving black objects were to be seen.

Mr. Oatman assured his family that the objects were not Indians, and that, if they were, there was nothing to fear. Yet it was apparent to them all that he was very much alarmed and retained his self-control with the utmost difficulty. He made no effort to resist the Indians, or to prevent their entering the camp when they approached, and at no time attempted to defend himself or his family.

The Indians, about fifteen in number, were armed only with clubs, rude knives, and a few bows and arrows. They were surly and insolent from the first, and demanded food and tobacco. Mr. Oatman was afraid to refuse, although he explained to them that his own family were in need of all the food they had, and that he had sent a messenger to ask help from Fort Yuma.

The Indians withdrew a short distance and entered into a discussion. Mr. Oatman continued loading the wagons and yoking the cattle for the afternoon's journey. All members of the family except the youngest rendered what assistance they could, and the party were scattered around the two wagons when the Indians started toward them yelling and brandishing their clubs.

Mr. Oatman was felled at once. Mrs. Oatman was clubbed and the babe in her arms was killed with a lance thrust. The largest boy, Lorenzo, was hastily clubbed and thrown over a ledge of rock at the edge of the little mesa. The seventeen-year-old daughter, Lucy, fell beside the wagon where she was trying to protect the smaller children, and it will never be known what whim of a moment led the Indians to take two of the younger girls, Olive Ann and Mary Ann, prisoners instead of killing them there with the rest of the party.

Probably the fear that help might arrive from Yuma led to the haste with which the Indians rifled the wagons of the food and such light articles as took their fancy and hurried away, driving the cattle and the two girls before them. This haste saved the life of Lorenzo Oatman, and led to the recovery of Olive five years later.

The Indians travelled rapidly till late at night, and started on again at daybreak. They purposely chose the driest and most difficult route to discourage pursuers and to avoid meeting other war-parties. One such war-party they did meet, and the girls barely

escaped death from the angry leader who wrangled with their captors as to the folly and danger of holding white prisoners.

The second night, being in safer country, the Indians killed one of the cattle and feasted on its flesh, toasting it in strips before the fire and baking great chunks wrapped in the hide. The next day they reached the home ranchería, and the poor captives, tired and footsore from the long march and stunned by the awful fate of their parents and their own probable future, were turned over to the women and children to experience a cruelty before which the previous days of travel were nothing.

After her release Olive could never speak of this night and the days that followed, when she and her sister begged the Indians in vain to kill them and be done with it. The first year was one of extreme misery; the girls planned often for escape and even tried to save such food as they could from their scant supply for flight when the chance should offer; but all thought of such an attempt was abandoned as Mary grew weaker.

Very slowly the white girls passed from toys of savage cruelty to drudges for the entire ranchería, beaten, as Olive says in the story written after her release, if they were seen to stand idle a moment. Thy brought wood, tended the fires, gathered grass-seeds in the conical baskets of woven bear-grass, and toiled with the squaws in the big mescal-bakings.

Their food was for the most part gathered in the hills, the nomad tribe wandering wherever cactus fruits, grass-seeds, or edible roots might be found. There were times of plenty, with game and mesquite beans, and horses and mules brought in from plundered wagon-trains and eaten—as like as not raw and without salt. Worms, grasshoppers, crickets, lizards, insects and small rodents were sought and eaten in time of scarcity; but the favorite food was meat boiled to a mush in a clay “tusquin” or pot and thickened with any available seeds.

The desolate desert foot-hills in which the band roamed furnished scant and uncertain food; the Indians were themselves more often than not near to starving and their captives had barely enough to keep them alive. From time to time other Indians, the Mojaves from the Colorado river, came into the camp to trade and the girls heard rumors that they were to be sold. They talked together with pathetic hopefulness that some such chance might send them into kinder hands where food was more plentiful.

After something more than a year with their captors, they were traded to the Mojaves, and with their new owners made the journey on foot to the Mojave village on the Colorado river above Bill Williams' Fort. Here they found the Indians living in huts that

were comfortable in comparison to the brush shelters of their former owners; a good stream of water flowed through the little valley, and along its banks small fields were cultivated.

The white girls entered the village with something of hope, which was in a sense justified; for their new owners raised small quantities of grain and melons, and mesquite trees were fairly abundant in the valley and their beans formed the main food-supply of the tribe. Though still the common slaves and drudges of the tribe, the girls received less physical abuse than when with the Apaches, and found two real friends in the wife and daughter of the chief. They were given a very small piece of ground, and wheat, corn, and melon-seeds with which to plant it for their own use.

The Mojaves, like the mountain tribes, were improvident. They feasted and fattened in times of rain and consequent plenty, and starved miserably in years of drouth. There was little game in their country, and their chief food was a mush made of mesquite beans ground to a coarse meal and boiled in water. The grinding of this meal was a constant task of the captives; they were sent daily to gather grass-seeds and edible roots, and whatever fruits or berries might be found; but their food was doled out in the most scanty portions, and they were always hungry.

Several times during the first year they were accused of intending to escape, and one day two medicine-men came to the chief's house and tattooed the captives with a mark, or "ki-e-chook," by which they might be recognized in such case. It was not the mark worn by the Mojave women, though similar. It was made by pricking the skin along the chin and out from the mouth with a very sharp stick till it bled freely. The stick was then dipped into the juice of a weed that grew on the banks of the river and then in the powder of a blue stone that was to be found at low water in some parts of the stream-bed, and which was burned and pulverized, thereby turning nearly black. This fine powder was pricked into the wounds and left an indelible mark, blue-black in color and very disfiguring, which Olive bore to the day of her death. The process of marking was quite painful, and the girls saw it repeated upon other captives later.

Their first year among the Mojaves was in some ways the easiest of their captivity, and Olive pathetically records how the scant patches of grain reminded them of their Illinois home and the fields their father had planted.

The second year the drouth returned, and the poor children, starving themselves, were forced to travel for miles through the foot-hills bearing the "chiechuck," the rude burden-basket, and

gathering grass-seeds and beans of the palo verde, mesquite, and iron-wood for their hungry masters.

Many of the Indians died and Mary Ann became too weak to follow Olive in search of food. The elder sister wandered for days through the hills, hunting birds' eggs and roots to sustain the dying child. She has told how the Indians gathered to listen as Mary in her last hours tried to sing the songs they had been taught at home.

This sad music touched the heart of a Mojave woman, the wife of the chief, who had already shown some kindness to the captives. The Mojaves burn their dead in rude pyres of dry wood, but Olive longed to bury her sister. At the request of his wife the chief permitted a grave to be made in the tiny plot of ground which the white girls had cultivated, and gave Olive a blanket in which to wrap her sister's body.

After the burial the same woman brought food to Olive, grinding part of her own scant hoard of seed-corn to make a soup for the starving, grief-stricken girl. This she did with the utmost stealth, for her own relatives were starving and dying.

In a short time Olive grew strong enough to gather seeds in the hills, and so managed to live till spring. Her chief food was the small bulb of a sort of wild hyacinth, still gathered and eaten by the Indians, and some of these dried bulbs she kept long after her release.

The third year the Colorado river overflowed abundantly, irrigating the fields of corn and melons and causing the mesquite trees to bear an extra crop of beans. Much food was harvested, and in the late fall the Mojaves planned a big feast in a little valley to the north, where they were joined by other bands from all along the river.

Olive was ordered to help the squaws carry the camp belongings to the feasting-place, and assist them in cooking the piles of food which would be eaten during the three days of sport. She went with great reluctance; these feasts were times of the most unrestrained indulgence and were dreaded by the squaws as well as the captives. An intoxicating drink was made by fermenting corn and mesquite-bean meal in water with various roots, and rude dances and much gambling filled the intervals of eating and drinking.

Almost immediately after coming to the Mojaves the captive girls saw signs of contact with the white people. Some of the women wore scraps of calico and red flannel, the latter being especially prized, and beads and cotton handkerchiefs were now and then brought in by the men. Olive tried to learn where these

things came from, but was warned that if she asked questions she would be killed.

Captives were sometimes brought in by war-parties, and from a Mexican woman Olive learned that there were a small number of white people far down the river. If she had any thought of escape it was given up when she witnessed the burning of a Cocopah woman, a captive who tried to get away and was retaken. She was warned often that this would be her own fate if she tried to run away.

The Mojaves were joined in the big feast by representatives of the various river tribes, including some Yumas from near Fort Yuma. In the gambling one of the Yumas won some horses from a member of the band to which Olive was captive, and came over to the encampment to get his property. There was more or less wrangling about the payment, and he was offered Olive and the Mexican woman in place of the horses. He refused to take them and rode away with the horses, but this seemingly trifling incident put in motion a chain of events leading back to that blood-stained mesa above the Gila river and destined at last to restore both captives to their friends.

When Lorenzo Oatman recovered from the stunning blow which left him unconscious for hours at the foot of the cliff where the Apaches flung him in their haste, he crawled painfully back to the little flat to find the dead and mutilated bodies of his parents and of all his brothers and sisters except Olive and Mary Ann, whom he dimly remembered struggling in the grasp of two Indians.

Though terribly wounded, Lorenzo crawled around the wagons till he found some scraps of bread and a little brown sugar, which he ate. He then started to walk and crawl as best he might back to Maricopa Wells. He was in a delirium of pain from his wounds and fear of prowling Indians, and when he stopped to rest the coyotes came so near that he was afraid to sleep, but kept waving one hand to keep them off.

He had gotten into the desert near Gila Bend when he saw Indians coming toward him. He tried to hide in the grease-wood, but they saw him, and, coming up, recognized him as one of the party from Maricopa Wells. They were friendly Maricopas; they gave the boy food and water and rode on to the little mesa to verify his story. Returning, they took him back to Maricopa Wells, where he found the Wilders and Kelleys with their oxen yoked ready to continue the journey to Yuma.

Three days later, lying on a bed in one of the wagons, Lorenzo Oatman started back over that desolate road. At the little mesa, since known as Oatman's Flat, the emigrants stopped to bury the

torn bodies of their former friends in one shallow grave. A year later the Bartlett expedition passed the spot and reburied the scattered bones of the unfortunate family. The mesa was still strewn with such of their goods as the Indians had not chosen to take away; the wagons had been partly burned and trunks and chests broken open and their contents littered about.

At Fort Yuma Lorenzo was kindly received and remained in the hospital for two months. He begged help from the commander, Major Heintzelman, to trace and retake his sisters; but the force of troops available was small and the massacre had taken place on Mexican soil, so the commander held that he had no authority to punish the offenders. He sent out a small number of men under Captain Davis, but they did little more than heap a higher mound of stones over the bodies of the emigrants.

In the physician at Fort Yuma, Dr. Hewit, and in Henry Grinnell, the post carpenter, Lorenzo Oatman found two unfailing friends. Dr. Hewit cared for the wounded boy, and with Grinnell gave him money and urged him to go on to his father's relatives in California. Henry Grinnell was a nephew of that Grinnell who sent rescue-parties in search of Sir John Franklin; the pathetic fate of the captive girls aroused his keenest sympathy, and he assured Lorenzo that he would never abandon the search for them till they were found.

In California, Lorenzo tried repeatedly to get help to send out a searching party; but, though his story was heard with the utmost sympathy, no one believed that the girls had been kept alive; or that, if they had, they could have survived months of captivity. Yet at Yuma Grinnell had quietly taken up a search almost as hopeless as that for brave Sir John, in a land almost as baffling as the ice floes of the North.

With one purpose always in view, he made friends with as many Indians as possible and encouraged them to come freely to his cabin in the outskirts of Fort Yuma. He attached to himself one warm friend and invaluable assistant, a Yuma Indian named Antonio Francisco. It was through Antonio that he first got trace of the captives. The Yuma who returned from the big feast up the river, boasted of his winnings and told of the women that had been offered to him in place of the horses.

In a flash Grinnell seized upon this incident, and through Antonio followed it up till he knew what band held the captives and where they were living. He knew that the rescue must proceed with the utmost caution, for one false move might send the women to some distant tribe or to a violent death.

It was decided that gambling was the safest cover, and Antonio

offered to win the women if the necessary goods were furnished him.

Mr. Grinnell bought two horses, and the post commander, Colonel Martin Burke, gave beads, trinkets and blankets. He had little faith in Antonio Francisco or any other Indian and felt none of Mr. Grinnell's hopefulness, though he gave Antonio a letter to Olive, if he should find her, and authorized him to demand her release in the name of the United States.

At parting Antonio asked two months' time in which to bring in the captives. As the weeks slipped by, and no word came from him, Mr. Grinnell was both blamed and laughed at for trusting an Indian. Late one evening, near the end of the time set, a Yuma boy brought word that Antonio was within six miles of the post, but the women were tired and could not walk farther, and he wished also some clothes for them, as they were dressed only in skirts of cottonwood bark.

Horses and clothing were sent in haste, and the whole post waited the arrival of the party with excitement. There was great disappointment when Antonio rode in with two squaws whose dark faces were heavily tattooed. In Olive's case the doubt was quickly settled by her blue eyes and brown hair, which, though rough and sun-burned and worn in Indian fashion, was still that of a white woman.

The poor captives were taken to the homes of kind people at the post, and the Mexican woman was later sent to her people. Olive did not recognize anyone till her brother came from California, when she took a pathetic interest in talking with him of their childhood and of the tragedy which left them alone in the world.

Of her release, she told that the Yuma came into the camp of her owners and gambled and made friends with them. They thought for a while that he had killed some white men and gotten the beads and blankets. He gave Olive Colonel Burke's letter and she had much trouble to read it after five years in which she had not seen a written word.

Antonio urged the Mojaves to give up the captives, and at last got them to hold a council to decide. He made an eloquent plea for their release and threatened the Mojaves with severe punishment at the hands of the troops at Fort Yuma if they refused. From a distance Olive listened to the discussion, scarcely daring to hope for release. When ordered to go with the Yuma she dared not show any gladness for fear her owners would change their minds merely to see her disappointment.

She felt really grieved at parting with the kind wife of the chief and at leaving the grave of her sister. Before letting her go the Mojaves took from her all the bits of red flannel and calico she had and the strings of beads which had been given her for singing to them. She brought away only a few of the wild hyacinth roots, which she concealed in her bark skirt and kept for years after.

For many years it was not known what Indians killed the Oatman family and captured Olive and Mary. The Tonto Apaches, an offshoot of the Apache tribe nicknamed "Tontos," or fools, were suspected, and long after one of the men who participated told the whole story to Al Sieber, General Crook's chief of scouts.

The long captivity and slavery of Olive Oatman ended in March, 1856. With her brother she went to California and on to her relatives in Oregon. Returning to California, the brother and sister spent six months in school in the Santa Clara valley. A clergyman, the Rev. R. B. Stratton, became interested in them and published the story of their lives and of Olive's captivity and rescue. The book had a large sale, above thirty thousand copies, and the money from it was used for the further education of the two orphans.

In March, 1858, Olive went by steamer to New York with Mr. Stratton and his family. Her father had relatives near Rochester, with whom she lived. She attended school in Albany for some time and later lectured on the habits and customs of the Indians and her captivity. While lecturing she met John B. Fairchild, and they were married in Rochester in November, 1865.

She removed with her husband to Michigan, where they lived for seven years and from there went to the town of Sherman, Texas, where she died in March, 1903. The later life of Olive Oatman was as quiet and peaceful as her girlhood was tragic. In her beautiful home, guarded by her devoted husband, she gave herself up to many noble charities, especially the care of orphan children. One of these, an adopted daughter, nursed her tenderly in her last illness of a year.

Olive Oatman carried to the end the girlish look of the rude little engraving published in the story of her life as written by Mr. Stratton. She was quiet and reserved; the great suffering of her early life set her apart from the world, but she was a noble, helpful woman, always first to aid the sick and poor, and especially children in need. She was a woman of much intelligence and strength of character, and even as a girl must have been able to meet difficulties with rare courage.

Born in 1837 she was fourteen at the time her family met their sad fate, and she was herself taken into slavery such as few have survived. She was a woman of twenty when she returned to civilization and took up her education from books and schools. The sadness of her early experiences never quite lifted, as the blue-black tattooed mark of the Mojave captive never left her face, but to the end her long life was useful and unselfish, and she is kept in loving memory in the town which was her home for more than thirty years.

Some years ago it was rumored that she had died in an insane asylum in New York, and Bancroft records, without endorsing, the story.

She was never insane, nor did she live in New York after 1865. Hundreds of people yet live who knew her during her long residence in Texas, and can bear witness to her clearness of mind and nobility of character.

Dewey, Arizona.

THE MYSTERY OF MIRANDA

By GERTRUDE DIX.



MISS EDDYSTONE knocked briskly but reverentially at the study door of her friend, Miss Forsitt, and then went in, shutting it carefully behind her.

"We have a new arrival, Virginia," she announced, with something of that air of mystery and importance with which the monthly nurse makes known the advent of a little stranger. Miss Forsitt carefully finished the sentence she was writing, to the last period, before she looked up.

"Do you mean that you have found some one to share the apartment?" she asked in her severely accurate manner. "Not musical, I hope?"

"No, not musical. Literary," returned Miss Eddystone in triumph. "After my lecture at the club last week, Miss Arden—that is her name—asked Mrs. Baker to introduce her to me. She is suffering from want of success and will-power, and asked me if I could treat her case. I suggested that she should take our spare room so as to be continually under my influence, and she's only too glad to do this, as she is tired of boarding-houses. I did not tell you till negotiations were complete, as you are so busy. Will you come and see her?"

"I will see her at lunch," returned Miss Forsitt, with unswerving determination to finish her allotted task, and she took up her pen and, even before her Christian Scientific friend had left the room, continued her novel on "The Eternal Womanly." Ten minutes before lunch she was duly introduced to Miss Arden, who, seated at the desk in the sitting-room, had covered several sheets of manuscript since her arrival. Something in her slender grace and pure transparent color suggested a strange flower from far away, and although Miss Forsitt's style was too uncompromisingly prosaic to allow her to formulate so fanciful a thought, it prompted a question as to how long Miss Arden had been in New York.

"Barely two months," returned the girl. "I came from California, where I was living on a ranch."

"And you did not find Western ranch-life at all conducive to literature, did you?" asked Miss Eddystone.

"No; the country is very distracting." The tones of the supple voice seemed to imply a fascination in distraction.

"Do not look back," said her mentor, who had already begun the treatment. "You are living in the present. Take warning by the parable of Lot's wife. *You* feel the same about the country, don't you, Virginia?"

"I do, indeed," returned Miss Forsitt. "The profoundest quiet

is in the heart of a great city. There is so much noise in the country. And then one's relations—" she went on tentatively, with a glance at the stranger's black dress.

"I have none," said Miss Arden, with a faint sigh.

"You are fortunate. Relations are the greatest of all obstacles to work. But you were not living alone?"

"Oh, no. I lived with a friend who owned the ranch."

"And she was of no use to you at all," said Miss Eddystone, dismissing the friend with decision.

"She was not sympathetic," said Miss Arden, gently. "She made it hard for me to work. It was always the open air—riding, hunting, fishing—anything but the complete quiet I wanted."

"A regular athletic type, entirely on the physical plane!" exclaimed Miss Forsitt, scornfully.

"I am a slow worker," Miss Arden went on. "Sometimes it takes me a whole day to write a single page. Sometimes I completely destroy the result of months of work, and it always costs me a great effort."

"Like Henry James and myself," murmured Miss Forsitt with encouragement.

"Well, Randy—Miranda, I mean," she corrected herself, with a blush, no doubt for the vulgar diminutive, "could never understand. She said it was a waste of life. She could not leave me alone. She was a continual temptation—a merry, whistling, singing Temptation, striding in and out of the house."

"And you see Temptation still, sometimes," said Miss Eddystone reprovingly. "I can now understand why your coming to New York has not been a success. You have allowed yourself to be haunted by this person, who evidently had some influence over you. But you have only to put her resolutely out of your mind, and with my treatment and the contagion of Miss Forsitt's industry, you will be astonished at your own improvement."

"I think I shall," returned the girl. "I have done more since I came this morning than in a whole week at the boarding-house."

"I am not surprised," returned Miss Eddystone. "Other people have noticed the bracing quality of our atmosphere. Don't forget, however, when you are working, to leave off and tell yourself you are perfect success for ten minutes every hour."

There were now three industrious workers in the convenient little apartment in East Seventy-fourth street, and under the influence of its strenuous atmosphere Margaret Arden slowly but steadily produced stories and poems. To get them accepted by the magazine editors was another matter, and just at this important point the treatment broke down. Miss Eddystone adjured her to

use her personal magnetism, even assisting her in the choice of a toilet designed to soften the most stony editorial heart. She prepared her patient for interviews by elaborate treatments for success, and even escorted her to the doors of the editorial rooms that up to the last moment she might whisper the shibboleths of her faith in her ears. But failure after failure began to pall upon her. She suspected that the magnetism with which she charged her till she ought to have been a perfect battery of positiveness, so to speak, was simply so much dissipated force. She feared that Margaret, as soon as she was out of her sight, quite forgot her directions as to breathing deep and slow and looking the enemy firmly and fixedly between the eyes. She confided her doubts to her friend. Miss Forsitt, however, put her finger on another weak spot. She believed her to be guilty of thinking and dreaming, when steady quill-driving should have filled her every moment. At last the crisis came. After a week in which every mail brought a new addition to the pile of rejected manuscripts that accumulated in a chilling snow-drift on her desk, Margaret declared her intention of relinquishing the struggle. Her resolve was received with a stony silence. Miss Eddystone controlled a start of surprise so admirably that she continued to pour out the morning coffee without looking up. Miss Forsitt broke a piece of crisp toast with an "I told you so" snap.

"I am sorry," said Margaret, "to be a disappointment, but I feel it would be a waste of time to continue the treatment. At present there is no disguising the fact that I am a failure."

"Failure!" exclaimed Miss Eddystone. "Can you still soil your lips with such a word? You are a *Success*. In a few more weeks I will demonstrate it to you. You may not feel it yet, but it is bursting like a bud within you; isn't it, Virginia?"

"Certainly," assented Miss Forsitt, without conviction. "But if she would sit down before a blank wall as I do, and never allow herself to be tempted to meditate on the roof, every line she wrote would have a selling quality."

"But I don't feel like success," said Margaret. Her face had lost its pretty bloom, her eyes were ringed with dark circles, and an ordinary observer might well have believed that she had been gazing at a blank wall too long already. "I don't feel successful at all."

"I will tell you why," said Miss Eddystone. "Your case is a peculiar one and has given me *so* much trouble, simply because there is a counter-irritation set up. Unconsciously you are still under the influence of that person out West."

"How can that be, when I don't get any letters?"

"It could be explained, I have no doubt, by the laws of psychic phenomena, and I am sure that I can overcome—"

"Miss Eddystone," interrupted Miss Forsitt, "if you will take my advice, you will not waste time. It is Lot's wife over again. I feel sure she is determined to go back."

"Is this true?" asked Miss Eddystone in horror. "After all I have done, will you actually return to that person on the ranch?"

"Yes," replied Margaret. "I am going back, for I feel that if I went on making an effort, like Mrs. Dombey I might die of it."

"Die!" exclaimed Miss Eddystone, with a snort of scorn; "there is no death, there is no—" but she stopped short, restrained by a look in Margaret's eyes. "I won't argue with you," she went on coldly. "I see only too plainly you are not worth while. I give you up. I wash my hands of you from this hour."

"And I give you up, too," said Miss Forsitt, rising to follow her friend who had marched to the door. "I believed you had literary ability. I was on the point of proposing to you to collaborate in my novel on the Domestic Servant Problem, but as it is, I suppose you prefer washing dishes on a ranch. Margaret Arden, I am deeply disappointed in you."

She shut the door sharply behind her, and Margaret, left alone, emptied out the contents of a salt-cellar upon the table-cloth and wrote in it, "Remember Lot's wife," before she rose to prepare for her journey. Once having formed her resolution, she acted with an unexpected swiftness, and soon the little apartment knew her no more. For some time, it is true, Miss Eddystone held her up to her other patients as a terrible example of what might happen if they did not wholly yield themselves to her influence; and Miss Forsitt worked her into her novel as a type of criminal weakness.

Two years went by, and then a strange thing happened. Literary New York and Boston were deeply stirred at the appearance of a new star in the literary firmament. The name of Margaret Arden was the signature to a series of short stories of the Sierras, so original and fresh that they seemed to open an entirely new and undiscovered page of human life. Profound astonishment invaded the prim apartment in East Seventy-fourth street. The lost reputation of Margaret was rehabilitated instantly, and the few remaining pages of her rejected manuscripts were rescued from the waste-paper basket and treasured as visible evidence of her sojourn in their midst. They even found time to send her their warm congratulations, saying that although the sun of her genius had appeared to sink in the Golden West, they for their part had never doubted but that it would rise to gladden the world again. In reply Margaret wrote no less gracefully, with the assurance that

she owed the turning-point in her career to *them*; that their example had influenced her to return to California with an entire change of mental attitude. This letter filled them with triumph, and also with curiosity. They wished to comprehend how their methods had taken effect on "that surprising child," as they now designated their former "failure." Finally, as Miss Eddystone had an uncle who possessed a flourishing orange-grove at Riverside, they determined to go and see him and to pay a visit to the new genius on their way.

But truly a prophet hath no honor in his own country!

When they at last stopped off at the insignificant hamlet of Linden, Eldorado County, the station-master solemnly assured them that no Miss Arden was known to him. Possibly the post-master might know the name, but he had gone to his mother's funeral and would not return till late the next day. Inquiry at the hotel failed to reveal the whereabouts of any two ladies living on a ranch, though it was true that Mrs. Jones had once enjoyed the services of a hired girl, named Miranda, who was now in Mexico. It was plain to the friends that Margaret, with the retiring disposition of true genius, had buried herself even from these rustics, and it was equally plain that it was their duty to unearth her. Accordingly, on the next day they set out to make a tour of the surrounding ranches.

The day was glorious; the air delicious and exhilarating, but to these two ladies, more used to street-cars than even to the sidewalks of New York, the rough mountain-roads that led from ranch to ranch were full of tribulation and hardships. Soon in their thin foot-gear they suffered like that pilgrim to our Lady of Loretto who had *not* boiled the peas in his shoes. Moreover, their search was terribly disheartening, although at each ranch at which they made inquiries for two young maiden ladies living together hopes were held out to them that further on So-and-so or So-and-so *might* be taking boarders that summer. But even where boarders were found, lounging on the porch of an old farm-house, no Margaret and no Miranda were among their company. At last, utterly baffled, they turned toward their hotel again. But the tragedy of their day was to come. Mistaking a creek for a road, they lost their way completely in the heart of a wild cañon. Tired, faint, and hungry, they struggled on, fearful lest night should overtake them in this fierce defile, peopled, in their imagination, by prowling mountain-lions and wild-cats. At length, however, to their great relief, the frowning walls that hemmed them in grew less rugged, and unexpectedly widened out on either side into a pleasant little flat surrounded by gentle, grassy slopes; most wonderful of all,

there was a house—no rough farm-house of the kind they had met with throughout their wanderings, but a peaceful dwelling, with its feet in a terraced garden. It looked kindly toward them, and from its open windows waved a unanimous flutter of white curtains like a beckoning of hands. Oaks clustered lovingly about its walls; inviting paths wound upward to its doors. After the savage wildness of the mountains, these gardens seemed a veritable Eden. But where was Adam, and where was Eve? Murmuring the blessed word, "Civilization!" they looked in vain for any sign of life more human than the waving of the curtains. Smoothing their crumpled shirt-waists and pluming their disordered locks, they passed through a painted gate. Flowers showed their lovely faces, but there were no other signs of welcome. Reaching airy porches, they peeped into a cool, matted hall. They knocked—something in the atmosphere of the place made their knocks very gentle. And with voices hushed to whispers by the profound quiet, they turned after fruitless waiting to seek another entrance. The turn of an angle brought them face to face with a trellis, covered with roses and wisteria, and from behind this screen came an indescribably soft sound like, yet unlike, the cooing of a dove. With one consent, they bent forward and peered through the leaves.

Within, against the lattice of an open porch, covered with flowering vines, like the rich backgrounds of Venetian painters, sat a woman—the little, shadowy, delicate woman they had known, grown ampler, rosier, warmer—Margaret Arden, with a babe in the lap of her many-folded gown. And as the babe cooed, she cooed also, and the radiance and content on her tender face seemed summed up in the soft wise, foolish sound. And then, as though she perforce must share her happiness, she called softly, "Randy, Randy, come here."

Miranda! The mystery was to be solved at last! A chair was pushed back inside the house; there were vigorous footsteps, too vigorous to belong to the most athletic girl who ever existed—and lo! upon the porch, a tall man with commanding shoulders. As he bent over the mother and the babe—strong and powerful and kind—Life completed the Madonna picture as Art has never yet been able to do.

"Look! Randolph!" said Margaret. "See his dear little toes try to catch hold of my fingers! He never did that before."

"Isn't he a wonder!" returned Randolph, with enthusiasm. "The best thing that could possibly have happened to us—better than all the novels and stories in the world."

Margaret buried her face among tiny hands and tip-tilted toes.

"You darling little thing—ah-goo, ah-goo."

"Ah-goo, ah-goo," responded the baby, with a perfect proficiency in that language of babes and sucklings which the Scriptures say is perfect praise. When Randolph also added his voice to the chorus, it was too much for the amazed spectators. Miss Eddystone plucked Miss Forsitt by the sleeve, and, red with indignation, they retraced their steps, and hastened from the house as swiftly as their exhausted condition would allow. Out of earshot, and behind the shelter of some manzanita bushes, they sank upon a mound.

"Miranda!" exclaimed Miss Eddystone. "How shamefully she deceived us!"

"Cora," said Miss Forsitt, solemnly, "she was married to him all the time."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Eddystone. "Why, of course. 'Fond of the open air—whistling, singing about the house!' How we *were* taken in, and how my treatment was thrown away upon her."

"Well, she paid you," said Miss Forsitt, snappishly. "What is to be done now?"

"She doesn't deserve that we should go and see her," answered her friend.

"I disagree with you. I think she does deserve it."

Miss Eddystone comprehended. "Yes," she agreed, "she was always over-sensitive. She will be utterly humiliated by the exposure."

"Besides, after having come so far—we certainly must have something to eat," said Miss Forsitt.

Comforted by this thought, they once more sought admittance at the wide-open door.

"Knock louder," said Miss Forsitt, as the sound of Miss Eddystone's feeble summons fell upon her ears. And she herself knocked, a knock suppliant from sheer exhaustion. Schooled by tribulation, they had a meek, almost abject look.

Light footsteps crossed the matted floor, and there stood Margaret, beaming at sight of them.

"You dear things!" she cried, extending a hand to each in the freest and most unembarrassed manner. "So you've come to see me all that way. Come right in. You're just in time for supper. But first I'll introduce you to my husband, Randolph Burton, and our last production—he's the cunningest, sweetest thing you ever saw."

And this she proceeded to do without the shadow of a blush. Wiemar, Placer Co., Cal.

UNDER THE MEDUSA CACTUS

By MARY H. COATES



MISS ACKERS stood directly in front of the mirror, yet her eyes were unconsciously trying to cover two views, or rather, they were making a vain effort to perform time-saving, double service of guiding the hair brush in smoothing down stray grayish locks, and at the same moment looking out the window and down the sunny slope, to read the clock of shadows under the cactus and palo verde.

"It's quite a little after noon already," she said, turning at last to Panquita, the little Mexican who was serving in the two-fold capacity of housemaid and companion during her winter stay in the desert. "I must hurry right away! And, Pankeety, you're to stay at home in this tent-house till I come back from town," looking trustfully at her little maid. "You understand?"

"Yeth," affably answered Panquita—not in the least understanding.

Panquita's knowledge of the English language was limited to a few severely-abbreviated, ready-made sentences; and Miss Ackers knew not a word of Panquita's mother-tongue. But linguistic deficiencies troubled the mistress very little, and the maid not at all. Gesture and facial expression are resources ever available—potently so—when, as in this case, they fraternize with an understanding of kindly intentions.

Miss Ackers finally tied on her bonnet and started toward the door. Panquita, alertly watching every movement of her austere-looking but really kind mistress, waiting for some sort of "You-may-go-with-me" sign—Panquita lifted her shoulders significantly.

"What's the matter? Oh, you want to go, too! Well, you can't; not today. I've got business to tend to, and can't be hampered by havin' to keep track of you. Wait—yes, you can. What's the sense in my havin' you for company if I don't use you? You can help with the bundles, too. Run and put on your white apron." Miss Ackers repeated her directions in vigorous pantomime.

Half way along the path which connected the tent village with the city's suburbs, stood the "Medusa Cactus," a tall, straight stem, topped with numerous snake-like twisted branches. Under the Medusa was a rustic seat.

Miss Ackers sat down. "Here, Pankeety, hold these letters and my purse while I put my gloves on—well! You'll have to pick 'em up; my fingers are all thumbs." She smiled grimly.

Panquita smiled too, a delicious want-to-please-you smile.

"Oh, you can grin now; but sometime you'll get old, and maybe have rheumatic fingers," observed her mistress portentously.

To Panquita, a serious expression was almost always associated with the negative. She shook her head accordingly.

"You mean 'yes,' Panekety," corrected her mistress. "And I'm not complainin'. I'm a mite thankful. If it hadn't been for these onery hands, and the doctor's sayin' 'Change of climate, or your finger'll be pot-hooks,' I'd never got this chance to see the desert." She spread her hands out in a lively but awkward gesture.

Panquita saw only an exhibition of invalid fingers.

"No good." Voice and face expressed sympathetic interest.

"Oh, middlin' good." Miss Ackers sniffed slightly. "They must have been to have gethered that lot of cactuses." Then she looked away to the desert range. "My! Ain't the mountains blue! I never saw the beat. If I was a poet I'd be singin' of their different blue colors—pale blue, sky blue, china blue, violet, and just plain blue, but *so* blue."

"Yeth!" Panquita nodded delightedly. Hers always had been those enchanting peaks.

"They're like the mountains at home, kind of," mused Miss Ackers, as they walked along. "If there was scrub-oak foothills and a green valley and along here was white houses with gablerooofs and vine porches, and around 'em orchards and hayfields, with men singin'—Jim always did sing, plow or harvest—oh!" She caught her breath, and looked sharply at Panquita.

"No!" Panquita replied promptly. Her mistress' face had gone very sober.

"Well, Pankeety, you hit it right for once! 'No' is the word. I've no privilege to think of Jim. But it's curious how I've got him in my thoughts today—me, 'way off here! Gave him the mitten twenty-five years ago; or, to get down to facts, the shoe was on the other foot. After that—that ride, he deliberately went off and courted Malvina Evans." She disgustedly unhooked her skirt from a mesquite branch reaching obtrusively over the path.

"No like it?" Panquita inquired, eyeing the cat-claw branch.

"No, I didn't. And afterwards, well, with so many at home needin' me, I had to think of other things—about as many as that old Medusy is twisted—and about as thorny," said she, slightly mixing her figures.

Miss Ackers entered the post-office, turned to the boxes, and, opening one, took out a letter.

"Why, Pankeety, it's not mine!" said she, studying the address. "It's in care of box 73—where is that—oh, right under mine. There's a mistake. And—'James B. Harker,'" she read. "Why, it's Jim's full name! Jim!" she repeated, in an awed whisper. "Jim out here! I wonder where in town he's stayin'? I wish I could see him. Suppose I send a note—I believe I'll risk it—there's paper and envelope in my bag. Pankeety, you wait. I've got a letter to write," as she went over to the public desk.

"I'll say it was in the wrong box, and won't you come out and visit me. 'Your family,' I'll say. Malvina Evans shan't have a chance to say that I recollect—nothin'!" she confided to Panquita, who stood obediently at her elbow. "Let's see. My tent is kind of small and cluttered up. Why not tomorrow afternoon up under the Medusy."

Miss Ackers went about town transacting business in a tumult of absent-mindedness. All the afternoon the world seemed to her to be wavering in a haze and yet acutely unreal; the desert's sunshine, the splendor of sky, the amethyst and azure of the range, were but a topsy-turvy phantasm.

When they reached the hill-path the sun had gone behind the rimming mountains, and the peaks loomed velvety purple and prophetically near and real. Suddenly Miss Ackers' fantastically speculative thoughts shifted to the commonplace everyday objective.

"Forever! What if it's his son!" she gasped, as she fumblingly opened the tent door in the dusk. "I never once thought of that. More likely it's strangers—maybe high-toned tourist folks. Come in, Pankeety—quick!" She closed the door with a decisive bang.

The next afternoon when Miss Ackers was dressing, preparatory to keeping the tryst, she became extremely nervous.

"I declare, yesterday while I was writin' for 'em to come to the Medusy, I thought 'twould be' most like a home picnic; but now the time's come, I'm scared as a witch!" she confessed to watchful, wondering Panquita. "I'm goin' to take a peep out first." With shaking fingers she unclosed the door an inch. "Why, there's a man under the Medusy now! He's oldish, and a bit round-shouldered. I'm goin' straight out and talk to him—it'll help out to have someone else there when they come. Where's my bonnet?"

Panquita saw the man under the cactus; and she noticed that he seemed to be waiting for someone. She also took in the fact that her mistress had seen him, and was now in a state of excitement—her facial expression said, pleased excitement. It was very extraordinary, Panquita thought, but could it be that the man was Miss Ackers' friend? She hoped so. She decided to ask.

"Amigo?" she queried, naively stressing the second syllable, as she gave the vowel its Spanish "e" sound.

"Me go? Why, yes, you can go if you want to," replied Miss Ackers, regarding her pensively a moment, "but, Pankeety, you mustn't say it that way! 'Me go' ain't the right grammar. You ought to say, 'May I go?' Now run and change this," touching the little maid's calico apron.

Panquita's eyes danced. Miss Ackers had nodded "yes." The man was her friend. She turned one long appreciative look upon her middle-aged and usually staid, but now tremblingly, expectantly agitated mistress, and then scramblingly hastened to put on her white apron.

When they came near the man under the cactus Miss Ackers suddenly pushed back her bonnet. "It's Jim," she cried.

"And Ellen," the man answered, taking her outstretched hands.

"Is it really you?" she questioned, incredulously. "Oh, Jim, I'm so glad!"

"So am I—the gladdest ever! I thought I recognized your hand-

write, but I wasn't sure. Cricky! but it's lucky I stopped off at this town to visit Dalton a couple of weeks."

"When'd you come?" Then she withdrew her hands in a guilty start of remembrance. "Where's your wife? Did she come, too?"

"My wife!"

"Yes. Malvina Evans, that was."

"Malvina Ev—oh, I see! Why, that never came to anything."

She stared at him without speaking. Then she said, "I didn't know. I moved off up to brother's about that time, and didn't hear."

"Why, Ellen, we quarreled and agreed to play quit before we got anywhere near the proposin' act," he explained. "I thought you heard all about it," he said, and slowly added, "heard and—didn't care."

"Did you?" Ellen looked away to the blue mountains. Oh, those long years, she thought, and all the while he had supposed she knew—and didn't care.

"They're like the mountains at home, don't you think?" asked he, in an effort to break the awkward silence.

"Yes, but they're lots cheerfuller," she said. "They haven't memories like the ones at home." Then she spoke passionately, with a rush of vivid recollections. "I couldn't forget if I lived ten thousand years. The last ride you and I took was up the mountain road. The next day—it happened. Harvey Williams came over from Porterville to see father; it was important papers to be signed, and father was away at the Corners, so I had to ride clear there with Harvey."

"Father—business papers?" he broke in. "Gee-whilikins! Was that how it come about—that long ride? And I, with my whipper-snapper high temper, I got on my ear about it; and played the game of go-riding-with-somebody-else. I took Malvina out. If ever a fellow was sorry—" He looked at her keenly and asked: "And you never married?"

"No, I never married."

"Nor I. If I had known! But Ellen, it's no use to go back over that. If you say—will you?" speaking eagerly, "if you say, we'll start over again, right here under this old cactus tree!" He leaned forward; his face came into the sunlight. "Now?" he asked.

"Jim! Oh—why, I believe we're back—really!" holding out her hands again. "Do you know when I first saw you here I thought you looked oldish; but it's all faded out!"

"Just what I was thinking of you, Ellen! Say, turn your head sideways a little. It's there!—that big, brown, buss-freckle—remember? Yes, it's the same as ever!"

"My goodness, Jim! Pankeety's lookin'! What'll she think?"

"Don't care what she thinks," glancing at the astonished, grinning little maid. "I know what she'll be pretty soon. Give you just one hour to fix her up for a bridesmaid at a weddin'!"

"Amigo—si!" delightedly averred Panquita, looking from one happy face to the other.

"You bet!" emphatically agreed he, reaching one hand to her, sliding the other around Ellen's waist. "Come on! Me go see parson."

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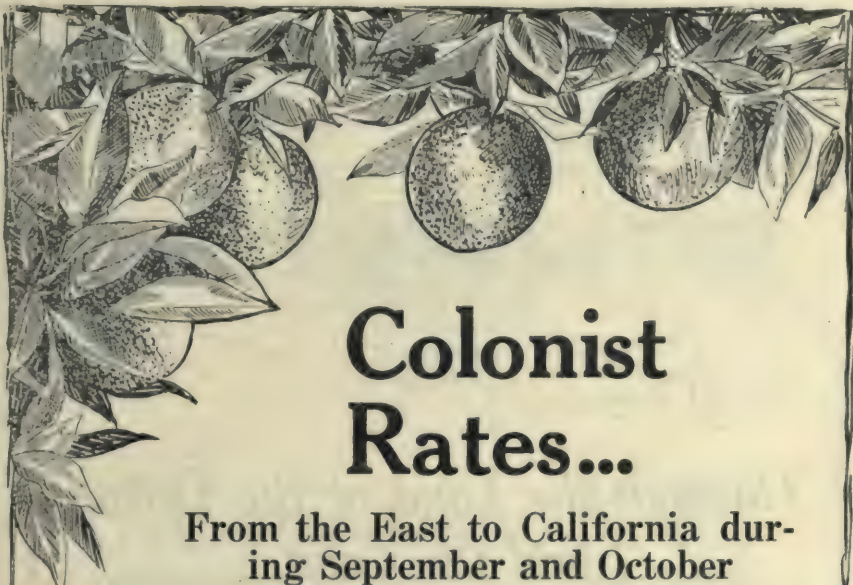
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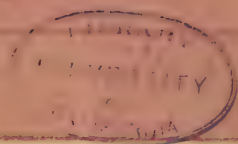


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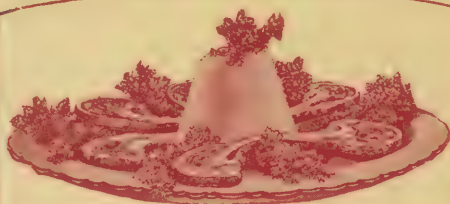
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A Magazine of the Old Pacific and the New

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"THROUGH ANCIENT PORTALS TO ENCHANTED LANDSCAPES"
The So called Gran Quivira (observe carving on lintel)

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THE ARTISTS' PARADISE—III

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



E BEGINS to be forgotten now; in the avalanche of books one had better not read. But the judicious will remember him. As he was one of the first American travelers competent to write of what he saw, so to this day he remains at least Among the First. Amid the multitude of books (such as they are) about travel (such as it is) multiplied by the ease of going and the ease of printing—it is doubtful if any one yet has surpassed that ripe and wholesome traveler, Bayard Taylor. He was Fit to travel. He had the mental baggage for anywhere. He had also the capacity to "declare" in the custom-house of thought the thing he brought back with him. There was nothing spectacular about him; no playing to an audience; no striving for sensation. He carried with him enough real education to absorb the Larger Fact wherever he went. He had that ripe tolerance which comes partly by temperament and largely by knowledge. For these reasons, perhaps, he is nowadays a little old-fashioned—in his time it took longer to get anywhere, and much longer to get a hearing.

It is half a century since this first American traveler studied California. He was the first student to take that philosophic view which is the foundation of prophecy. The world was writing of California in those days—and many able pens were enlisted. But Taylor was the most literary, the most detached, the broadest—and therefore the most prophetic. Here is a little of what he said—after summing up the obvious facts in a way which shows that he was far more profound than even his best contemporaries:

"The influence of the climate has already made its impressions on the character of the people. . . . The children of California are certainly a great improvement on those born among us. . . . Strong-limbed, red-blooded, graceful, and as full of happy animal life as young fawns. . . . For myself . . . in wandering through the land . . . I could not but feel that Nature must be false to her promise, or man is not the splendid creature he



A'QUERES MAIDEN

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A CALIFORNIA BOY OF 21

once was, if the art and literature and philosophy of ancient Greece are not one day rivaled on this last of inhabited shores."

"The result, I hope, will be as favorable to their moral as it undoubtedly will be to their physical nature. If this should be so . . . there will at last be a *happy* American-born race."

This applies to the whole Southwest. California is the cream, but the Southwest is, beyond question, the theater in which for the first time an English-speaking race has opportunity to repeat the glories of classic days—the art, the music, the literature and the life of ancient Greece and Palestiné and Italy. Every scholarly traveler who has searched this land has felt more or less of this great truth;

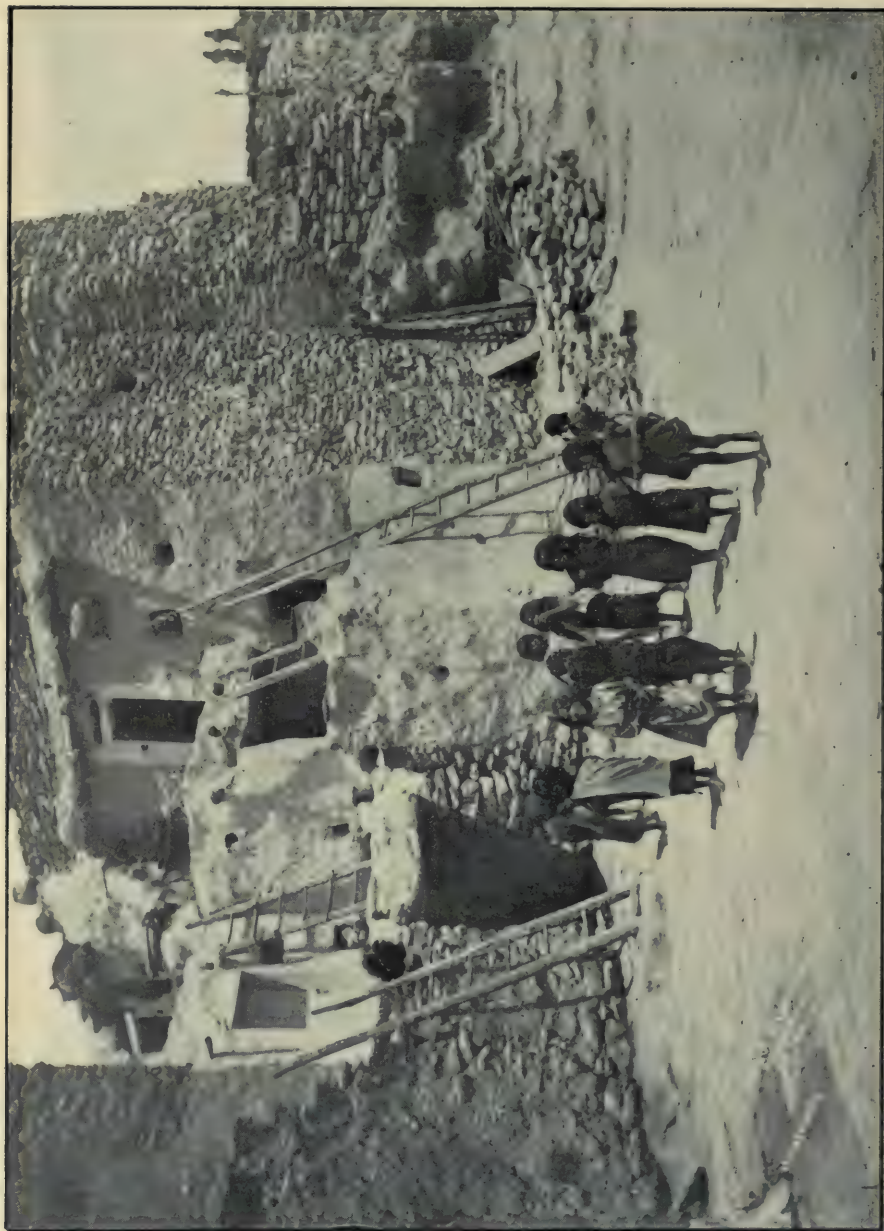


EVEN SINCE THE GRINGO CAME, THERE REMAIN THE OLD DANCES



AMONG THE GREY ADOBES—DANCING IN THE RAIN

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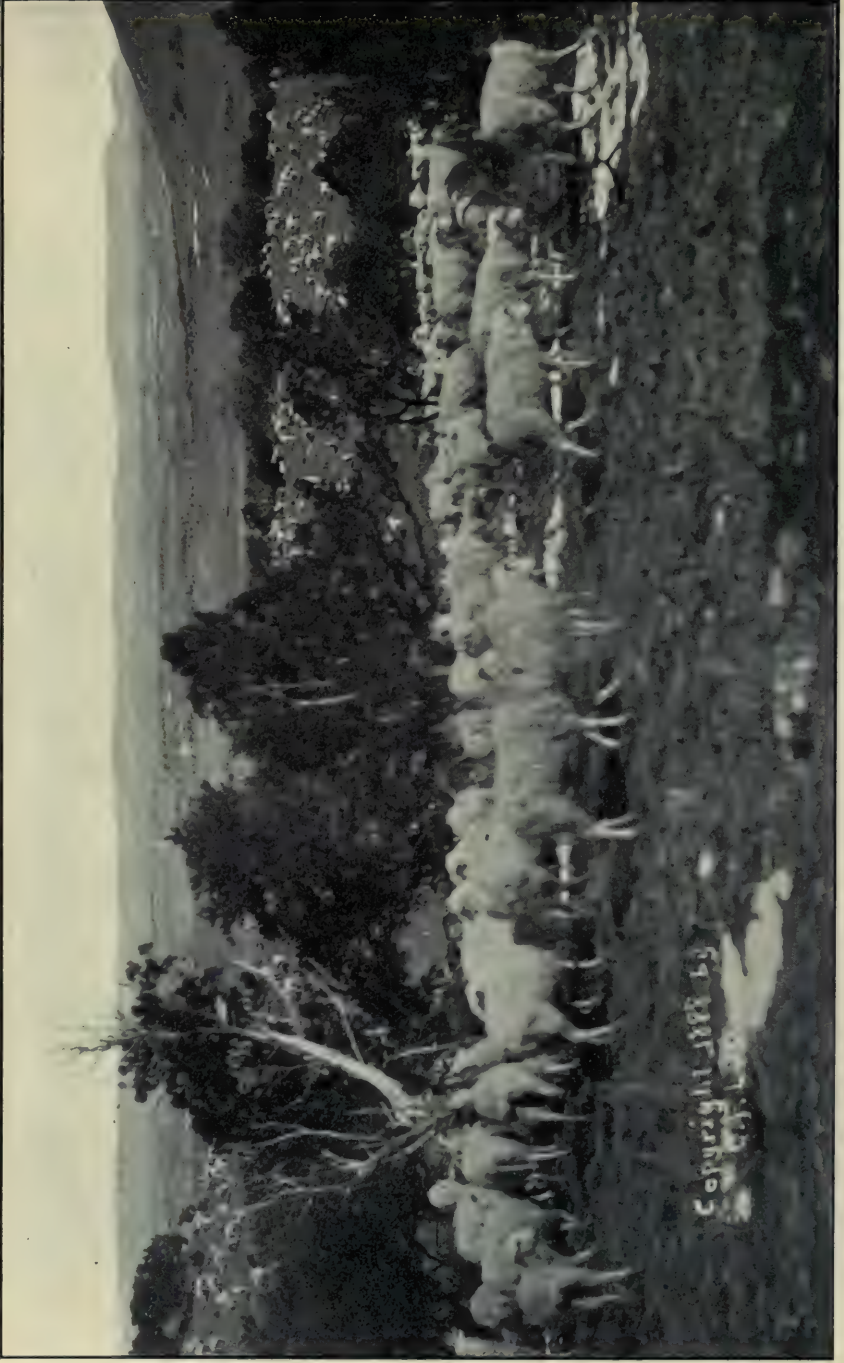
AMONG THE "CHILDREN OF PEACE." IN A MOQUI VILLAGE

Photo by Sanders

has more or less been stirred by the artistic riches of this region, by the literary suggestiveness of it, and by its marvelous promise to the race in the mere way of living. On the latter point, the testimony is strongest—for the potentialities in this line are more obvious. In climate, in orography, in coast line, there is a marvelous resemblance here to the climes which have cradled the world's greatest art, its greatest religion; its greatest literature; its highest of physical and intellectual development. It was not an accident that Greece established the record for all time. That modern Greece has not the same influence upon the world's life, art and thought, is due not to climatic or geographical changes, but to the political submerging of Greece. For certain reasons, other lands have outstripped in the world's activities this birthplace of the lasting standards. But the attraction of gravitation is still true. Environment of a certain kind works on the human raw-material despite our modern sophistication. People nowadays are less easy to be shaped by the lathe of evolution than simpler humans; but that lathe still turns, and forever shall; and all that comes upon it shall be shaped more or less "according." It is extremely easy for us, nowadays, to look on art as a sickly or at least as a semi-invalid profession. We look with a certain suspicion upon an artist of heroic mould and serene health. It seems much more reasonable to find him rather anæmic, pallid and nervously hypertrophied. But we all know, who have a vestige of common sense, that this "doesn't go with the job." If anyone *ought* to be healthy and sane, it should be the artist—for here is a human expression of the best that we can see in life; and the best that we can see is not the hospital with dyspepsia nor nervous prostration. Here, in its various forms, is the expression of the Joy of Life. Art is not only to picture, but to increase, that joy. It is not a sickly counterfeit of a morbid dream of what might have been; but a vivid and stimulating reflection of what ought to be, and has been, and what shall be again. It is not merely a record—it is an inspiration.

The very basis of any vital Art is good health. Artists and the artistic may persist for generations, even for centuries, under some social upas, or in the cellar, or under any other unfavorable condition. But real Art in its permanence goes with life, and life goes with fresh air, and sunshine, and flowers, and the enjoyment of all of them.

If there is a place on the earth where the old Greek Joy of Living might come back to life—and shall come back to life—it is in the Southwest. The skies, the mountains, the sea; the outdoors, the freedom of nature, are all ours. And the example of those before us, proves that these things are available still. It might be pardonable in any other people to live the foolish dolly life; but it is abso-



THE SHEEP ON A THOUSAND HILLS



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SPINNING IN THE SUN—A TIGUA CLOTHO



DANCING THE CUNA (CRADLE-WALTZ) AT AN OLD CALIFORNIA RANCHO
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A TIGUA COUNCILLOR

lutely not gospel for folks that dwell in a land which for so many historic centuries, and for so many centuries before history began, was full of decent and reasonable joy—and a land which is still so ripe to make us happy and strong if we will let it.

The million square miles of the Southwest was as happy a country as the sun ever shone on. The same country, the same skies are here. Our children are getting, on the average, to a physical perfection we never dreamed of. They have an average of health, of size, of weight, of freedom from disease, absolutely strange to any other English-speaking community. It is not only an easy prophecy—it is a prophecy that must surely come true—that in time California and the Southwest shall develop a breed of Americans who shall

realize Bayard Taylor's dream of being "happy though American." If they are happy because well, and well and happy enough to learn from their environment, his other dream as to the development of an art and literature to rival that standard which the world still follows, and has never bettered, will also come true.

Those who remember the Southwest of a quarter of a century ago—and the good times of it; the hospitality, the gentleness, the simpler fun;" the broad humanity of it—might easily be discouraged at the way it is apparently distraised nowadays by civilization—from-elsewhere. But the God who made Greece and California is stronger than the fashions, or the strangers; and He has common sense, and is more persistent than He sometimes looks to be. Though



AMONG THE PREHISTORIC CAVE-HOMES CARVED
FROM CREAMY TUFFA

it often seems easier to be a paper doll, it is *not* easier in the long run. Just as the children of the slums are still children, so grown humans, even in civilization, will go back to humanity whenever they have a chance. The Southwest is the chance.

This is not straying from the text of the Artist's Paradise. We shall have to live if we are going to have Art. The more happily we live, the better art we shall have, in proportion to our abilities. Happiness lies largely in ourselves, for the near generation—but in the house of heredity we must have some countenance of our eyesight. Even a sane climate, with nothing to look at, cannot in the long procession of time breed artists. They need something to look at.

But God has been good to the Southwest. He built it to make



GREY RUINS FAR UP IN THE FACE OF CLIFFS

well people—and to keep them interested. Likewise, no doubt, to interest every one, whether well or not. And this is proved not only by the landscapes, which have no peer; not only by the meteorology, which has few comparisons known to human experience—but by the ancient humans who have been at school long enough to prove to more favored pupils what the conditions really mean.

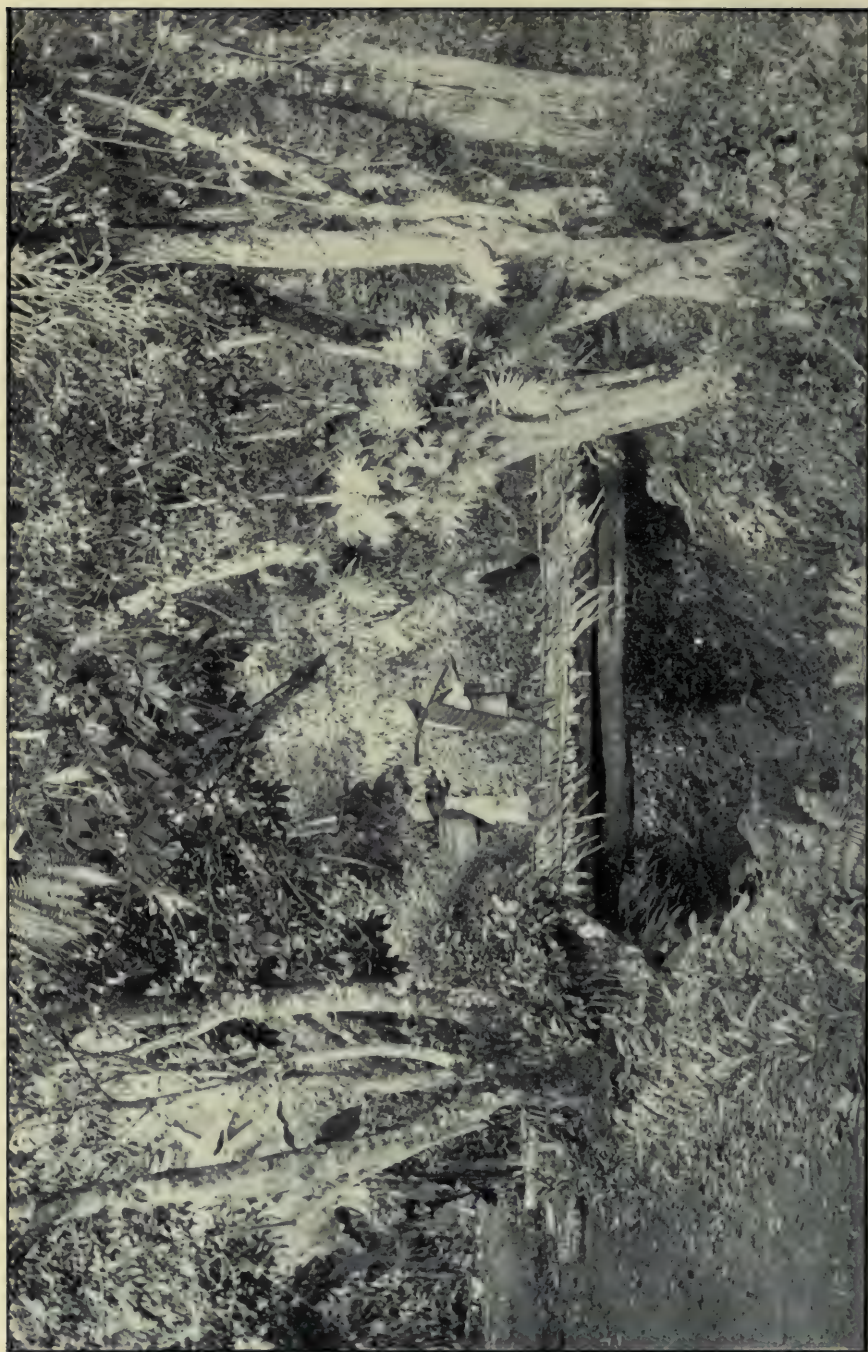
And the lesson goes so far back! It is not merely of the races we see to-day, and might learn from more than we do—but far into the antiquities, the gospel runs; obvious and inevitable if you pursue it. Here are scores of peoples—distinct ethnically, and often not only distinct, but hostile—all enjoying life after a fashion which is a Lesson. There are the visible impressive monuments of their predecessors for a thousand years—and while we know less of them than science would like; while their linguistic descent is still a matter of quarrel, we do know by their very monuments that they enjoyed life. The gray ruins that dot a million square miles are eloquent of successful lives. There is not a millionaire recorded among them. But no one can study these immemorial ruins without seeing at the very first flush that these people knew what they were living for, and how to get it—and that they *did* get it. Whether it be the wonderful cave-dwellings of Cochiti; or the castellated ruins of those historic first Americans that built six-story stone towns in the face of the cliff; or their descendants whose adobe buildings are the most artistic now occupied in America (because most germane to the soil, from which they were dug); or any other of the monuments of the life that was good in America before Columbus was born; or the monuments of the first European invasion—and those who think that “America has no ruins” might safely be let off not with the one-thousand-year works of the Cliff-Dwellers, but with the noble architecture that remains to us, built by Caucasians 1500 miles inland by the time the first permanent English colony was founded in the western half of the world—all fulfilled their function.

There has never been anything in all the world's history like the Southwest—for everything that ever was or ever shall be in the world's history is represented here. Here is the most American experiment—and here the greatest American antiquity. When you are tired of studying a state which is “doing the American trick” faster than any other ever did it, you can go forth and study what was doing before there was a city in America—and few studies are more stimulating, and few more calculated to make us humble. The ingenuities of the first Americans are study enough for a life time. But it is no less impressive to look through ancient portals to enchanted landscapes, and realize what Europeans were doing over here, three centuries ago. Perhaps most impressive of all, is to observe how bravely some people still manage to live in this wonderful area. It is just as well not to think at the same time how little attention is paid to these things by those that should first be awake to them. Hundreds of times I have ridden through that thousand-mile wonder-panorama of the Santa Fé across New Mexico and Arizona, but it is still fresh and beautiful and ever with something new. And nothing is so strange as to see sleek, prosperous travelers, with faces that look intelligent, draw down their Pullman blinds lest they see something of this magic wayside, and bury their minds in the stale dust of a novel.



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A CRUCIFIXION OF THE PENITENTES



IN THE TIERRA CALIENTE

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

XI.

A Misunderstanding.



IN THE *tierra caliente* the oranges were ripening on the bough, and the red berries of the coffee-tree gleamed like jewels and the bright green foliage. Here swung in the shadow of sail-like leaves the great, purple flower-buds of the banana—harbingers of a future harvest; and here the pomegranate turned its glowing cheek to the sun.

A fussy little engine, with a train of cars in tow, ran shrieking on its course, past sunny slopes checkered with patches of banana plants set thickly as protection to tender young coffee-trees; past stretches of uncleared land wooded with laurel, mangrove, magnolia, myrtle and palm; and through forests rich in mahogany, rosewood, ebony, cedar and oak. The magnificent growths were swathed in blossoming vines, and from every branch depended orchids of gorgeous hues and varied forms.

At intervals the engine stopped, with a cough and a wheeze, at some little settlement—a score of native huts, a *fonda* and the general supply store, nestling in the shadow of the forest. During one of these stops, while the engine was taking water, Aunt Zenia accompanied by Doctor Bolton alighted from the train for a brief constitutional. The professor and Mr. Cook—who had been weighed and found worthy of admittance to the Lost City Syndicate—engaged in a heated discussion as to the relative merits of hardtack and cake-chocolate on long journeys remote from the source of supplies, were oblivious to their surroundings.

"Look at the parrot on the ridge-pole," Zitella suddenly cried, to Polly. "Isn't this scene just too theatrically palm-y and picturesque for anything?"

"It takes me back to geography days," said Polly. "There were a palm and a parrot on the thirtieth page. I always thought they should have been mentioned in the list of Mexican products."

The train, after the manner of Mexican trains, started without warning.

"That's the second hair-breadth escape I've had!" gasped Aunt Zenia, as Doctor Bolton dragged her into the car.

"It will be the last," said Polly, laughing, "for we get off at the next stopping place."

It was two o'clock when the party left the train at the way station, where they were met by Angel Jiminez.

"I place my house and all it contains at your disposal," he said,

bowing low before the ladies. "My house," he naïvely continued, "is in Mexico City."

"So that's the chap who followed us about," said Aunt Zenia to Polly. "I had never had a real good look at him before. I wonder what he would think if he knew that I had taken him for a government spy, bent on preventing John from making archaeological investigations. You were a neighbor of ours in Mexico City, I believe," she added, turning to Angel.

The eyes of the Señor Jiminez were as a babe's for innocence.

"You have a friend of yours, it may be, who is much resemble to me," he suggested. "You think you remember you—how you say it in English?—the friend when you see me? No?"

"Where's Peter—er—Mr. Yeere?" Zitella questioned, her glance wandering past Angel Jiminez to the waiting mozos, who had brought in the saddle horses for the party.

"Peter!" burst simultaneously from Aunt Zenia, Polly, the professor, Doctor Bolton and Mr. Cook.

"And Mr. Weston?" Zitella further questioned.

"Mr. Weston!" chanted the Greek Chorus.

"They would have come to welcome their so-kind friends, but already there are no more horse," Angel explained.

"Just my luck!" grumbled the professor. "I might have known that Weston would have the ground-plans and specifications of the mound, and that he would be on the spot when I arrived."

They mounted and set out on their ten-mile ride. A short distance below the station they left the road for a bridle path; and the forest, dim, cool, closed about them.

Polly, her heart in a tumult at the thought of the approaching meeting with Lowell Weston, had no eyes for the beauty of flickering leaf-shadows, of garlanding vines, of gorgeous colors and cloying tropical odors. She was wondering how Lowell would greet her, and what she should say; and then, like a cloud between her and anticipated happiness, came remembrance. He did not know that she was free!

"Look at that cheeky Mexican!" Mr. Cook was saying to the professor.

The Señor Jiminez was occupied in the making of a cigarette, which he rolled with a dexterous thumb and forefinger. He rode well within range of the smiles of pretty Zitella; and the eyes that had cast many a languishing glance in Polly's direction never left Miss Cook's dimpling face. By the jauntiness of his attitude—elbows out, and *sombrero* rakishly aslant—it was patent that Don Angel was plumed afresh for conquest.

"Not for my daughter," Mr. Cook stated. "It's got to be an

American, and good, straight American, if I sign a will in their favor and say, 'God bless you, my children!'"

"You couldn't do better than Weston," the professor recommended, having an eye, doubtless, to the removal of his rival from the archaeological field.

Aunt Zenia and Doctor Bolton for obvious reasons kept to the rear of the procession. The doctor, firmly grasping the pommel of the high saddle, assumed an ease which he did not feel.

"Did I understand you to say that you had traveled in Mexico?" Aunt Zenia asked.



ANGEL JIMINEZ

"Yes," Doctor Bolton replied. "I'm p-pretty well acquainted with the c-c-c- with the coast."

"What impressed you most on your former visit to the country?" Aunt Zenia pursued, with a view to making conversation.

"The f-f-leas, flowers, f-fruits and the f-f-f- the facilities for b-bathing," the doctor set forth.

"Ah, fine public baths, I presume," Aunt Zenia hazarded.

"A p-p-p- a public bath!" the doctor sputtered. No! It w-was t-two kerosene c-c-cans, and my traveling companion and I p-poured the w-w-water over each other. The Guatemala t-t-trip will be as b-barren of c-c-c- of comforts—you must realize t-that."

"Polly and I had no intention of accompanying the professor beyond Frontera."

"You are a w-woman of s-sense," said the doctor, "and b-being such, would not c-court dangers, n-nor unnecessarily hamper t-t-the movements of t-t-the expedition. My m-m-m- my mind is greatly relieved."

It was dusk when the party reached the ranch house. Mr. Jones welcomed them in booming tones that could be heard in the *peones'* quarters, a half mile away.

The professor immediately demanded to know all about the mound, and the earliest possible moment that it could be seen;



A NATIVE SETTLEMENT

and the host informed him that Mr. Weston already had arranged a trip for the following morning.

The mound was the chief topic of conversation at the supper table. Mr. Jones related the strange mishap that had befallen a *peon* on the *hacienda*. In a spirit of bravado he had struck the figure surmounting the mound with a crow-bar.

"Got paralysis in th' right arm," he concluded, "an' every workman on th' place b'lieves th' god did it to him."

Weston looked at Polly with eyes that seemed to say:

"What have these things to do with *us*?" But Polly shyly avoided his glance.

Peter sent a smile to Zitella.

"Come into the garden, Maud," he said in an undertone. "There's going to be a moon."

Early in the morning the horses were brought to the door.

"I want to ride at the head of the procession," cried Aunt Zenia.

With the help of their host and the doctor she was seated upon the high Mexican saddle. Polly and the host reined their mounts alongside, and followed by the others swept down the road. When they reached the *peones'* quarters, Mr. Jones ordered a man to precede them and clear a road through the underbrush with his *machete*.... This was necessary, as their way lay across fields, har-



"NESTLING IN THE SHADOW"

vested of their crop of corn, but already covered with a wild growth. Into the bush rode Pedro; and leaning over his saddle-bow he slashed right and left at the creepers that bound shrub to shrub, tree to tree in a network of green.

The party soon arrived at the mound, and Pedro was dispatched to a neighboring field to summon the men who were working there.

"Now, if this 'ere should turn out to be a reg'lar gold mine," said the old man, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I'm to have a share on't, remember."

But the professor, oblivious to his host's pleasantries, was work-



THE PEONES' QUARTERS

ing his way through the tall grass and underbrush to get a better view of the figure on the mound.

It sat on its rude pyramid of stones as if the centuries that had come and gone since the granite block was hewn into shape were but days—no line of the grotesque carving blurred, nothing marred save the right arm of the god, which had been wantonly shattered by the crow-bar in the hand of the *peon*.

The professor was in a fever of excitement. What secrets did this strange figure, with the seal of eternal silence upon its lips, guard so faithfully?

"Tell the men to come up and begin work here," he called to the group below.

But the men, who had appeared armed with various implements of labor, hung back. There was a parley, Angel acting as spokesman; and then Mr. Jones slowly climbed the steep ascent to the mound.

"It's jes' this way," he began, awkwardly; "th' men won't touch th' mound on no account, neither fer bribes or threats. I s'pose I could stand over 'em with a shotgun, but you see, th' coffee-pickin' season has commenced, an' if they're made to tackle a job they're jes' nachally *afraid* to tackle, there'll be th' devil to pay an' I can't get a stroke of work out of 'em for weeks, like's not. Now, I'm ready to do anythin' on earth to oblige you all—anythin' within reason, that is. You see how 'twould be yourself—the beggars sulk in 'round, an' my coffee crop goin' to wrack an' ruin. Couldn't you content yourselves with a good look at his nibs, up here, an' let it go at that?"

"Why should they be afraid to explore the mound?" Weston asked.

"Well," apologetically, "th' feller that has a paralyzed arm is down thar 'mongst th' men, an' they haven't fergot what happened to *him*!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" shrilled Aunt Zenia. "Give me a pickaxe. I don't intend to leave this spot until I know what is inside the mound."

The host returned to the group waiting below. There was further parley, which Weston, in his impatience, suddenly interrupted:

"What is all the fuss about?" he questioned of Angel.

"I will explanation myself—" Angel began. But the old man waved his step-son aside.

"It can't be done. Th' men'll neither get in an' dig, or let us dig."

Weston caught up a pickaxe with a derisive laugh; but before he could advance a step he was hemmed in by a circle of scowling *peones*.

"Looks as if I'd put my foot in it," he observed to Peter, addressing him over the head of the nearest *peon*!

Polly's face went white and her hands trembled.

"You'd better take it out again," Peter advised.

Angel interposed, and with a volley of imprecations scattered the circle that surrounded Weston, and drove the sullen *peones* back.

"*Vayanse á todos los demonios, sin-verguenzas!*" he shouted, laying about him vigorously with his riding whip.

The "shameless ones" did not immediately obey his commands to



THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOUGH

"go to all the devils." They withdrew a short distance, and stood with lowering faces, watching the party.

"What's to be done now?" asked Weston.

The professor graciously made a virtue of necessity.

"I don't see as there is anything to do but to go back to the house and have lunch," he gave out.

The host's face cleared.

"Come down sometime when th' coffe-pickin' season is over, an' we'll get at th' insides o' th' stun pile 'er know th' reason why," he said with great cordiality, as they left the scene of their defeat.

Aunt Zenia, the professor and Weston rode back together. They were deep in conversation when they reached the ranch-house.

"The trip is no walk-over," Weston was saying. "When you hit the trail—if you conclude to go—you'll find there are mountains to be crossed and streams to be forded. You spend days in the saddle, and days in an Indian dug-out. The cockroaches, fleas, *rodedores* and other pests of the *tierra caliente* eat you alive, and—"

"The revolutionists are up and doing," Weston warned.

"I received a letter just before I left the City of Mexico," said



COFFEE DRYING IN THE SUN

the professor, apropos of nothing in particular. "The Standford Expedition—they were organizing when I was in Kalamazoo—sails from New York for Egypt next month."

"And you wish to join it? Confess, John, that you do. You will give up this other wild scheme—you must not risk your valuable life."

Weston was holding the door open for Aunt Zenia and the professor to pass through. On the threshold the professor turned, and—let it recorded as the savant's sole departure from ways sedate—delivered himself of a portentous wink.

At the rear of the ranch-house ran a little *rio* that came dancing down from the hills. Water-beech and eucalypti drooped above the washing stones where, on certain dedicated days, the family linen was cleansed. Today the place was deserted. After luncheon, Polly, feeling decidedly out of it all as she watched Zitella and Peter disappear in one direction, while Aunt Zenia and Doctor Bolton made off in another, wandered down to the stream and, seating herself on a stone, mused dolefully.

Lowell did not love her—never had loved her. She had been mistaken in thinking otherwise. Perhaps he had forgotten that which her pride bade her, too, forget. Well, she *would* forget. The white teeth bit into the red lower lip, and the tear that trembled on the thick brown lashes was not suffered to fall.

Now, as it transpired, Weston was writing letters in a room which afforded an uninterrupted view of the grounds to the rear.

"I shall of course abandon my trip to Guatemala," he informed his friend, the curator, "as the country is at present in a state of revolution. I shall go back to the City of Mexico and bring to a conclusion my investigation of the location of the *teocalli*. I am confident that I shall be able to prove that the cathedral does not stand on the site of the heathen temple.

"We are told that the soldiers of Cortez were instructed to remove from the natives' sight the appurtenances of their worship; but it by no means follows that they transported that massive monument, stone by stone, any distance. The huge monoliths, the Calendar Stone, the Sacrificial Stone, the *Indio Triste*—"

The pen hung idle in his fingers. A trill of gay laughter floated through the window, and mingled with it there sounded a deeper masculine note.

He pushed the papers—suddenly grown dry and uninteresting—away from him. Out there in the world men *lived*. Out there were light, and laughter, and love. Out there was Pauline—Pauline who was not for him. He had contented himself with crusts, while another, wiser than he, quaffed of the very wine of life.

Weston got up to close the window; he would shut out the laughter, as he fain would shut out memories of what might have been. But his hand was stayed, and into his brooding eyes swift anger flashed.

Under the low-hanging branches of a flowering oleander, hidden from all eyes save his, stood Peter and Zitella. It was Zitella's laugh he had heard, not Polly's.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said Zitella, gazing at the sun-drenched landscape, above which clouds of gold and silver lightly drifted. "Looks like fairyland. I'd be perfectly content to live here forever, 'the world forgetting, by the world—'"

"Let's!" Peter enthusiastically seconded. "When I think how happy I'd be if I had a million," he went on, "I almost—almost wish someone would die off and leave me a pot of money. Do you ever have similar yearnings for the unattainable, Zitella? And what assets have you in the way of rich relatives with a foot or so in the grave?"

"You are quite frank about it," observed Zitella. "Would you like to know how much parent is worth?"

"Heavens! Are you, too, of the Gilded Rich? Well, I don't intend to let a paltry million or so come between me and happiness. Zitella, will you marry me?"

"Peter," said Zitella, standing a-tiptoe the better to adjust the pink oleander blossoms that swung coquettishly from the young gentleman's ears, "I can put up with your red hair and the temper that is sure to go with it; but how any self-respecting girl can allow herself to be known as Mrs. Peter Yeere—"

"Give me a baker's dozen of kisses," commanded the owner of the red hair and the objectionable name. "Nothing less than a baker's dozen, with your arms tight 'round my neck—so! Now! One, two—"

Wild with grief, shame, and hot indignation, Lowell rushed from the room. That this should have come to *her*—Pauline! What should he do—what *could* he do?

With an idea of confronting and denouncing Peter, he made his



AT THE FOUNTAIN

way into the garden; but Fate interposed. A wandering breeze, passing by the washing stones under the water beeches, fluttered a fold of a well-remembered pink gown. Weston covered the ground that lay between with long-legged strides.

"Miss Staines," he said, looking down on a surprised and somewhat disfigured Polly—the tears *would* come after all—"my cousin—Miss Zitella— You must give Peter up. He—he— isn't worthy— Oh, how can I tell you?"

"Has she accepted him?" asked Polly, eagerly. "I hope—I *hope* she isn't playing with him! *Has* she accepted him, Mr. Weston?"

There was room on the stone for one more. Weston, dimly recognizing this, sank limply down beside Polly.

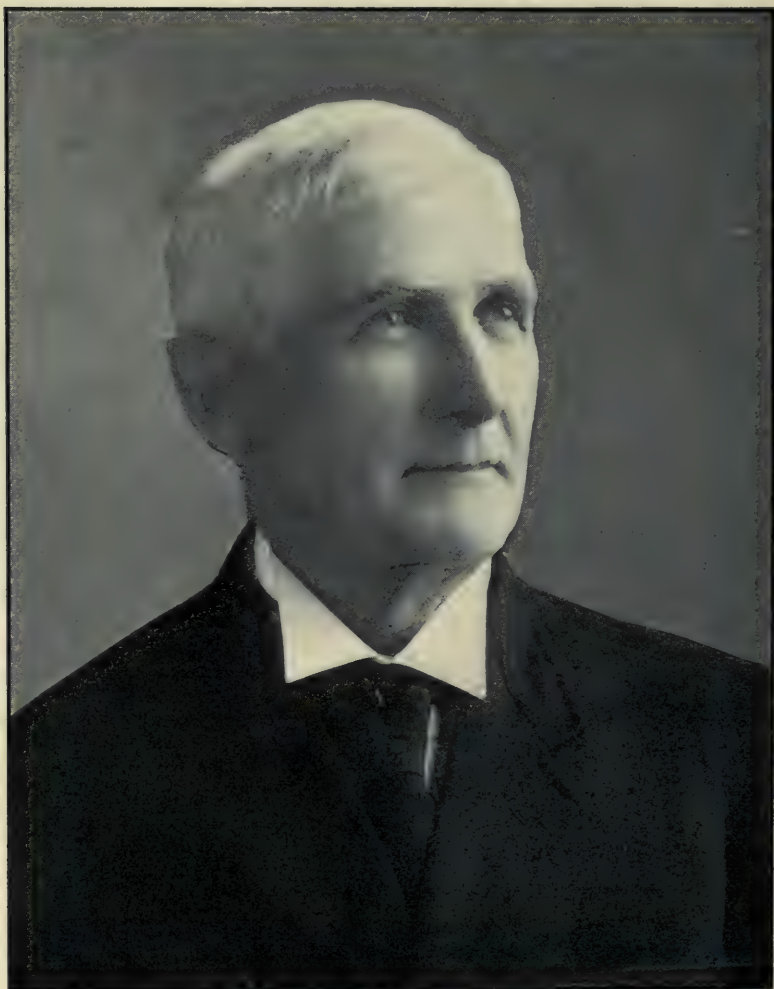
[To be concluded.]

LOGAN BERRIES AND THEIR ORIGINATOR

By VIRGIANIA GARLAND



IF THE millions of persons who season after season enjoy the toothsome lusciousness of the Logan berries (there are three of them—the Logan-berry proper, or Red Blackberry, the Mammoth Blackberry, and the Logan Blackberry), not one in ten thousand could name their origin. They are not to be credited, as is often supposed, to Luther Burbank, nor were they named for General “Black Jack” Logan. Their origin is more interesting from the fact that they are the horticultural triumphs of a man of many interests and successes who turned to his garden for rest and recreation in the midst of the duties of a busy life.



JAMES H. LOGAN

James H. Logan, at that time Judge in the Superior Court of Santa Cruz County, in his botanical nurseries on the heights overlooking the town of Santa Cruz, gathered together trees and shrubs from many lands, including our own native plants, crossed and recrossed, tended and loved, finding in the quiet of his garden that simple vital companionship which fitted him to deal so ably with complex humanity in directness and justice.

Widely as these three berries have been introduced and successful as they have proved, their originator has profited but slightly from them in money—some six hundred dollars, all told—but he has had his ample reward in watching their success and in knowing that by the propagation of these fine fruits he has rendered no slight service to myriads of his fellow beings, living and yet to live. For his unconscious philosophy is not self-seeking—his pleasure in the beautiful luscious fruits is from a humanitarian and artistic point of view, rather than a monetary.

Coming to California in the sixties, the young man struggled with the fierce expedencies of those early days, found his standing among our strong pioneers, turned opportunity to gain, and gain at last into many different channels which aimed to reach and benefit his brother man. Throughout his fine and earnest life he has ever used his labor and his recreation alike to this same good account—re-creating for others.

The little community of Brookdale, in the Santa Cruz mountains is a case in point. Years ago Judge Logan bought the large tract of timber-land upon which this village now stands, built good roads and secured the water-rights of one of the purest streams in California. Instead of stripping the land of its forest, which he might have done with far greater profit to his pocket, he preserved the beautiful woods intact for the pleasure and uplift of those whom he hoped to bring into the little village that was to be. They were not long in coming, quick to see the advantage of such a place, presided over by such a nature-lover. About three hundred have harbored here, and the rugged, kindly Judge is tacitly recognized by them all as the father of the picturesque village.

So we see him bent over his vines on Logan Heights, enjoying the close communion of the soil, resting while he worked, hoping, planning a more satisfactory berry than the world yet knew, not for his own aggrandizement, but because he believed the world needed and would delight in it.

About the beginnings of this big red delicious Logan berry there is much of romance involved, if one can direct his imagination upon the life history of a berry—and why not?—finding in its story some happy conceit, in its fruiting some quickening conception of that interchange which plays through life in its every form.

Here is the offspring of a gipsy bramble—the wild blackberry that trails its blossomy length, deepens its scarlet fruit to full black ripeness, winds its thorny autumn-painted pennons up and down the valleys and cañoned hills of California. The other parent is the Red Antwerp—a large raspberry from Holland, overcultivated (let us say) and tired of its trim rows and all the horticultural conventions hedging it in.

Long before these two vines met with good results, many had tried mating them together, but all effort in that direction had signally failed. The resultant berry had been of no value, acid and meagre, and a good fruiting from a blend of the two vines was universally believed to be impossible. Although Judge Logan never lost the hope of producing a large new hybrid, he too gave up trying to force the wild vine into a union it so plainly disdained, and turned his attention elsewhere, planting the Red Antwerp and the Texas Early blackberry in parallel rows, thinking it likely that these two would mingle.

But across his acres the dark wanderer from the hills was allowed to roam at will in its own free natural way, weaving its matted brambles over hollow and path, flinging its long tendrils over an old stone wall, giving the quiet garden that half-wild charm which all felt who walked there, finding itself at last near the regular rows where the Red Antwerp grew staidly apace.

What possessed these two plants to desire one another so heartily just at this time, after their heretofore forced and indifferent union, will never be known. One may fancy, however, some of the complex instincts which draw or repel all matings as animating the two vines. Perhaps the zest of jealousy—the Texas Early climbed in full view on the other side of the trellis. It may be that the gipsy berry, thus aroused to rivalry, yielded its heart to the bee-bought messages coming from the Red Antwerp, a-weary of its own kin, stirred to each fibril end by the untamed stranger. Who knows? I like to think how they were stimulated by the administering spirit of the garden, who stepped aside so patiently, watching, waiting, knowing himself but a medium in the hands of Nature—and succeeding where so many others, more determined in their assumption, had failed. At any rate, the resultant berry—enormously large, winey red, fragrant and rich, taking its color and foliage-form from the Antwerp, while its compact close-clinging berry was flavored full with the tang of the wilderness—left no doubt of the happy mingling of the two. Nature had brought them together this time, sanctioned their union, where man's fingering had been futile—and their progeny would endure.

There is no magic, as the word is popularly understood of late, in working with natural laws, in re-forming by chance acquiescence

or conscious skill the earth's old, old essays in fresh and infinite variety. The miracle of bloom will come to its fruitage as unceasingly in far jungled wildernesses where no man has ventured as in some modern nursery under the keen eyes, the delicate manipulation, of the scientist.

We are used, as the wind and the heat, the rain and all the winged and wild brotherhood, in vast reflex conception—man building his dreams from the earth, earth working its spells upon man. Is it not the sunshine which often brings two human lovers together—a flower—a swinging bough—the lisp of waves, or the lightning bolt? An old unsolvable necromancy this, in which man but plays his part. To limit, even in a measure, this controlling force into the capacity of a scientific brain is to limit the creative result, cut off the power of his labor, lessen its reach and its supreme significance. And the old earth goes on lavishly producing, with or without our conscious aid. We can but plant a little, tend a little, learn what we may through that real research which is always humble, gainsaying the self-laudatory credit which the uninitiated thrust upon those whose knowledge goes deep and far—leaving the magic and the mystery where it rightfully belongs.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz County.

LOTUS

By MARTHA H. BOLES.

WERE I to cease the turbid stream's ascent
 Where other swimmers jostle; where the drift,
 Cruel to bruise, slides past me, ever swift;
 Where roar the waters; where my strength is spent
 In agonizing effort to prevent
 My sinking 'neath the flood—were I to stay
 Where skies are mirrored in a shallow bay,
 Beloved, it would be because you bent
 In wistful beauty, beckoning from the shore
 To fold me in your dreams forevermore.
 Your tenderness would calm me. I should be
 Drowsed in a strange, sweet, haunting melody,
 The balm and rhythm of quiet. Oh, perfect goal,
 Your love unto my struggle-weary soul! !

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE LITTLE HOUSE OF MARY

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

Throughout the desert region of the Southwest are abandoned mining camps—shafts caved, machinery silent and rusting away, sand drifted in the long-empty cabins. In one such deserted camp a child's playhouse was found beside a great boulder, the little toys and treasures undisturbed through all the years.



THE hoof-worn pack-trails still wind down past barren cliff
and ledge,
And fail and fade like water spilled at the sage-gray
desert's edge;
Lost in the shifting sand-banks, clear where the long
dykes lift
Their rough, brown, sun-burned shoulders out of the wind-blown
drift.

Like scars long healed the weed-grown dumps where the miners plied
their craft;
And the tuna drops its crimson fruit down the mouth of the caving
shaft.

A broken shovel, a worn-out pick; and down in the gulch below
A lean coyote homes her whelps where the stamps beat blow on blow.

Where the tent-camp took its careless way to the rocky cañon's
brink,
The plumed quail leads her covey, and the wild deer come to drink;
But then the mule-bells tinkled, and, proud of her rank and place,
The old white bell-mare took the lead, setting the train its pace.

And close by a gray-ribbed boulder, shading her eyes with her hands,
Watching the ore-trains passing out to the unknown lands,
A little, wistful figure, with dreaming, tender face,
Like a flower from some old-time garden a-bloom in that rugged
place.

Child of the sun-white desert, no other land she knew;
Its cactus clumps were her richest green, its skies were her deepest
blue;
The shy, wild things were her playmates, and under the old cleft
stone
She builded a little kingdom for her and them alone.

And here are her guarded treasures—quaint little shapes of clay,
Fashioned by small brown fingers as she sang at her lonely play;—
But the dust lies thick upon them, and sand-drifts bar the door,
And only a swift green lizard shimmers across the floor.

Like memories worn too deep to lose, the pack-trails still wind down,
 Out past the old gray boulder and the ledges seamed and brown;
 Till here they swerve a hand-width back, where once the rough cross
 stood,
 With a child's brief name and a child's scant years carved in the sun-
 bleached wood.

The cross is fallen and crumbling; but still the wild quails call,
 As if they missed a comrade, through the sage brush thick and tall;
 And where the love-vine tangles and the low wind croons at even,
 The little playhouse waits for her—for "Mary, aged seven."

Dewey, Arizona.

THE ENCHANTED BURRO

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



LELO dropped the point of his heavy irrigating hoe and stood with chin dented upon the rude handle, looking intently to the east. Around his bare ankles the rill from the acéquia eddied a moment and then sucked through the gap in the little ridge of earth which bounded the irrigating bed. The early sun was yellow as gold upon the crags of the mesa—that league-long front of ragged cliffs whose sandstones, black-capped by the lava of the immemorial Year of Fire, here wall the valley of the Rio Grande on the west. Where a spur of the frowning Kúmai runs out is a little bay in the cliffs; and here the outermost fields of Isleta were turning green with spring. The young wheat swayed and whispered to the water, whose scouts stole about amid the stalks, and came back and called their fellows forward, and spread hither and yon, till every green blade was drinking and the tide began to creep up the low boundaries at either side. Up at the sluice-gate a small but eager stream was tumbling from the big, placid ditch, and on it came till it struck the tiny dam which closed the furrow just beyond Lelo, and, turning, stole past him again to join the rest among the wheat. The irrigating bed, twenty feet square, filled and filled, and suddenly the gathered puddle broke down a barrier and came romping into the next bed without so much as saying "By your leave." And here it was not so friendly; for, forgetting that it had come only to bring a drink, it went stampeding about, knocking down the tender blades and half covering them with mud. At sound of this, Lelo seemed suddenly to waken, and lifting with his hoe the few clods which damned the furrow, he dropped them into the first gap, and jumping into the second bed repaired its barrier also with a few strokes. Then he let it in a gentle stream from the furrow.

"*Poco*, and I should have lost a bed," he said to himself, good-naturedly. Blas always took things easy, and I presume that is the reason no one ever called him anything but Lelo—"Slow-poke"—for Indian boys are as given to nicknames as are any others, and the *mote* had stuck to him ever since its invention. He *was* rather slow—this big, powerful boy, with a round, heavy chin and a face less clear-cut than was common in the pueblo. Old Lipe had taken to wife a Navajo captive, and all could see that the boy carried upon his father's strong frame the flatter, more stolid features of his mother's nomad people.

But now the face seemed not quite so heavy; for again he was looking toward the pueblo and bending his head as one who listens for a far whisper. There it came again—a faint, faint air which not one of us could have heard, but to this Indian boy it told of shouts and mingled wails.

"What will be?" cried Lelo, stamping his hoe upon the barrier, and with unwonted fire in his eyes. "For surely I hear the voice of women lamenting, and there are men's shouts as in anger. Something heavy it will be—and perhaps I am needed." Splashing up to the ditch he shut the gate and threw down his hoe, and a moment later was running toward Isleta with the long, heavy, tireless stride that was the jest of the other boys in the rabbit hunt, but left Lelo not so very far behind them after all.

In the pueblo was, indeed, excitement enough. Little knots of the swart people stood here and there, talking earnestly but low; in the broad, flat plaza were many hurrying to and fro; and in the street beyond was a great crowd about a house whence arose the long, wild wails of mourners.

"What is, *tio* Diego?" asked Lelo, stopping where a number of men stood in gloomy silence. "What has befallen? For even in the *milpa* I heard the cries, and came running to see."

"It is ill," answered the old man he had addressed as uncle. "It seems that Those Above are angry with us! For this morning the captain of war finds himself dead in bed—and *scalped*! And no tracks of man were about his door."

"Ay, *all* is ill!" groaned a short, heavy-set man, in a frayed blanket. "For yesterday, coming from the *llano* with my burro, I met a stranger—a *bárbaro*. And, blowing upon Paloma, he bewitched the poor beast so that it sprang off the trail and was killed at the bottom of the cliff. It lacked only that! Last month it was the raid of the Cumanche; and, though we followed and slew many of the robbers and got back many animals, yet mine were not found, and this was the very last that remained to me."

"*Pero*, Don 'Colás!" cried Lelo, "your burro I saw this very morning as I went to the field before the sun. Paloma it was,

with the white face and the white hind foot—for do I not know him well? He was passing through the bushes under the cliffs at the point, and turned to look at me as if I crossed the field below.”

“*Vaya!*” cried Nicolás angrily. “Did I not see him, with these eyes, jump the cliff of two hundred feet yesterday, and with these my hands feel him at the foot that he was dead? Go, with your stories of a stupid, for—”

But here the alguazil, who was one of the group, interrupted: “Lelo has no fool’s eyes, and this thing shall I look into. Since this morning many things look suspicious. Come, show me where fell thy burro—for to me all these things are cousins, one to another.”

Nicolás, with angry confidence, accompanied the broad-shouldered Indian sheriff, and their companions followed silently. Across the adobe-walled gardens they trudged, and into the sandy “draw,” whose trail led along the cliff and up among the jumbled crags at one side.

“Yonder he jumped off,” said ‘Colás, “and fell—” But even then he rubbed his eyes and turned pale. For where he had left the limp, bleeding carcass of poor Paloma only twenty-four hours before, there was now nothing to be seen. Only, upon a rock, were a few red blotches.

“What is this!” demanded the alguazil, sternly. “Hast thou hidden him away? *Claro* that something fell here—for there is blood and a tuft of hair upon yon stone. But where is the burro?”

“How should I hide him, since he was dead as the rocks? It is witchcraft, I tell you—for see! There are no tracks of him going away, even where the earth is soft. And for the coyotes and wild-cats—they would have left his bones. The Gentile I met—he is the witch. First he gave the evil eye to my poor beast, that it killed itself; and now he has flown away in its shape to do other ills.”

“It can be so,” mused the sheriff, gravely; “but in the meantime there is no remedy—I have to answer to the Fathers of Medicine for you who bring such stories of dead burros, but cannot show them. For, I tell you, this has something to say for the deed that was done in the pueblo this morning. *Al calaboz!*”

Half an hour later, poor Nicolás was squatted disconsolately upon the bare floor of the adobe jail—that simple prison from which no one of the simple prisoners ever thinks to dig out. It is not so much the clay wall that holds them, as the authority of the law, which no Pueblo ever yet questioned. •

“‘Colás’s burro” was soon in every mouth. The strange story of its death and its reappearance to Lelo were not to be mocked at. So it used to be, that the animals were as people; and every

one knew that there were witches still who took the forms of brutes and flew by night to work mischief. Perhaps it was some wizard of the Cumanche who thus, by the aid of the evil ones, was avenging the long-haired horse-thieves who had fallen at Tajique. And now Pascual, returning from a ranch across the river, made known that, sitting upon his roof all night to think of the year, he had been aware of a burro that passed down the street even to the house of the war captain; after which he had noticed it no more. Clearly, then!

Some even thought that Lelo should be imprisoned, since he had seen the burro in the morning. And when, searching anew, they found in a splinter of the captain's door a long, coarse, gray hair, every man looked about him suspiciously. But there was no other clew—save that Francisco, the cleverest of hunters, called the officials to a little corner of the street, where the people had not crowded, and pointed to some dim marks in the sand.

"*Qué importa?*" said the gray-haired governor, shrugging his shoulders, as he leaned on his staff of office and looked closely. "In Isleta there are two thousand burros, and their paths are everywhere."

"But see!" persisted the trailer. "Are they like this? For this brute was lame in all the legs, so that his feet fell over to the inside a little, instead of coming flatly down. It will be the Enchanted Burro!"

"*Ahu!*" cried Lelo, who stood by. "And this morning, when I passed the burro of Don 'Colás in the bushes, I saw that it was laming along as if its legs were stiff."

By now no one doubted that there was witchcraft afoot, and the officials whose place it is were taking active measures to preserve the pueblo. The cacique sat in his closed house fasting and praying, with ashes upon his head. The Cum-pa-huit-la-wen were running here and there with their sacred bows and arrows, prying into every corner, if haply they might find a witch. In the house of mourning the Shamans were blinding the eyes of the ghosts, that none might follow the trail of the dead captain and do him harm before he should reach the safe other world. And in the medicine house the Father of All Medicine was blowing the slow smoke across the sacred bowl, to read in that magic mirror the secrets of the whole world.

But in spite of everything, a curse seemed to have fallen upon the peaceful town. Lucero, the third assistant war captain, did not return with his flock, and when searchers went to the *llano*, they found him lying by a chapparero bush dead, and his sheep gone. But worst of all, he was scalped, and all the wisdom of that cunning head had been carried away to enrich the mysterious foe—

for the soul and talents of an Indian go with his hair, according to Indian belief. And in a day or two came running Antonio Peralta to the pueblo, gray as the dead and without his blanket. Herding his father's horses back of the Accursed Hill, he set upon a block of lava to watch them. As they grazed a lame burro came around the hill grazing toward them. And when it was among them, they suddenly raised their heads in fear and snorted and turned to run; but the burro, rising like a mountain-lion, sprang upon one of them and fastened on its neck, and all the herd stampeded to the west, the accursed burro still perched upon its victim and tearing it. Ay! a gray burro, *jovero* (blaze-face) and with a white foot behind. Antonio had his musket, but he dared not fire after this witch beast. And here were twelve more good horses gone of what the Cumanche robbers had left.

By now the whole pueblo was wrought to the highest tension. That frightful doubt which seizes a people oppressed by supernatural fears brooded everywhere. No man but was sure that the man he hated was mixed up in the witchcraft; no man who was disliked by any one but felt the finger of suspicion pointing at him. People grew dumb and moody, and looked at each other from the corner of the eye as they passed without even a kindly "Hinakú-pwui, neighbor." As for work, that was almost forgotten, though the fields cried for care. No one dared take a flock to the *llano*, and few went even to their gardens. There were medicine makings every night to exorcise the evil spirits, and the Shamans worked wonders, and the medicine guards prowled high and low for witches. The cacique sat always in his house, seeing no one, nor eating, but torturing his flesh for the safety of his people.

And still there was no salvation. Not a night went by but some new outrage befell. Now it was a swooping away of herds, now some man of the wisest and bravest was slain and scalped in his bed. And always there were no more tracks than those of a burro, stiff-kneed, whose hoofs did not strike squarely upon the ground. Many, also, caught glimpses of the Enchanted Burro, as they peered at midnight from their dark windows. Sometimes he plodded mournfully along the uncertain streets, as burros do; but some vowed that he came down suddenly from the sky, as alighting from a long flight. Without a doubt, old Melo had seen the brute walk up the ladder of Ambrósio's house the very night Ambrósio was found dead in the little lookout room upon his own roof. And a burro which could climb a ladder could certainly fly.

On the fourth day Lelo could stand it no longer. "I am going to the field," he said, "before the wheat dies. For it is as well to be eaten by the witches now as that we should starve to death next winter, when there will be nothing to eat."

"What folly is this?" cried the neighbors. "Does Lelo think he is stronger than the ghosts? Let him stay behind those who are more men." But Lelo had another trait, quite as marked as his slowness and good nature. When his deliberate mind was made up, there was no turning him; and, though he was as terrified as anyone by the awful happenings of the week, he had decided to attend to his field. So he only answered the taunts with a stolid, respectful, "No, I do not put myself against the ghosts. But perhaps they will let me alone, knowing that my mother has no one else to feed her."

The flat-footed mother brought him two *tortillas* for lunch; and, putting her hands upon his shoulders, looked at him from wet eyes, saying not a word. And slinging over his shoulder the bow-case and quiver, Lelo trudged away.

He plodded along the crooked meadow road, white-patched here and there with crystals of alkali; jumped the main irrigating ditch with a great bound, and took "across lots" over the adobe fences and through the vineyards and the orchards of apple, peach and apricot.

In the farther edge of the last orchard stood a tiny adobe house, where old Reyes had lived in the summer time to guard her ripening fruits. Since her death it had been abandoned, with the garden, and next summer the Indian congress could allot it to any one who asked, since it would have been left untilled for five years. The house was half hidden from sight—overshadowed on one side by ancient pear trees and on the other by the black cliffs of an advance guard of the lava flow.

As he passed the ruined hut, Lelo suddenly stooped and began looking anxiously at a footprint in the soft earth. "That was from no moccasin of the Tee-wahn," he muttered to himself, "for the sole is flatter than ours. "And it comes out of the house where no one ever goes, now that Grandmother Reyes is dead. But *this!* For in three steps it is no more the foot of a man, but of a beast—going even to the bushes where I saw the Enchanted Burro that morning"—and all of a tremble, Lelo leaned up against the wall of the house. It was all he could do to keep from turning and bolting for home—and you need not laugh at him. The bow-case at his side was from the tawny mountain lion Lelo had slain in with his own hands in the cañons of the Tetilla; and when Refúgio, the youngest medicine man, fell wounded in the forefront of the fight at Tajique, it was Lelo who had lumbered forward and brought him away in his arms, saving his life and hair from the Cumanche knife. But it takes a braver man to stand against his own superstitions than to face wild beast or wilder savage; and now, though Lelo did not flee, his knees smote together and the

blood seemed to have left his head dry and over-light. He sat down, so weak was he; and, with back against the wall, he tried to gather his scattered thoughts.

At that very moment, if Lelo had turned his head a very little more to the left and looked at one particular rift in the thorny greasewoods that choked the foot of the cliff, he might have seen two dark, hungry eyes fixed upon him; but Lelo was not looking that way so much as to the corner of the cliff. There he would have to pass to the field; and it was just around that corner that he had seen the Enchanted Burro. "And there also I have seen the mouth of a cave, where they say the ogres used to live and where no one dares to enter,"—and he shivered again, like one half frozen. Then he did look back to the left, but saw nothing, for the eyes were no longer there. Only, a few rods farther to the left, where Lelo could not see for the wall at his back, the tall, white ears of a burro were moving quietly along in the bushes, which hid the rest of its body. Now and then the animal stopped and cocked up its ears, as if to listen; and its eyes rose over the bush, shining with a deep, strange light. Just beyond was the low adobe wall that separated Reyes's garden from the next—running from the foot of the cliff down past the old house.

To go on to the field needed even more courage than to keep from fleeing for home; and stubborn as he was, Lelo was trying to muster up legs and heart to proceed. He even rose to his feet and drew back his elbows fiercely, straining the muscles of his chest, where there seemed to be such a weight. Just around the corner of the house, at that same moment, a burro's head, with white ears and a blazed face, rose noiselessly above the adobe fence, and seeing nothing, a pair of black hoofs came up, and in a swift bound the animal was over the wall—so lightly that even the sharp Indian ears not fifteen feet away heard nothing of it.

But if Lelo did not notice, a sharper watcher did. "*Kay-éé-w'yoo!*" cried a complaining voice, and a brown bird with broad wings and a big, round head went fluttering from its perch on the porch. Lelo started violently, and then smiled at himself. "It is only *tecolóte*," he muttered, "the little owl that lives with the *túsas*, and they say he is very wise. To see where he went."

The boy stole around the corner of the house, but the owl was nowhere to be seen, and he started back.

As he turned the angle again he caught sight of a burro's head just peeping from around the other corner; and Lelo felt the blood sinking from his face. The beast gave a little start and then dropping its head to a bunch of alfalfa that was green at the corner. But this did not relieve Lelo's terror. It was Paloma—dead Paloma—now the Witch Burro. There was no mistaking that *jovero*

face. And plain it was, too, that this was no longer burro-true, but one of the accursed spirits in burro shape. Those eyes! They seemed, in that swift flash in which they had met Lelo's, to be sunk far, far into the skull; and he was sure that deep in them he saw a dull gleam of red. And the ears and head—they were touched with death, too! Their skin seemed hard and rigid as rawhide, instead of fitting as the skin does in life. So, also, was the neck; but no more was to be seen for the angle of the wall.

There are men who die at seventy without having lived so long or suffered so much as Lelo lived and suffered in those few seconds. His breath refused to come, and his muscles seemed paralyzed. This, then, was the Enchanted Burro—the witch that had slain the captain of war, and his lieutenants, and many more. And now he was come for Lelo—for, though he nosed the alfalfa, one grim eye was always on the boy. So, no doubt, he had watched his other victims—but from *behind*, for not one of them had ever moved. And with that thought a sudden rush of blood came prickling like needles in Lelo's head.

"No one of them saw him, else they had surely fought! And shall I give myself to him like a sheep? Not if he were *ten* witches!" And with the one swift motion of all his life, the lad dropped on one knee, even as hand and hand clapped notch to bowstring, and, in a mighty tug, drew the arrow to the head.

Lightning-like as was his move, the burro understood, and hastily reared back—but a hair too late. The agate-tipped shaft struck midway of its neck with a loud rap as upon a drum, and bored through and through until the feathers touched the skin. The animal sprang high in air, with so wild and hideous a scream as never came from burro's throat before, and fell back amid the alfalfa, floundering and pawing at its neck.

But Lelo had waited for no more. Already he was over the wall and running like a scared mustang, the bow in his left hand, his right clutching the bow-case, whose tawny tail leaped and fluttered behind him. One-Eyed Quico could have made it to the pueblo no faster than the town slow-poke, who burst into the plaza and the porch of the governor's house, gasping:

"The Enchanted Burro! I have killed him!"

Fifteen minutes later the new war captain, the medicine men, the governor, and half the rest of the men of the pueblo were entering Reyes's garden, and Lelo was allowed to walk with the *principales*. All were very grave, and some a little pale—for it was no laughing matter to meddle with the fiend, even after he was dead. There lay the burro, motionless. No pool of blood was around; but the white feathers of the arrow had turned red. Cautiously they approached, till suddenly Francisco, the sharp-

est eyed of trailers, dashed forward and caught up the two hind legs from amid the alfalfa, crying:

"Said I not that he tipped the hoofs? With reason!"

For from each ankle five dark, naked toes projected from a slit in the hide.

"Ay, well bewitched!" exclaimed the war captain. "Pull me the other side!" And at their tug the belly of the burro parted lengthwise, showing only a stiff dried skin, and inside a swart body stripped to the breech-clout. Alongside lay arrows and a strong bow of buffalo horn, with a light copper hatchet and a keen scalping knife.

"*Sácalo!*" ordered the war captain; but it was easier said than done. They bent the stubborn rawhide well apart; but not until one had run his knife up the neck of the skin and cut both ends of Lelo's arrow could they haul out the masquerader. The shaft had passed through his throat from side to side, pinning it to the rawhide, and there he had died.

When the slippery form was at last dragged forth, and they saw its face, there was a startled murmur through the crowd; for even without the long scalp lock and the vermillion face-paint, there were many there who would have known the Cumanche medicine man, whose brother was the chief that fell at Tajique. He, too, had been taken prisoner, and had taunted his captors and promised to pay them, and in the night had escaped, leaving one sentinel dead and another wounded.

The Enchanted Burro was all very plain now. The plains conjuror, knowing well by habit how to play on superstitious fears, had used poor Paloma as the instrument of his revenge—hiding the carcass and drying the skin quickly on a frame with hot ashes, so that it stood perfectly in shape by itself. The bones of the fore legs he had left in, to be managed with his hands; and in the dark or amid grass, no one would have noticed the peculiarity of the hind legs. He had only to pry open the slit in the belly and crawl in, and the stiff hide closed after him. Thus he had wreaked the vengeance for which, unaccompanied, he had followed the Pueblos back to their village. In the cave behind the greasewoods were the scalps of his victims, drying on little willow hoops; but instead of going to deck a Cumanche lodge in the great plains, they were tenderly buried in the old churchyard, restored to their proper owners.

After all these years there still are in the pueblo many tales of the Enchanted Burro, nothing lost by the retelling. As for the skin itself, it lies moth-eaten in the dark storeroom of the man who has been first assistant war captain for twenty years, beginning his novitiate the very day he finished a witch and a Cumanche with a single arrow.

This story is reprinted by request, the book to which it gives the title being out of print.

AN IDYL OF BUGVILLE

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.



THE ramshackle street-car, no more imposing than a melon-crate and not much larger, came to a dead stop—a circumstance which was hardly significant to the two inmates, for its placid progress between the interminable clumps of grease-wood had been frequently interrupted before, once by the departure of the other passenger, a tall and very pale young man, whose summer suit hung on his gaunt frame as on a skeleton; once again to breathe the burros; and another time it had halted while the Mexican boy, in brass-buttoned driver's uniform and huge straw sombrero, chased a jack-rabbit that had run across the track.

"Why, Mother, this must be the end of the line!" exclaimed the younger passenger, a slender, fragile girl of nineteen or twenty summers. "See there, I told you so. The Mexican boy is unhitching those poor little donkeys."

With an amused glance the mother followed the undersized lad in the over-sized uniform, who was driving his tiny, mouse-colored team to the other end of the car, urging the deliberate animals with a sharp whistle and the frequent *r*-rolling ejaculation, "Bur-r-ro, you Bur-r-ro!"

"Yes, this must be the end of the line, Margie," she said, looking over the mesa. "Those red brick buildings are the college—but where is Bisnaga Vista Terrace?"

The mother, a robust woman, full-blown in her beauty as a Jacqueminot, wore the black-and-white of widowhood with a grace that made it a perfect setting for her charms. Mrs. Blandon was of the type of woman who would appear *chic* in any garb, even to penitential sackcloth and ashes.

She descended from the car and looked carefully over the grease-wood bushes, whose polished green foliage made bright the miles of rolling mesa.

Behind her lay the city of Bisnaga, shimmering in the Arizona sun, the old Mexican quarter with its whitewashed adobes dominated by the huge Santa Paula Hotel, a dazzling structure that from this distance resembled marble. Before her the red and white halls and dormitories of the college were scattered over a wide campus, reclaimed only in part from the primeval desert, which on all sides stretched its heat-tremulous reaches to range upon range of jagged purple peaks.

But the object of her search, the tent-colony and health-resort, Bisnaga Vista Terrace, was nowhere to be seen.

With a smile, such as she bestowed freely on all of his sex,

Mrs. Blandon turned to the Mexican lad. Unerring in her choice of address, she did not call him "my boy," but "Driver," she said, "can you tell me where to look for Bisnaga Vista Terrace?"

The boy was all grins, at this recognition of his uniform. He doffed his straw-stack of a sombrero and bowed profoundly as he answered, "*No lo sé, señora.*"

"Pshaw, you must know where it is; the agent said it was only a few steps from the end of the line. I'm sure you know, if I could only make you understand. Tents, you sabe? Lots of tents! Bisnaga Vista."

"*Quien sabe?*" replied the boy, scratching his head in embarrassment and working his brown toes into the sand. Then his eyes brightened as they rested on the girl's pale face.

"You want—maybe—Boogville? No? That-a-way is Boogville—two mile," and he waved his sombrero along the parched, sandy road that led toward the San Xavier range, apparently without passing so much as a ranch-house in its whole course.

Mrs. Blandon was in despair. It would be a hardship for her, a decided hardship—and for her frail daughter as well—to trudge over that burning mesa looking for a settlement that had no existence, for all she knew. *Bugville* was assuredly not the name the rascally agent had mentioned when he rented her the tent.

She decided to return to the hotel and cajole that agent to bring them out in his motor car next morning.

As she was about to re-enter the street car, a light rig, drawn by a white-splashed bay pony, came to a brisk trot along the road from town. It was driven by a gentleman whose gaunt frame appeared taller than it really measured, and whose face was almost as white as the duck suit he wore. But every line of that wasted face betokened strength; he handled his reins firmly and his grey eyes snapped with will-power as he curbed the headstrong horse.

He had observed the perplexity of mother and daughter and with the case of a man of the world offered his assistance as readily as if they had been made acquainted in conventional fashion.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, lifting his hat, while a sinewy left hand managed the reins; "if I am not mistaken you are looking for Bugv— I should say Bisnaga Vista Terrace. I was told that two ladies had rented a tent."

With her ready smile, the mother admitted that they were bound for the mysterious settlement, and begged to be directed that way.

"It is in a hollow over the next two ridges," said the stranger. "If you permit, I will take you there in my rig. It's a fatiguing walk in the heat of the day, and I see you have a hand satchel."

He commanded the Mexican boy to hold his horse's head, dismounted, threw away his black cigar and assisted the ladies to

the single seat with a courtliness that was habitual. Then he tossed the lad a dime as he squeezed into the seat by Mrs. Blandon. The stranger did not apologize for the narrowness of the seat, an obvious inconvenience for which he was not responsible, but named himself as Harvey Crestfield, and remarked that they would be neighbors, since he and his sister were living next door to the vacant tent.

To the daughter he spoke but few words and was careful not to show in any way that he regarded her as an invalid, though to one who had lived in Bisnaga it was plain that on her delicate, sensitive features, wistful in expression and tinted like a bud, Death was written large.

In his easy way he made them acquainted with his sister as he drew up before his tent, where she insisted on the ladies resting before inspecting their own.

"I don't know in what condition it was left by the previous tenants," she observed. "They went away in haste right after the funeral. It was the father who died, poor man! He had consumption, too. So many of them delay coming here until it is too late," and Miss Crestfield glanced sympathetically toward the young girl.

"Don't give a false impression of this infallible climate," interposed Crestfield crisply. "It's never too late. The old gentleman didn't have proper treatment—that was the trouble. He was a physician, had made a study of tuberculosis, and insisted on prescribing for himself. His summing up of the case was this: 'A doctor who treats his own ailments has a fool for a patient and a fool for a doctor'—which ancient epigram finished him."

The sister was a plump, motherly and voluble woman; Mrs. Blandon gathered from her pleasant flow of talk that she was a spinster from choice, who had centered all her affections on her youngest brother. Janet Crestfield had only one pride in life—that was her brother's career, which had already swung as high as the State senate; and she had only one aim in life—to see "Harve" a well man once more.

She was delighted to have the Blandons as neighbors; Mrs. Blandon shrewdly suspected that she would welcome anything that tended to keep his mind off the political situation in his state, which gave him many uneasy hours. The newspaper from his home town, the *Parthian Arrow*, was Miss Crestfield's abomination, for it was filled with rumors of a special session of the legislature, which Harvey was determined to attend. "To return in his present state of health would kill him," she said, "for he would insist on taking part in the hotly contested Rivertown-Parthia fight. His heart is in it."

That was the beginning of the friendship between Margaret Blandon and Harvey Crestfield, whose unobtrusive services and companionship did much to lighten the disappointments which life in Bisnaga Vista Terrace brought the newcomers.

This colony of consumptive tent-dwellers could boast of nothing pretentious but its name—and its rental. As Crestfield observed, smiling cynically: "It is no terrace; it has no vista, being in a dip of the mesa; and not a solitary bisnaga, whatever that mysterious creature may be, lives in this neighborhood."

His sister remarked that the bisnaga was a variety of cactus, "also called—something about a donkey—Oh, I remember, 'nigger-head,' because it's so round and kinky, you know."

But there were plenty of other cacti to make up for this last deficiency, and one of the first signs of improvement in Margaret's condition was the interest she took in forming a cactus-garden. She was constantly watering and tending the little plot, her slender hands encased in gauntlets and on her sunny head the same kind of a straw sombrero worn by the Mexican car-driver.

Nature had planted her first specimen, the cholla, a tree-cactus, eight feet in height, whose branches and joints, bristling like hedgehogs with two-inch, silvery spines, afforded protection for the birds which built among its needles.

The cholla bore a profusion of star-shaped, pink flowers; and the prickly pear, which was her next treasure, bore a frail, canary-colored blossom, with a bud like a tea-rose. The rainbow cactus was an early acquisition; it resembled a cluster of cucumbers stood on end and covered with short spines, whose bars of soft color give it the name, and was crowned in its season with a large crimson blossom.

Crestfield helped her frequently in working about the garden, and presently it became their habit to sally forth behind the little pinto and scour the desert for new specimens.

Mrs. Blandon did not care to go on these excursions. It was evident that she took no interest in her daughter's garden or other pleasures, and that she was bored with the uneventful course of life so far from the city. Not for her unseeing eyes the pathos of youth and age struck down alike by disease; the tenderness of unceasing care; the fierce grapple with the White Monster, too often coupled with the fight against the wolf at the door; the gay humor with which the doomed so often faced their fate—of this tragedy played time and again to its bitter end before her eyes, she was neither participant nor onlooker; she was simply bored, unstirred by the pity and terror of it all.

The visits of Boulanger, ex-tenor from the Tivoli Opera Troupe, were the only bright spots in her days. When he delivered the

daily beefsteak, they would lean on the gate for an hour, exchanging theatrical gossip.

As for Margaret and Harvey, they brought home in triumph a new treasure each day; now an ocatilla, resembling a bunch of leafy fish-poles, tipped with scarlet; again, "old man," a little woolly ball like a head of white hair; and even the elusive bisnaga was found at last, a large, melon-like sphere, threatening with needles and fish-hooks, "to cotch 'em a-comin' an' a-goin," as Crestfield remarked, and surmounting this formidable head a truly regal crown of ruby blossoms and golden buds.

"We'll bring a little truth into Bisnaga Vista Terrace," smiled Crestfield. "If we can't supply the vista or the terrace we can at least supply the bisnaga, and with one-third truth in a name we strike a pretty fair average for this wicked, wicked world."

"Why do they call it Bugville?" queried Margaret unexpectedly.

"Who does?"

"Why, everybody! *You* started to call it that, the first day I met you."

"Oh, it's just a fool name that a fool girl gave it once upon a time, and it stuck. Too much truth in that name, I reckon!"

"Well, what does it mean?" persisted Margaret.

Crestfield's grey eyes lighted with fun: "There was once upon a time a young lady here whose father, a Polish Jew, had been a shoe-string peddler before he became the Dry Goods King of the East Side. His daughter was suffering from what she called *two-buggles*, which she discussed so incessantly that she at last abbreviated the name in familiar speech to *bugs*. The rest of the camp found it a great convenience in referring to their disease to use a name of one syllable—an economy of time and breath for folks who are short of both—and, besides, *bugs* doesn't sound nearly as tragic as tuberculosis. So now you know what we've all got, here in Bugville. Next time Doctor Fenwick calls, you just ask him, 'How are my bugs this morning, Doctor?' and see if he doesn't give you a first-class report."

By this time they had overcome their shyness in referring to the grim disease which had brought them into desert exile—the girl from a broken college course in Berkeley, the man from the South and a career of exceptional promise.

They had become good friends, indeed, from discussion of books and music and cactus gardens before he could be induced to talk of his political aspirations; but Margaret was uneasy from Janet Crestfield's allusions to the dreaded special session of the legislature, and finally led him to the subject in such a subtle manner that he was not aware of it.

"The situation in my county is this," he explained. "The prin-

cial city, Parthia, has a chained boss, who is likely to break out if we are not careful. His name is Dan Slavin, King of the Eighth ward, 'King over the water,' as they used to call the Pretender, for his ward is the factory operatives' quarter across the river from new Parthia. It is an old part of town, older than the city, which was built up by a well-to-do class of people who were content to let Rivertown, as it was called, have the vice as well as the poverty of Parthia.

"So Rivertown became a slum quarter, a den of thieves in which the biggest thief ruled. His like is a familiar figure in every city—a friend of the poor, who gives them turkeys at Christmas and sells them a vile grade of whiskey the rest of the year; a libertine, a good-fellow, a notorious grafter, and for twenty years political chief of the 'dirty eighth.'

"Ten years ago his gang succeeded in slipping a bill through the legislature, which was claimed to be purely local business of an obscure county and so escaped careful inspection. You see, there are so many purely local bills introduced in every session that we couldn't find time to pass on all of them; and when we are assured that it is nothing but such business, we take the word of whichever senator stands sponsor for the bill. Well, we were tricked. The bill provided, among a host of irrelevant matters, for the separation of Rivertown from Parthia; and at the first local election Dan Slavin became mayor. For nine years he ran that town to suit himself, with only slight curb from the county officials, and it became known as the most disreputable hole in the South. He made a barrel of money out of his dives, most of which fortune he invested last year in a big resort which was to outdo the Midway and Monte Carlo combined. It was an unlucky time for him to risk his capital in that kind of a speculation, for it was the year in which the Civic League decided we'd had enough of Slavin. We licked the organization into fighting trim, captured the legislature—that's when I broke in—and re-annexed Rivertown by the bare necessary majority.

"Since then Slavin has sat in the council of Parthia, to be sure, but his power is far less than it was. His ward is half-way decent; his gambling resort was never opened, and they say that there is a heavy mortgage on the property which falls due in a few months. That's as far as the good news goes.

"The dark side of the picture is this: Slavin began to rebuild his fences as soon as I quit the field on account of my poor health. He has a party working for him in the county, and they say he'll run for sheriff. Also he has a party in the legislature that runs the Governor, and when *he* calls a special session, it will mean that the gang is prepared to repeal the Rivertown-Parthia Bill, and turn

over the eighth ward to Dan Slavin as an annex to his gambling joint."

Janet had heard their voices in the cactus garden and now came to the tent door. "Shame on you, Margie, for letting Harve talk so much! He'll be coughing all night for this. Harve, you're a naughty boy!"

"Don't you fret, Sis. I'm not dead yet, though Slavin thinks I am. Did you see how his sheet, the *Rivertown Bugle*, referred to me? 'Our esteemed opponent, the Boy Wonder of the Senate, has taken his one remaining lung to Arizona. Peace to his ashes!' We'll give Dan Slavin peace, behind the bars, some o' these days. When I rise from my ashes he'll admit I'm the original phoenix."

"Oh, Harve, do be still! You let Dan Slavin have plenty of rope and he'll hang himself presently."

"Yes, we kept saying that and paying out rope for twenty years. This year we're going to give him a gallows and a political hang-man to boot." He turned to Margaret, the earnestness all gone from his eyes. "Would you care to take a buggy ride with the hang-man?" he asked.

This ride over the mesa was one that Margaret remembered always with joy and pang. Its ostensible purpose was to secure a new cactus, a zahuaro, for the famous garden. This variety grows on the mesas and foothills, a stem like a Corinthian column, sometimes with arms like a cross, sometimes with large branches pointing upward, close around the trunk like a cluster of huge organ-pipes. It grows to the height of forty feet, but Margaret thought she would be content with a couple of baby zahuaros, a foot high, and wait for them to grow up.

"Fine idea!" commented Harvey. "You'd have a nice leisurely time raising them; they only require an even hundred years to reach maturity. But, pshaw! out here in the desert you're supposed to live to that age at least. It's a civic duty to advertise the Arizona climate just that way."

"I'm afraid I'll never be a credit to the climate," she answered pensively.

He glanced at her, and, with a sudden sinking of the heart, observed that she was indeed losing strength. The transparent complexion, so delicately tinted, the fine, sensitive features, the large and luminous hazel eyes, in which lurked that wistful expression even when she smiled—in all these details, exquisite as the work of an old Florentine painter, he could trace the brush work of that subtle master, Death.

"Margaret, don't talk that way," he urged. "That is the greatest danger—for you to give up the struggle. Don't you remember how many strong, active people are living happily in this city, who

came here in far worse condition than yours or mine? There's Preston, the ice-man, who used to be cashier in the Planter's National Bank in St. Louis. He was brought here on a stretcher and now he can handle those slabs of ice like a giant. And there's Boulanger, of the old Tivoli Opera in San Francisco—you know that tall, dark chap who drives the butcher cart. Why, he couldn't speak above a whisper once, and now he goes whooping and rattling over these mesas like an Apache. This climate will bring us back to life, dear girl, if we give it a chance. Try hard, little girl, try to live for the sake of a friend that would miss you more than he can ever say."

It was the first time he had spoken to her in terms of endearment. Margaret flushed with a sudden thrill of happiness, and turned her face toward the sunset to conceal her emotion.

"Yes, I should like to live now," she said simply; and, after a breathless pause, "I wish you would promise to stay here until I am well, or," she continued softly, "until I——"

"Why, what nonsense!" he laughed. "You are not going to——" he too checked himself at the word and went on briskly. "You are going to stay here in this life-giving air, watering your cacti that don't want any water, and tending your baby zahuaros until they are centenarians. And I—well, I am going home to finish Dan Slavin, and then come back and get a job on the baker's cart, and then we'll spend the rest of our long and peaceful lives adding specimens to your cactus garden till we've got 'em all." He pointed with his whip to the glowing west. "Isn't that a wonderfully beautiful sight! Look at those majestic zahuaros looming black against the fiery sky. Some are tall and straight as the fluted pillars of a Greek temple, with a wreath of delicate blossoms for a capital, and others are branched like a cross. What monumental beauty! How serene and stately they rise from the bare contour of yonder ridge. Isn't it worth living for, to see such a vision?"

"No," she answered wearily, "let's go home. They make me think of a vast graveyard on a dead planet, your columns and crosses." She felt the wretchedness of failure. If he had promised to stay in the territory, his life might be saved. But instead of that his only thought was to down his enemy. What did it matter, she asked herself rebelliously, whether Slavin was defeated or not? Could a man crush out evil in the world, or even in his little corner of it, by a political victory? And yet for that he was willing to risk his life—and hers.

When they reached the tents at dusk they almost ran into a messenger-boy on a wheel, who handed Crestfield a yellow envelope. It was a telegram from his colleague in the senate, his fighting mate:

"Special session called for the thirty-first. Stiff tussle expected. We need your help. Come. John Cartwright."

"Any answer?" asked the boy.

"Sure—let's have a blank." He hastily wrote the word, "Coming," and signed his name, with a flourish like a battle pennant, "Harvey Crestfield."

His eye caught Margaret's for one brief second, and answered its mute appeal with an indulgent smile as if she were a child. The boy was not out of sight over the ridge before Crestfield was throwing things into his suit-case.

Six months elapsed before Senator Crestfield returned to Arizona. Like six days had passed the time of battle and dearly-won victory, for to a brave man a hard fight is what the ball is to a young girl—a fleeting hour of thrill, of conquest and joy in triumph.

He had left his sister to help care for Margaret,—had insisted on it, for he knew that the mother was daily growing more indifferent to her daughter's condition. The elder sister obeyed her "baby" brother, as she had done ever since he was a real baby, and tyrant of the household.

The letters received from Janet had passed through his life in those days like voices heard in a dream. She had touched lightly and unconvincingly upon the changes which had taken place during his absence; on the mirage-like transformation of a western town, which, when you close your eyes is a hamlet and, when you open them, a city. She had expressed solicitude about his health—that was the gist of her letters. She had rejoiced in his success, without in the least understanding it; in her feminine mind, Slavin was a personal enemy in whose downfall she rejoiced, and Harvey Crestfield's victory was a personal one, not a victory for decency in government. Likewise, his assurance of the nomination for governor on the ticket that invariably carried his State, was just another proof that her "Harve" was a great and good man. The principles he stood for meant little to her.

He read all this between the lines in her letters, and his sigh was between a tear and a smile. This dog-like devotion was not the love for which his heart hungered in its rare moments of quiet.

He read also that Margaret followed his political battles with eager interest. A single letter from her, hastily answered, had convinced him that she understood his ambition to win power only that he might combat evil in the corner of the world entrusted to his stewardship. The reports of her condition had been steadily discouraging. Janet complained that Mrs. Blandon seemed to care more for "that erratic Boulanger" than for her own daughter. Harvey was resigned to the news of his little friend's death when it came. But that was the same day on which the Rivertown-Parthia Bill was to come to vote in the Senate, and all his energy was needed at his post.

These memories flitted across his mind as he sat in the trolley car one winter evening, flashing toward the old site of Bugville.

Things had indeed changed. The trolley had replaced the quaint old burro cars, and the mesa had sprung into new life. Homes in the charming "Mission" style dotted the ridges along the line. He sighed, a little homesick for the vast loneliness of the desert that was. The present Bisnaga Vista Terrace, built on the height, was

a suburb of wealth, boasting a dozen villas redolent of pine shavings and fresh mortar, a country club and golf links hewn out of the grease-wood and cactus. Bugville was gone. The tents were all gone. No consumptives were desired near the aristocratic Terrace, and the grimly humorous name had passed from the memory of this changing western suburb, together with the scattered health-seekers. Mrs. Blandon was gone—married to Boulanger shortly after her daughter's death. Janet was living in the big hotel. He smiled as he recalled her voluble reproaches for his self-neglect. It was true, he had recklessly overworked his weakened body. He realized with a shock that he too would soon pass away like all the rest of these ephemeral things—perhaps his name and work would vanish with him. When he reached the twilight hollow where the tents had stood, he felt as if the Desert had taken back her own.

A well-frame or two remained; a few square outlines in the sand where a foundation had rested; and in front of a certain rectangle were two little zahuaros and a variety of transplanted cacti. Only the baby zahuaros looked as if they might live their allotted hundred years.

Crestfield leaned on his stick and regarded them thoughtfully. "Poor little gardener!" he said very softly. "Your garden outlived you, but it misses you badly." Abruptly as the hand of death a terrible racking cough silenced his words. He had made a mistake to return home, he thought, but another six months in the territory would give him strength for the convention and campaign.

Again his mind reverted to the little, lonely girl, fatherless and practically motherless, who had urged him to stay with her to the end, and the meaning of her words came to him on an overwhelming wave of tenderness. It was to save his life she had urged him to stay; willing to risk his career because she loved him, the man, more than the successful politician. A flitting vision of fawning office-seekers, already a nuisance, disgusted him.

Yes, he had succeeded, he mused. Slavin was indicted and held in prison for trial. He was bankrupt; getting old too, and broken from his excesses. He seemed a pitiable opponent. The "dirty eighth" was kept half decent. The legislature was undergoing purification. As Governor Crestfield, he could lead an aggressive reform party against the corruption in his state. He must go home in a few months *and fight!*

The battle thrill subsided as he again glanced at the forlorn garden. There were no blossoms there now. He felt as if the frail and fragrant blossoms were torn forever from his life, and a sudden yearning came over him to see again the delicately tinted, upturned face, glowing in the fading afterglow of the sunset, the sensitive features, the luminous eyes that had looked into his as no other eyes of woman had ever gazed.

With humiliation, he recalled that he had refused her only request, and poignant regret pierced his soul.

"I was a fool!" he groaned. "Who am I to regenerate the world by fighting Evil? I, who neglected my chance to do Good! I am a fool."

A paroxysm of coughing shook him to the marrow. It was almost dark. He slowly retraced his steps.

Los Angeles.

THE SPHINX OF THE HILLS

By R. C. PITZER.



HE clouds swirled and eddied about them; the depressing drizzle changed to oblique rain, cold and biting. Under their feet, the moss and bare stones of the mountain-top grew damply treacherous. Altogether, the weather put a very lugubrious cap upon a none too pleasant afternoon of courtship; and Agnes' countenance was sullen, drawn into petulant and unreasonable morosity. She kept her face turned from the miserable Harnett, and gloomed with drooping lip.

"It must be two miles down to Ameahaha," Harnett shivered; "and we didn't bring any wraps. My fault—entirely my fault, Miss Torpans. You'll catch your death."

"There's a cabin below us," she said, indicating a small ravine which began at their feet and broadened into the obliterating mist. "I caught a glimpse of it when the wind opened an alley through the cloud. Take me there, please."

"Landlord Gregg's told me this part of Specter Mountain was uninhabited." Harnett began, doubtfully. "However, if you saw it— And, of course, any shelter would be welcome." He led her down a crumbling bed of shale. As they went, pine-trees sprang up on both sides the ravine, and the wind whistled in the needles an accompaniment to the water's hissing aspersion.

"There," Agnes said; "on that knoll to the left, just this side the pines. I caught a glimpse of it but now."

They breasted the slippery hillside, and arrived panting at the knoll, where a squat cabin sprang out of the dripping cloud.

"I'll see you safely sheltered, "and then go down to the hotel after your wraps. Your waist is quite wet already. If I tell your mother, she can send you another?"

"We'll see," Agnes returned. "It depends on who is here. I can't say that I particularly care about your staying."

"No, I suppose not. However"—Harnett's voice grew bitter—"I really wasn't criminal in proposing to you. You need not send me to Coventry because I'm in love."

"We won't discuss that—Oh!" She stopped in bitter disappointment. The cabin, on whose threshold they stood, was deserted and decayed. Small pine saplings nodded drooping heads in welcome from the dirt roof; rank grasses and weeds grew into the log walls, and the door—if there had ever been a door—was completely rotted away. There was no window, but opposite the entrance was a jagged hole, once a fireplace, where part of the stone-stick-and-mud chimney still stood.

"It's shelter from the rain, anyhow," Harnett said. "Come, hurry in."

Agnes hesitated, holding back the skirts from her ankles and shivering, partly with chill, partly in some nameless distaste, timidity, or even dread.

"There may be something in there," she said with a wry mouth; "mountain rats, or—or a bear. And the logs inside are covered with moss."

Harnett stepped across the threshold. "Not even a bat," he said, "but here's an old bench, and—hello! don't go on that side, please."

Agnes drew back with a timid chatter. "What is it?" she asked, catching his arm and peering at something obscurely outlined in a corner.

"An old bunk, I think. You can sit here." He tested the rough-hewn bench, brushed it, and offered her the seat. "Let me give you my coat; it's not damp inside. No, I'm not a bit cold, really; and, anyhow I'm going to exercise. I can pull that rotten bunk to pieces," he went on, "and here—" he exhibited a match-safe. "We'll have a fire, and be dry and cosy in ten minutes."

Agnes sighed; her lips grew pleasanter at the very thought. "But look there," she said, pointing to the right-hand wall. "Isn't that an axe? This must be inhabited, after all."

Harnett wonderingly took down an axe from where it hung on a peg. "Yes," he said in surprise; "but the blade is badly rusted; it must have hung there for years. Odd, that!"

Suddenly Agnes started. "Oh, I remember!" she breathlessly exclaimed; and stood up as if half inclined to rush into the rain. "I've heard of this place. Hurry with the fire, do; this is so dark and dismal. The other night our landlady said there was a haunted cabin here, deserted and in ruins. None will sleep in it."

Harnett laughed. To have Agnes talk about even haunted cabins, and talk naturally, was a pleasure. "An aged prospector with flowing beard?" he asked, going to the bunk, "who whaups in the trees and will lead the right person to a fabulous mine? I've heard of such ghosts before. A-h-h-h!"

"What is it?" Agnes' voice was half hysterical.

"Nothing—some rotten cloth on the bunk." He struck a match. "Blankets, I fancy," he said, "but almost rotted away. How shall I get them out? A shovel!" At the end of the bunk his foot struck the long blade of a prospecting shovel. "Looks as if the owner left in a hurry," he grunted. "Never mind—this is a Crusoe windfall. Stand back by the fireplace, won't you? and I'll put these blankets outside. Then for dry wood and a fire!"

"There's a little table here, too," Agnes said in a moment, "and a cupboard built against the wall. This is an adventure, isn't it?" Her voice was becoming spirited and enthusiastic over the little mystery. "The ancient inhabitant seems to have made himself quite

comfortable here before he left—without his chattels. I wonder if he died? That would explain the ghost."

"Does it walk?" Harnett puffed, swinging the axe against rotten wood, and talking between crashes. "I don't remember hearing it mentioned. It's odd that the tools have been left here so long, but perhaps they were already useless when other men came by."

"I suppose. As for the ghost, Mrs. Greggs didn't say much. She was really earnest about it; but table rappings interested her more."

Harnett knelt at the stone hearth, before dry needles once used as a mattress, and lighted his fire. The blaze roared with startling suddenness, throwing the interior into red relief. Smoke succeeded, but an accommodating breeze kept a fair draft, and in a moment the room cleared. Agnes moved her bench close to the hearth, and spread her hands to the friendly heat.

"Just see your coat steam," she said. "Here, put it on. I don't need it now. Peek out, won't you, and see if the storm is clearing? It must be four o'clock; we can't stay here long, whether we have clear sky or rain. Harnett wisely examined the weather, cocking his head owl-like and knowingly. "It'll clear in an hour," he prophesied; "these rains come from the northwest, where the cloud seems lighter. It has eased up quite a bit already." He returned, spreading his legs before the fire.

A momentary embarrassment seized both, and they consciously studied the cabin, avoiding the shock of meeting eyes.

"Our predecessor must have been aristocratic," Harnett said, eager to retain the ghost of friendly conversation. "Those things on pegs behind the bunk must be clothes, deserted with the cabin. I wonder how long they've been hanging there?"

"And there are a pair of rotting boots," Agnes said, pointing; "and there, a hat." They looked at each other, quite startled, and a growing thought darkened their faces. "I believe those were his only clothes," Agnes continued. "He—he must have died here."

"Long ago. The air is high and usually dry; cloth would mould more slowly here than nearer the ocean. It would have been thirty years ago—forty—fifty. The sphinx knows."

"It's rather ghastly," Agnes said, moistening her lips and drawing still nearer the fire. "That cupboard behind you—perhaps it holds the secret. Won't you look?"

The door was hung on leather straps, and sagged when opened. "Old nests of mountain rats," he said, disgusted. "Oh, no! no! no rats—just the mildewed nests. Everything left here was chewed up or eaten long ago." He took a stick and stirred the odds and ends. "A knife blade," he said in a moment, "and a bit of uneaten candle; part of a flour sack; a—yes, it looks like the clasp of a purse—the leather was chewed up by the rats, I suppose. And—" he

stopped suddenly, picked up something, and carried it to the doorway.

"What is it?" Agnes asked.

"A daguerreotype. A young woman." He started heavily, and grunted with astonishment. "I can't make out the face," he hastily continued; "it has quite faded away." He peered at Agnes queerly, looked long at the tin-type, and finally thrust it in a breast pocket. "And that is all," he said, turning back into the room. "You notice there are no pack-saddles, arms, or anything of the sort; so the things left here were intentionally abandoned. Nothing of any value; probably the axe and shovel were already worn out."

Agnes puckered her brows. "If," she slowly began, "if he died here? And the bedding and clothes were left? Why, some one must have had a contagious disease, and died of it! His companions buried him and ran away. Do you think it safe for us to stay?"

"Yes, even if your theory is true. But again, suppose a lone prospector became delirious, wandered away from his sick-bed, and died in the woods? Later comers took his valuables, leaving these things. Oh, there are no end of theories, but you can't tell. However, there are other riddles."

He took a place beside her, staring at the fire. Agnes drew away and stiffened.

"I don't wish to take an unfair advantage," Harnett began.

"Then don't."

"But I must ask one question. Is it money? Do you refuse me because I can't make a stock-and-bond living?"

Agnes rose, went to the door, and studiously observed the clouds. "If you must ask," she said over her shoulder, "no! It is not because you are poor in pocket—I'm not a cad. But you are poor in other ways. Come," she whimsically continued, "shall I dissect you, or are you willing to take my word?"

"Quite." Harnett's tone was gloomy. "I know what you mean. You like people who do things—who act heroics and go out in spurts of glory, like your everlasting grandfather."

Agnes turned swiftly, red-cheeked and quarrelsome. "My grandfather died grandly on a battle-field," she flashed; "not meanly at a desk—as you will die."

"It seems to me that you miss the point. You don't have to die with a husband, you have to live with him; and for that, homely virtues are to be considered, Miss Torpans. Besides, how do you know I'm a coward? and how do you know your grandfather was a hero?"

"I don't care to know about you," she said coldly. "As for grandfather, he was killed in battle."

"So you've said. Anybody can get killed somehow. I think it

would be braver—living without you.” His voice trembled. “But don’t be alarmed: I’m not going to be theatrical. If you won’t, you won’t, and that ends it. I had no intention of insulting Mr. Torpans’ memory. You, and your mother, and your grandmother, hold him too dearly for me not to honor him. Come, forgive me and close the subject. Think of the difference between this lonely, un-honored death-bed here,” he resumed, “and your grandfather’s end at Bull Run, only a month after enlisting. One for gold, one for honor. I rather envy Simon Leach Torpans.”

“Yes,” she softly said, returning to her seat, “anyone must. I am very proud of him. Grandmother has a beautiful letter from his captain, telling her of her widowhood. Her soldier lies in an unmarked grave.”

“Did any one see him killed?” Harnett asked, feeling the hidden daguerreotype.

“No, but he must have died at the very front of the fight,” Agnes said, positively. She clasped her hands over her knees, and blinked the fire. Sparks flew as Harnett cast more wood on the blaze.

“What are you doing?” Agnes asked, suddenly looking back.

Harnett started and drew away from where he stood beside the rotting clothes. “Nothing,” he stammered. “I—that is, yes, I was doing something. I’m going to throw these clothes away. Your hypothesis of a contagious disease killing their owner has made me nervous.”

Agnes’ lip slightly curled, but she drew it straight again, and looked a trifle ashamed. Harnett, not noticing her varying moods, gathered the clothes in his arms, and stepped into the drizzle. He was gone for several minutes, and Agnes went to the doorway. She saw him bent half double over the coat.

“Perhaps there’s something in the pockets,” she suggested.

The young man straightened up with a start, and his hand went to his breast again. When he faced her, pallor was on his cheeks, and his eyes were troubled. “No,” he stammered. “That is— I didn’t look. Wait a minute and I’ll see.”

“You’ll do nothing of the sort,” Agnes ordered. “I was foolish to suggest it. After all, there might be germs in the cloth. Come inside, please, before you get wet.”

“It’ll be quite clear in a bit,” Harnett said absently. “See, it’s hardly raining at all, and I can make out the sun in the west. We’ll have one rousing blaze, and then wade home to the hotel.” Again he threw wood on the fire. “This grandfather of yours,” he resumed in a moment, “always interests me.”

“You don’t usually show it,” Agnes said, dryly.

“But he does—now. Did you ever recover anything of his? Any jewelry?”

"No; I suppose it was looted, as the soldiers say; or buried with him. It's such a shame. I've often heard grandmother describe and long for his gold watch. She gave it to him; it had their initials, 'S. A.,' as a monogram, and a small water-color miniature of her, taken before marriage, in the case. There was a lock of her hair, too."

"Yes, I have heard her describe the watch. When she was a girl, wasn't her hair rather brown?"

Agnes nodded. "Just like mine," she said; and ran a slim hand through a heavy silken crown.

Harnett's face was very grave, and drawn in somewhat painful and puzzling thought. "In the coat—" he began, and stopped. "Your grandmother," he began again, "was beautiful when that miniature was taken; almost like you. I can quite see her face outlined in yours. I think—Listen!" The last word came hissing.

"What did you hear? I've been expecting something ghostly, and it hasn't come. Really, did you—" She stopped, stricken suddenly pallid. The rain dripped softly, and a slow wind whimpered, while somewhere outside a wet bird cheeped hopefully. Then, again, a low whisper, not quite natural, somehow; not the breeze, or the trees, and certainly not either of the ear-strained couple.

Harnett motioned toward the dismantled bunk. There seemed a sound there, labial, indistinct, and weird.

"We'll go outside and look," he said under his breath, extending a hand which she convulsively caught and kept. But they did not move, for an inexpressible feeling of another's presence was upon them; and between them and the doorway, they instinctively felt that something stood. A trembling seized both, a hurrying of nerves and cold prickling at the hair-roots. Yet nothing strange was visible, and the gloom momentarily lightened as the tail end of the cloud blew past. Agnes clung tighter to Harnett's hand, drew appealingly close, and stared, her eyes following the movements of what they could not see.

"It's at the door," Harnett whispered.

Agnes, moistening her lips, nodded.

A long moment, and then a dull detonation sounded; a muffled report, as if of a fire-arm. They drew breath together and hand in hand rushed into the empty world, and there turned upon each other, white-lipped and questioning.

"Psha!" Harnett cried, regaining his normal mind, "we're little children. Come in out of the drizzle. We neither saw nor heard anything."

"But we felt," she murmured, and held back in protest. Nevertheless she followed him. "You dropped your watch," she said, pointing to where they had been standing by the hearth. "I didn't know you had such a big time-piece; and there's something beside it."

"Yes, that daguerreotype I found," he returned, nervously; "there must be a hole in my pocket."

"Let me see the picture."

"Oh, it's quite faded," he hastily denied her. "Funny, isn't it, when one expects ghosts, how one hears odd things? I was almost ready to challenge the whisper, and lo, the wind talking! Then the sound of a distant blast, and we fairly ran away."

"I don't think I care to stay longer," Agnes said. "But why not let me see the tin-type? I'm becoming inquisitive."

"It has a pen-script on the back of it," Harnett answered almost under his breath. "Did your grandmother ever have any disappointed sweetheart who might write her name, I wonder? Any one who came west?"

"Not my grandmother's name?" Agnes asked in such startled bewilderment that her voice could not reflect her emotion, and remained commonplace and conversational.

"Agnes Hildebrand."

"Oh, I must see—quick! It was some old lover of hers."

"Wait a minute; the face isn't entirely faded. I recognize it."

"Her face?" the girl whispered, aghast.

Harnett bowed his head.

"But it's wildly impossible!"

"And the clothes—I searched them. In a coat pocket was something you will recognize. Those who took the other valuables—if there were others, or if anything was taken—overlooked this. It is a watch. Look, it answers the description of your grandfather's gold time-piece, with the monogram 'S. A.'; and here—" he opened the case—"a lock of brown hair, and again your grandmother's face. It was certainly the watch of Simon Leach Torpans."

Agnes bent over Harnett's hand. "You found it in the clothes?" she faltered.

"Yes. Oh—but see! I overlooked that slip of paper." He thrust the watch in her hand, and with nervous ague clutching him, opened the yellow note. "'Deserted!'" he read aloud. "That's all of it."

Agnes stared with eyes expressionless from intense emotion. "Oh, no! no!" she suddenly cried. "It was some old lover! It couldn't have been grandfather! It was somebody who took these from his body, after he was killed in the battle!" Yet she dropped the watch, shudderingly, and Harnett let the paper flutter from his hand.

"If he ran," the young man whispered, "and came here in despair and horror at himself? And—and died here? Or shot himself? But how did the watch—"

He stopped, and the fright sprang into his eyes, while again Agnes clutched his hand, and again they fancied something in the cabin, near them, moving stumblingly, and finally reaching the doorway. Their nerves were strained to the utmost, when, in a sudden hush of the wind, again came the detonation, with its succeeding mental relief.

Agnes found herself clinging to Harnett, while his arm protectingly encircled her. "Charley," she whimpered, clutching at the lapels of his coat; "take me away. We didn't see or hear, and yet grandfather passed. Dear, leave the watch; I want to think of you, you only. For God's sake, take me away from here!"

Denver, Colo.

MISS DRURY—IRISH AGENT

BY RAYMOND A. McCONNELL.



HERE are two things that have bothered our Government incessantly in its dealings with the Indians. One of these is the eternal, infernal vigilance and industry of the whiskey sellers, who hover vulture-like around the reservations. The other is the indifference and the lack of vigilance of many of the men to whom the Government entrusts the supervision of its charges. But Miss Drury was neither—that is, she neither lacked vigilance nor was she a man, and she *was* Irish.

Of all this that I am telling you now, the bootleggers in San Bernardino have long been aware. To be sure, their sensitive noses had curled somewhat scornfully and they had jingled their hands in their pockets and ordered more “medicine” when the “damned female” had been made the official whose power they should have feared. But that was some time ago. Now the sensitive noses are uncurled, the hands don’t jingle much in the pockets, and the aforementioned female—well, she’s the official whose power they fear.

So when Miss Drury, who is a deputy constable as well as Indian agent, happened into San Bernardino with warrants for the arrest of six bootleggers against whom she and Big Jo, her faithful Indian officer, had secured evidence, she found, not unexpectedly, that the “high sign” had preceded her and there was “nothing doing” at any of the customary resorts—the desired men were all off on a vacation. The last of the places she visited was a low-down dirty establishment with an old blackboard out over the sidewalk, a relic of a score of winters and an eloquent witness of the destructive effects of water, bearing in faded letters the words “Pete’s Saloon.” Miss Drury dismounted and entered. A rather young man, clad in a very dirty apron, approached her respectfully—he knew her—and asked what he could do for her.

“Is Mr. Jenkins”—Pete, that was—“about the place?”

“No, lady, I’m very sorry—but you see Mister Jenkins’s gone off huntin’ and I don’t think he’ll be back for about a week. Sorry. Want to leave any word for me to give him?” the young bar-keeper asked, winking slyly as he did so at a loungee in the corner when Miss Drury turned to Big Jo.

“I’m sorry too,” she said. “No, I won’t leave my message. I must see the man himself. Jo, I guess we’ll hunt him up. Where did you say he had gone?” she again asked, turning back towards her willing informant.

“He went up on Gray Back. Said he was goin’ to work the north side. Very likely you might find him at Lovell’s place up there.”

“Thank you, I guess we can find him.” Miss Drury went out

and mounted her horse. Big Jo followed and the two rode off up the street. As they turned the corner a couple of blocks away, the door of Pete's saloon opened slightly and a rather old man with tobacco-stained mustache and whiskers stuck his head out and looked after them.

"Yes, ——— ye," he swore, "ye'll find me—an' I'll make another hunderd off 'n them cussed Injuns, while yer doin' it." Had Pete forgotten?

As soon as Miss Drury and Big Jo were well out of the city they turned their horses east and took the road to Banning.

"Well, Jo, I guess we've got that one. We'll not only take the evidence this time, but we'll make sure of the men as well. They slipped us last time, but it's a pretty poor lesson that doesn't teach something. You get Juan and Carlos to-night. I'll have Mr. Brown and Constable Ben from Banning at the big tree on the trail above Highlands to-morrow evening. We must surely make a success of it this time—how about it, Jo?"

"Might we could," answered the big fellow laconically. Miss Drury smiled, for that meant in better English that they would get their law-breakers unless Jo was put out of the fight.

At seven o'clock the next evening, Jo and two other Indians stopped at the big tree, which Miss Drury had indicated. It was a lonesome place. The sage-brush and scrub oaks intensified the gloomy shadows of the twilight. A pale moon just peering over the top of the mountain seemed as yet undecided whether to lend its aid or not. But the officers, for the Indians were deputies, tied their horses in a small clearing and sat down. They had not long to wait, however, for in about ten minutes, horses could be heard coming rather slowly, as though to avoid overmuch racket. A moment later two men, Deputy-Sheriff Brown and Constable Ben of Banning, and two women, Mrs. Hazel Warner, a friend whom Miss Drury had had sworn in as a deputy, and Miss Drury herself, dismounted. Very little talking was done until after the Indians had taken the four horses and tied them with their own. When they rejoined the party, Miss Drury explained her plan, and then the wait commenced. It might only be for a few minutes, it might be an hour, the leader said. At any rate they would have sufficient warning. The road, which was about a hundred yards up the slope from the tree, had long been unused except by these illicit dealers in drink, and as a consequence was pretty well grown up with weeds and brush. No wagon could come along there without the commotion being heard at a considerable distance.

A half-hour passed, however, bringing no travelers. The men from Banning began to think they were wasting time. Another half-hour went by and Mrs. Warner spoke.

"Clara, don't you think we are going to get fooled? I hardly think those men would risk coming on so slim a chance as you gave them."

"They will be along tonight," answered Miss Drury. "I would think as you do, if it were not for one thing. Pete thinks he has at last got me on the wrong trail, and he will not fail to take advantage of his own trick."

But in spite of her assurance, another long half-hour passed with no interruption of the quiet moonlit evening. The white men were pacing restlessly about and Mrs. Warner also was quite evidently tired of waiting; but the Indians sat on the ground, calm and silent, watching Miss Drury. The latter, noticing the uneasiness of part of her retainers, only set her firm little Irish jaw more firmly and then spoke in short decisive words.

"The wagons will be along by nine o'clock. Will you wait till then with me or not?" Of course, they all said they wouldn't think of leaving her there alone, and, as her intention of remaining under any consideration was quite clear, there was nothing to it but for them to stay.

The minutes passed one after the other, however, and still there was no reward to the members of the party for their patience. Even Miss Drury began to doubt her judgment, and to think that after all she, and not Pete, was the one who had been outwitted. It was now about ten minutes before nine. Everything was quiet. Nighthawks were flitting here and there, now down towards the glittering lights in the valley, now up towards the black heights of the mountains. A rabbit hopped timidly out from the brush like a little shadow, and then disappeared.

"Clara, I think—" One of the Indians, jumping up, interrupted Mrs. Warner. "Wagons, I hear," he said. Everyone listened. Sure enough they could hear the faint crackling of brush somewhere far down the road.

Instantly the plan as arranged was put into execution. Mrs. Warner and Miss Drury, mounting the horses which Big Jo brought, rode out towards the lonely wagon-trail with the others following on foot. The men all hid themselves in the bushes beside the road, three on one side and two on the other. Nearer and nearer came the rattle of the wagon and the crackling of brush. Soon the tread of horses could be heard.

"Ah, as I thought," whispered Miss Drury. "They are taking no chances of a surprise such as we gave them before."

When the noise of the wagon wheels and the horses' hoofs seemed to indicate a distance of about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards, the two women quietly turned their horses into the road and started to meet the approaching party. They had gone but a short

distance, however, when the expected wagon appeared around a bend of the road, quite distinct in the bright moonlight. One man was driving the team and two others were riding horseback, one on each side of the wagon. The moon made all this quite clear for the deputies, but it also revealed to the bootleggers (for now there was no question as to their identity) the identity of at least one of the approaching women.

Immediately the two horsemen spurred their animals into a dead gallop towards the women. The latter, as though startled by this sudden onslaught, turned their quick little pintos sharply.

Back over the road they dashed desperately with a start on their pursuers of about fifty feet. The men gained on them rapidly. Another hundred yards and suddenly, after the women had dashed past the spot where the officers stood in hiding, they wheeled and reined in.

"Hands up!" shouted Miss Drury, and the two men jerked their horses to their haunches as two revolvers faced them from the women's hands. As they did so, two men sprang from each side of the road and seized the riders, a fifth man got the horses, and in a trice the action was over, the two animals were tied in the brush, the two men were prisoners. A minute later the driver of the precious wagon was also seated beside his comrades, tied hand and foot, and his team was turned in the direction from which it had come. When the officers were loading the prisoners on the hay that concealed the barrels of whiskey. Miss Drury scrutinized each one carefully.

"Ah," she exclaimed, in a satisfied manner as the last one was dragged up, "I thought I would find you, Jenkins. I trust you have been enjoying your hunt."

"You ——." Pete started to curse the woman furiously, but Big Jo slapped his hand on the fellow's mouth and pitched him into the wagon with little ceremony.

"I'll get you yet," he hissed from a rather uncomfortable position on the hay. His curses were only muttered, but it was quite evident he meant the woman as well as the Indian.

The next day, in San Bernardino, the three men were bound over for trial on a clear case.

Two years later Miss Drury was sitting in her little office in the reservation looking over an accumulation of mail, mostly official, when Big Jo entered and sat down without a word. He maintained this silence until Miss Drury turned in her chair and asked him why he had come.

"Something matter with Indians," he answered. "Jo think they got whiskey—not much, but some. They say they will go to San Bernardino tonight. If they do, then they raise hell."

"Tut, Jo, don't say that," replied Miss Drury reprovingly. "But you're right," she added in a moment. "It will be bad if the boys go to San Bernardino. We can't tell where the mischief will end. They shan't go—we must stop them," she concluded emphatically.

"Jo can't do no more—they only laugh at me," stolidly answered the big Indian.

"Yes you can, if I help you." Miss Drury knew how to flatter Jo just enough to make him do anything she wanted. "Come back here at half past five."

Jo left and Miss Drury sat down to study the situation over. It had been a long time since the Indians had been mutinous. The last time was when she had had so much trouble with Pete and his gang of bootleggers at San Bernardino. If Pete were not safely in San Quentin—but then he was. Since that gang had been broken up, no others had appeared willing to take the risk. But now it was more likely that some new brute wanted to match his wits with those of a mere woman for the great profits to be made in the devilish liquor traffic. This, too, was the general method of "working" the Indians. Get just enough whiskey to make them crazy for more, and then put them up to leaving the reservation to get it. Oh, yes, she knew their tricks. Once matters had reached this point the superintendent would get but small aid from the Indians in keeping out the vile stuff sold for whiskey. If only the effects of the drink would wear off a little before evening—it depended on how much they had had—then she might be able to calm them down and appeal to their better judgment to keep themselves out of trouble. If not—well, other methods would have to be employed. If matters were to come to a bad pass, she could count on about ten of the Indians on the reservation to stay by her.

Promptly at five thirty Big Jo appeared at the open door and awaited his superior officers' orders. They were soon forthcoming in no undecided voice.

"Get Juan and Carlos. You three go to all who have not been drinking who you think will help us, and have them wait in the gulch behind the schoolhouse. As soon as you get all you can, come and tell me."

Jo started on his mission and Miss Drury herself went to see what she could do in the way of persuasion. As she expected, she found a group of the Indians at Dago Frank's wickiup, engaged in rather excited conversation. They all grew silent at her approach and would not look up. Yes, Jo was right. There was trouble brewing.

She nodded to them in a friendly manner. "Hello, my men, have you just got in from work?" she asked pleasantly.

"Indian don't have to work all the time," answered the half-breed sullenly.

Miss Drury ignored this remark and continued, "I just came over to see if you men wouldn't help get up a barbecue tomorrow. It's been a good while since we've had one. Frank, you know better than anyone else how to get the beef cooked just right—I want you, for sure."

This was tempting. Some of the men looked expectantly at Frank. He only tossed his head and his blood-shot eyes looked Miss Drury defiantly in the face. "We don't want the barbecue," he said. "We won't be here—we are going tonight to San Bernardino."

"To San Bernardino!" exclaimed Miss Drury in well-feigned astonishment. "What do you want there? Now, see here," she went on, "you know if you go to San Bernardino you will lose all your hard-earned money, you will get drunk and maybe arrested, and then the government will be angry and more strict with you. Please don't go—you know the whiskey only does you harm. Tomorrow or next day you will be sorry."

"We going to San Bernardino tonight," reiterated Frank stubbornly.

"You are *not* going to San Bernardino tonight," Miss Drury said slowly and emphatically. "Frank, if you try to take these men away this evening, I'll have you arrested, and you other men, don't go unless you want trouble." With that she turned and left them. Other groups gathered from about the reservation were also evidently talking the matter over. There seemed to be about four or five like Dago Frank who, probably from having had more drink than the rest, were set on taking all the men with them. Miss Drury met about the same response from each of these that she had received from Frank. It seemed as though their plans had been well made and were not to be interrupted. Altogether there were about forty who were ready to do whatever their leaders did.

As Miss Drury was walking back to the little room that served as her office while she was on the reservation, she met Jo. "Well?" she asked.

"'Leven Indians down where you said. Jo makes twelve."

"That's fine. Now, listen. If the men get ready to leave, you have one man as close as possible, without letting them suspect you, to Frank, Louis, Francisco, Big Fred and Jim. Then watch me. If I hold up my left hand, cover those men with revolvers. The rest of your party must watch the other men and have their guns ready. Only a few amongst them have revolvers. Can you handle them, do you think?"

"Might I could," answered the big fellow.

At seven o'clock the break was just getting under way. There was an atmosphere of excitement in the whole village. Again Miss Drury rode around and spoke to many of her excited charges, but it had slight effect. They finally gathered in a prancing group and started. Miss Drury saw with satisfaction that her orders to Jo had been carefully obeyed. She rode out a short distance in front of the restless horses, and, reining in her own little pinto, turned towards the crowd.

"Men, look here," she commanded in a loud, clear voice. "You are not to go one step from here tonight. If you go home now there will be no trouble. If you don't, you will all be punished."

The sight of this determined little woman in front of them, and her words, had an effect on most of the rather cowardly bucks which would probably have caused them to obey her, had not Dago Frank, seeing their wavering decision, yelled to them in derision, "Old squaws, cowards, will you let a white woman order you around? Come on!" At this, they all started again.

Immediately Miss Drury threw up her left hand. At the same instant five revolvers were pointed at the heads of the men she feared most. They stopped, taken utterly by surprise, and the followers fell back dismayed.

"Tie them, Jo," she ordered, still keeping her position.

A second later, as Jo commenced to rope Dago Frank, she saw a stranger step from a nearby wickiup and raise a revolver. There was the sharp crack of a shot, followed instantly by a second. Jo staggered, but kept his feet. At the second shot Miss Drury's left hand fell to her side limp and lifeless, but her own pistol flashed in her right hand, there were two reports in quick succession; the stranger shrieked out a curse and fell. Miss Drury had hit her mark.

Jo's helpers quickly got the arrested Indians tied, and the others, thoroughly frightened and sobered now, began to scatter. Miss Drury went to Jo. He had been hit in the shoulder, but was already walking over to the man who had suffered worst in the fray. She followed rather reluctantly.

"Pete Jenkins," she immediately exclaimed.

"Huh—old devil," said Jo. "Got us yet, did you?"

But the "old devil" only groaned. He surely had made a mistake. He had forgotten now for a second time two things: one, that the Indian agent was not a man, and the other, that she was Irish.

Claremont, Cal.

ADMISSION DAY ADDRESS

Address delivered on Admission Day, at Monterey, September 9, 1908.

By JOHN F. DAVIS.



IN NO more appropriate spot in California can the anniversary of the admission of the State into the Union be held than in that town where still stands Colton Hall. In no other place beneath Californian skies is there a greater wealth of romantic historic interest. Here, in 1602, the navigator Sebastian Vizcaino visited and took possession in the name of Philip III of Spain, and Padre Ascension celebrated the mass under a spreading oak tree near the water's edge; here, on June 3, 1770, more than a century and a half afterward, Portalá raised the Spanish standard and took possession in the name of Carlos III of Spain, and on the same day, Father Junípero Serra, who accompanied the expedition, founded the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, which he afterwards moved to Carmelo; here was the capital of California under the Spanish dominion until it ended with Governor Sola; here, on April 9, 1822, the junta met, which passed the resolution of acquiescence in the government of the new republic, took the prescribed oath, and raised the flag of Mexico; here, in November, 1836, the Hispano-Californian revolutionists under Alvarado took possession of the town, and declared the country a sovereign state, recognizing only a federation with Mexico, though they left the Mexican flag still floating; here, in 1842, Commodore Jones, on a false report that war had started with Mexico, entered the harbor, seized the port, and raised the American flag, and upon hearing that the report upon which he had acted was unfounded, hauled down the flag the next day, apologized and retired; here, in 1844, Thomas O. Larkin was appointed the first and the last American consul of the port; here, on July 7, 1846, Commodore Sloat raised the Stars and Stripes; here, in Colton Hall, assembled on September 1st, and organized on September 3, 1849, the first constitutional convention—the convention which gave to California the constitution with which she came into the Union upon a day, the fifty-eighth anniversary of which we are celebrating today. Here historic associations abound, and historic monuments abide. Even the landscape, in part, endures.

"I love to go to Monterey," said General Vallejo in his old age, "for there I may yet find a little of the dear and almost obliterated past. There is yet the ocean that smiles for me as I approach, and venerable, bearded oaks, to which I raise my hat as I pass under them; and there are streets still familiar, and houses not yet torn down, and streams and landscape which I may yet recognize as part of my former belongings. But, after all, these are only the unfabricated grave-gear that tell I am not yet dead."

Such an environment is well calculated to arrest our attention, and to lead our thoughts afield. In the presence of these reminders of the past, vain-glorious praise of the present and roseate prophecies of the future seem alike out of place. May it not be well today, if, instead of dwelling upon the vast material and moral resources of the State, if, instead of singing the old song of the beauties and charm of "a land of sunshine, fruit and flowers," we try to ascertain what has been done to collect, preserve and diffuse information relating to the history of this commonwealth; and, if we shall find that nothing adequate has been done, to inquire what intelligent action has effected along those lines in other sections of our country, and to dedicate ourselves to work toward the accomplishment of like results?

The early history of the coast came as an off-shoot of a civilization whose

antiquity was already respectable. "A hundred years," says Hubert H. Bancroft, "before John Smith saw the spot on which was planted Jamestown, or the English pilgrim placed foot on the rock of Plymouth, thousands from Spain had crossed the high sea, achieving mighty conquests, seizing large portions of the two Americas, and placing under tribute their peoples. They had built towns, worked mines, established plantations, and solved many of the problems attending European colonization in the new world."

One of the truest of our modern critics has said: "We love manhood; and the Spanish pioneering of the Americas was the largest, longest and most marvelous feat of manhood in all history."

The past of California possesses a wealth of romantic interest, a variety of contrast, a novelty of resourcefulness and an intrinsic importance that enralls the imagination.

It is not my purpose today—the time would not permit it—to review the different phases of California history. I do not intend to lay before your minds a vision of the twilight of romance in this State when it was "a mere field of cosmographic conjecture, its position, somewhere in the way from Mexico to India, being vaguely fixed by such bounds as Asia, the North Pole, Newfoundland and Florida, though that in itself is a story of deep interest. I shall not attempt to give you the interesting account of the hardship and high endeavor of the splendid band of navigators, beginning with Cabrillo in 1543, who discovered, explored and reported on its bays, outlets, rivers and coast line, whose task was as desperate, and whose exploits as heroic, as anything accomplished by the Norsemen in Iceland, the discoverers of the Atlantic Coast, or the circumnavigators of the Cape of Good Hope. I do not desire to picture to you the decades of the pastoral life of the hacienda and its broad acres, though I trust the pen of some native Californian will yet depict the charm of the monotony, the hospitality and the liveliness of its social life. I do not intend to recall the miniature struggles of church and State, the many political controversies of the Mexican regime, or the play of plot and counter-plot that made up so much of its history "before the Gringo came." I shall not try to tell you the story of the discovery of gold and its world-thrilling incidents, nor of the hardship and courage of the emigrant trail, nor of the importance of the mission of the pathfinder and the excitement of the conquest, each in itself an experience full to the brim, each varied, and each full of its local color.

Let me rather call attention to three incidents of our history, ignoring all the rest, to enforce the point of its uniqueness, its variety, its novelty, its importance, as entitling it to its proper proportionate place in the history of the nation.

And first of all, the story of the Missions. The story of the Missions is the history of the beginning of the colonization of California. The Spanish government was desirous of providing its ships, on the return trip from Manila, with good harbors of supply and repairs, and was also desirous of promoting a settlement of the north as a safeguard against possible Russian aggression. The Franciscans, upon the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767, had taken charge of the missions, and in their zeal for the conversion of the Indians, seconded the plans of the government.

"The official purpose here, as in older mission undertakings," says Dr. Royce, "was a union of physical and spiritual conquest, soldiers under a military governor co-operating to this end with missionaries and mission establishments. The natives were to be overcome by arms in so far as they might resist the conquerors, were to be attracted to the missions by peaceable meas-

ures in so far as might prove possible, were to be instructed in the faith, and were to be kept for the present under the paternal rule of the clergy, until such time as they might be ready for a free life as Christian subjects. Meanwhile, Spanish colonists were to be brought to the new land as circumstances might determine, and, to these, allotments of land were in some fashion to be made. No grants of land in a legal sense were made or promised to the mission establishments, whose position was to be merely that of spiritual institutions, intrusted temporarily with the education of neophytes, and with the care of the property that should be given or hereafter produced for the purpose. On the other hand, if the government tended to regard the missions as purely subsidiary to its purposes, the outgoing missionaries to this strange land were so much the more certain to be quite uncorrupted by worldly ambitions, by a hope of acquiring wealth, or by any intention to found a powerful ecclesiastical government in the new colony. They went to save souls, and their motive was as single as it was worthy of reverence. In the sequel, the more successful missions of Upper California became, for a time, very wealthy; but this was only by virtue of the gifts of nature and of the devoted labors of the padres."

Such a scheme of human effort is so unique and so in contradiction to all that obtains today, that it seems like a narrative from another world. Fortunately, the annals of these missions, which ultimately extended from San Diego to beyond Sonoma, stepping-stones of civilization of this coast, are complete, and their simple disinterestedness and directness sound like a tale from Arcady. They were signally successful because those who conducted them were true to the trusteeship of their lives. The reason that their work has passed away, and that nothing is now left of them but a few monuments to mark their resting places, is because the peoples whom they subdued and civilized have themselves passed from these valleys and hills. It is a source of high satisfaction that there was here no record of over-reaching the simple natives, no failure to respect what rights they claimed, no carnage and bloodshed, that have so often attended expeditions sent nominally for civilization, but really for conquest. If the teeming acres are now otherwise tilled, and if the herds of cattle have passed away, and the communal life is gone forever, the records of what was accomplished in those pastoral days has immortalized the names of Salvatierra and Junipero Serra. In a sense, the work of these missions is now dead, dead as the Blue Laws of Connecticut, yet the memory of those days still remains to us as a legacy, and what monuments are left of them are being preserved by us and will be cherished by our children. As the fishermen off the coast of Brittany tell the legend that at the evening hour, as their boats pass over the vanished Atlantis, they can still hear the sounds of its activity at the bottom of the sea, so every Californian, as he turns the pages of the early history of his State, feels at times that he can hear the echo of the Angelus bell of the missions that are dead and gone, and amid the din of the money-madness of these later days, can find a response in the better angels of his nature.

In swift contrast to this idyllic scene, which is shared with us by few other sections of this country, stands the history of a period where for more than two years this State was without authority of law, and where the only authority was such as sprang from the instinct of self-preservation. No more interesting phase of history in America can be presented than that which arose in California immediately after the discovery of gold, with reference to titles upon the public domain. James W. Marshall made the discovery of gold in the race of a saw-mill at Coloma in the latter part of January, 1848. There-

upon took place an incident of history which demonstrated that Jason and his companions were not the only argonauts who ever made a voyage to unknown shores in search of a golden fleece. The first news of the discovery almost depopulated the towns and ranches of California, and even affected the discipline of the small army of occupation. The first winter brought thousands of Oregonians, Mexicans and Chileños. The extraordinary reports that reached the East were at first disbelieved, but when the private letters of army officers and men in authority were published, an indescribable gold fever took possession of the nation east of the Alleghenies. All the energetic and daring, all the physically sound of all ages, seemed bent on reaching the new El Dorado. The old Gothic instinct of invasion seemed to survive and thrill in the fibre of our people, and the camps and gulches and mines of California witnessed a social and political phenomenon unique in the history of the world, the spirit and romance of which have been immortalized in the pages of Bret Harte.

Before 1850 the population of California had risen from \$15,000, as it was in 1847, to 100,000, and the annual average increase for six years thereafter was 50,000. The novelty of this situation produced in many minds the most marvelous development. "Every glance westward was met by a new ray of intelligence; every drawn breath of western air brought inspiration; every step taken was over an unknown field; every experiment, every thought, every aspiration and act were original and individual.

At the time of Marshall's discovery the United States was still at war with Mexico, its sovereignty over the soil of California not yet recognized by the latter. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was not concluded until February 2d, the ratified copies thereof not exchanged at Queretaro till May 30th, and the treaty not proclaimed until July 4, 1848. On the 12th of February, 1848, ten days after the signing of the treaty of peace, and about three weeks after the discovery of gold at Coloma, Colonel Mason did the pioneers a signal service by issuing as Governor the proclamation concerning the mines, which at the time was taken as a finality and certainty as to the status of mining titles in their international aspect: "From and after this date," he said, "the Mexican laws and customs now prevailing in California, relative to the denouncement of mines, are hereby abolished." Although, as the law was fourteen years afterwards expounded by the United States Supreme Court, the act was unnecessary as a precautionary measure, still the practical result of the timeliness of the proclamation was to prevent attempts to found private titles to the new discovery of gold on any customs or laws of Mexico.

Meantime, and in fact until her admission into the Union as a State, California was governed by military authority. Except to provide for the delivering and taking of mails at certain points on the coast, no federal act was passed with reference to California in any relation; in no Act of Congress was California even mentioned after its annexation, until the Act of March 3, 1849, extending the revenue laws of the United States "over the territory and waters of Upper California, and to create certain collection districts therein." The act of March 3, 1849, not only did not extend the general laws of the United States over California, but did not even create a local tribunal for its enforcement, providing that the District Court of Louisiana, and the Supreme Court of Oregon should be courts of original jurisdiction to take cognizance of all violations of its provisions. Not even the Act of the 9th of September, 1850, admitting California into the Union, extended the general laws of the United States over the State by express provision. Not until the Act of September 28, 1850, establishing a district court in the State, was it

enacted by Congress "that all the laws of the United States which are not locally inapplicable, shall have the same force and effect within the said State of California, as elsewhere within the United States."

Though no general federal laws were extended by Congress over the late acquisitions from Mexico for more than two years after the end of the war, the paramount title to the public lands had vested in the federal government by virtue of the provisions of the treaty of peace; the public land itself had become part of the public domain of the United States. The army of occupation, however, offered no opposition to the invading army of prospectors. The miners were, in 1849, twenty years ahead of the railroad and the electric telegraph; and the telephone had not yet been invented. In the parlance of the times, the prospectors "had the drop on the army." In Colonel Mason's unique report of the situation that confronted him, discretion waits upon valor. "The entire gold district," he wrote, "with few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the Mexican authorities, is on land belonging to the United States. It was a matter of serious reflection with me how I could secure to the government certain rents or fees for the privilege of procuring this gold; but upon considering the large extent of the country, the character of the people engaged, and the small scattered force at my command, I am resolved not to interfere, but permit all to work freely." It is not recorded whether the resolute Colonel was conscious of the humor of his resolution.

The prospectors and miners were, then, in the start, simply trespassers upon the public lands as against the government of the United States, with no laws to guide, restrain or protect them, and with nothing to fear from the military authorities. They were equal to the occasion. The instinct of organization was a part of their heredity. Professor Macy, of John Hopkins University, once wrote: "It has been said that if three Americans meet to talk over an item of business, the first thing they do is to organize."

"Finding themselves far from the legal traditions and restraints of the settled East," says the report of the Public Lands Commission of 1880, "in a pathless wilderness, under the feverish excitement of an industry as swift and full of chance as the throwing of dice, the adventurers of 1849 spontaneously instituted neighborhood or district codes of regulations, which were simply meant to define and protest a brief possessory ownership. The ravines and river-bars which held the placer gold were valueless for settlement or home-making, but were splendid stakes to hold for a few short seasons and gamble with nature for wealth or ruin.

"In the absence of State and Federal laws competent to meet the novel industry, and with the inbred respect for equitable adjustments of rights between man and man, which is the inheritance of centuries of English common law, the miners only sought to secure equitable rights and protection from robbery by a simple agreement as to the maximum size of a surface claim, trusting, with a well-founded confidence, that no machinery was necessary to enforce their regulations other than the swift, rough blows of public opinion. The gold-seekers were not long in realizing that the source of the dust which had worked its way into the sands and bars, and distributed its precious particles over the bed-rocks of rivers, was derived from solid quartz veins, which were thin sheets of mineral material inclosed in the foundation rocks of the country. Still in advance of any enactments by legislature or congress, the common sense of the miners, which had proved strong enough to govern with wisdom the ownership of placer mines, rose to meet the question of lode claims, and sheet-like veins of quartz, and provided that a claim should consist of a certain horizontal block of the vein, however it might run, but extending

indefinitely downward, with a strip of surface on, or embracing, the vein's outcrop, for the placing of necessary machinery and buildings. Under this theory, the lode was the property, and the surface became a mere easement.

"This early California theory of a mining claim, consisting of a certain number of running feet of vein with a strip of land covering the surface length of the claim, is the obvious foundation for the federal legislation and present system of public disposition and private ownership of the mineral lands west of the Missouri River. Contrasted with this is the mode of disposition of mineral-bearing lands east of the Missouri River, where the common law has been the one rule, and where the surface tract has always carried with it all minerals vertically below it.

"The great coal, iron, copper, lead and zinc wealth east of the Rocky Mountains have all passed with the surface titles, and there can be little doubt that if California had been contiguous to the eastern metallic regions, and its mineral development progressed naturally with the advantage of home-making settlements, the power of common-law precedent would have governed its whole mining history. But California was one of those extraordinary historic exceptions that defy precedent and create original modes of life and law. And since the developers of the great precious metal mining of the far West have for the most part swarmed out of the California hive, California ideas have not only been everywhere dominant over the field of industry, but have stemmed the tide of federal land policy and given us a statute-book with English common law in force over half the land and California common law ruling in the other."

I have spoken of these two incidents, the one of the peaceable civilization of the missions, and the other of the strenuous life issuing in the adoption of the mining code, as illustrative incidents of the variety of California history. Let me speak of a third, directly connected with the day we celebrate. The delay incident to the admission of California into the Union as a State was precipitated by the tense struggle then raging in Congress between the North and the South, as to which should have the predominance of power. The destiny of the nation hung upon the result of that issue, and when California finally entered the Union, it came in as the sixteenth free State, and forever destroyed the equilibrium between the North and the South, which up to that time had been maintained.

The struggle had been so prolonged, however, that the people upon this coast, far removed from the scene of it, and feeling more than all else that they were entitled to be protected by a system of laws, grew impatient. They met in legislative assembly and proclaimed: "It is the duty of the government of the United States to give us laws; and when that duty is not performed, one of the clearest rights we have left is to govern ourselves." Far removed from the source of legal authority, with a life the most strenuous confronting them, without an army adequate to protect them or to enforce even its own commands against them, with the problems of a new empire confronting them, they did not hesitate. The first provisional government meeting was held in the pueblo of San José, December 11th, 1848, and unanimously recommended that a general convention for the purpose of nominating a suitable candidate for governor and for such other business as might be deemed expedient, be held at the pueblo of San José on the 2d Monday in January following. At San Francisco, a similar provisional meeting was held and similar recommendations made, though the date of the proposed convention was fixed for the first Monday in March, 1848, and afterwards changed to the first Monday in August.

The population of San Francisco was increasing so fast, however, that on February 12, 1849, the people of San Francisco in mass meeting assembled, established a temporary government for that district, under the name of the "Legislative Assembly of San Francisco," comprising fifteen members. General Bennet Riley arrived April 12th, 1849, on board the Iowa, and, relieving Colonel Mason, became the acting governor of California. While the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco recognized his military authority, in which capacity he was not formidable, it did not recognize his civil power. General Riley, however, with that rare diplomacy which seems to have attached to all federal military people when acting on the Pacific Coast, realizing that any organized government that proceeded from an orderly concourse of the people of the State, was preferable to the exasperating condition in which the community was left to face its increasing problems under congressional inaction, himself issued a proclamation for a State Convention, which contained the following important provision: "In order to complete this organization with the least possible delay, the undersigned, in virtue of the power in him vested, does hereby appoint the first of August next as the day for holding a special election for the delegates to a general convention, and for the filling of the offices of judges of the Supreme Court, prefects and sub-prefects, and all vacancies in the office of first alcade (or judge of first instance), alcade, justices of the peace and town councils. The general convention for forming a State constitution or plan for its territorial government will consist of thirty-seven delegates, who will meet at Monterey on the first of September next." While he condemned the actions of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco as being illegal and without authority, he had the wisdom to recognize the fact that the people were inevitably bent on holding a State convention for the purpose of framing a constitution, and when he wisely issued his proclamation to the same end, the various assemblies, which had placed other conditions and fixed other dates and places for the holding of the same, gave way, and a general election was held under the provisions of Riley's proclamation. The delegates met in Monterey at Colton Hall, on the first of September and organized on the 3d of September, 1849. The convention was one of the keenest and most intelligent that ever assembled for the fulfillment of a legislative responsibility. Six of the delegates had resided in California less than six months, while only twenty-two, exclusive of the seven native Californians, had resided here for more than three years. The average age of all the delegates was 36 years. The debates of that convention should be familiar to every Son of this State. No Californian should be unfamiliar with the great debate on what was to constitute the boundary of the State of California, a debate on which turned the question of the slave power of this country, and which in the end almost wrecked the convention. The constitution adopted by this convention was ratified November 13, 1849, and at the same election an entire State and legislative ticket, with two representatives to Congress, was chosen. The senators and assemblymen-elect met in San José on December 15, 1849. On December 20, 1849, the State government of California was established and Gov-State of California, and soon thereafter William M. Gwyn and John C. Fremont were elected the first United States senators of the State of California. Notwithstanding the fact that there had never been any territorial form of government; notwithstanding the fact that California was not yet admitted into the Union, these men were all elected as members of the State government, and the United States senators and members of Congress

started for Washington to help get the State admitted. Immediately upon the inauguration of Governor Burnett, Governor General Riley issued this remarkable

"PROCLAMATION

"To the People of California.

"A new Executive having been elected and installed into office, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the State, the undersigned hereby resigns his powers as Governor of California. In thus dissolving his official connection with the people of this country, he would tender to them his heartfelt thanks for their many kind attentions, and for the uniform support which they have given to the measures of his administration. The principal object of all his wishes is now accomplished—the people have a government of their own choice, and one which, under the favor of divine Providence, will secure their own prosperity and happiness, and the permanent welfare of the new State.

"Given at San José, California, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1849.

"Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A., and Governor of California.

"B. RILEY,

"By the Governor: W. H. Halleck,

"Brevet Captain and Secretary of State."

No matter what the legal objection to this course might be; notwithstanding the fact that Congress had passed no bill for the admission of California as a State into the Union, and might never pass one, California broke all precedents by *declaring itself a State*, and a free State at that, and sent its representatives to Washington to hurry up the passage of the bill which should admit it into the Union. The brilliant audacity of California's methods of admission into the Union, stands without parallel in the history of the nation.

It is indefensible that in the face of incidents of our history such as these, sons and daughters of California should be ignorant of the lives and experiences of their fathers and of those who preceded them on this coast. The history of these experiences is part of the history of the nation, and the record of the achievements of the empire-builders of this coast is one that inspires civic pride and is a reverence for their memories. Something should be done by their descendants that this story should not be unknown, simply because it is not known in the centers where our school histories are edited and printed. Why should every little unimportant detail of the petty incidents of the French and Indian wars, of Queen Anne's war, and King Philip's war, and Braddock's campaign, be crammed into the heads of children who have never heard the names of Portalá? The beautiful story of Paul Revere's ride is known to every one, but how many know the story of invincible determination in the building of Ugarte's ship? William Penn's honest treatment of the Indians is a household word to people who would not know how to pronounce the name of Junípero Serra, if they saw it in print. The hardships of the New England pilgrims in the winter on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts are not more pitiful than the fate of the emigrants at Donner Lake. The courtship of Miles Standish and Priscilla is embalmed in verse, and the tragic story of Rezanoff and Concepcion Argüello is unheralded and unsung. Why remember Marquette and forget Salvatierra? Why herald the ridiculous attempt of Rhode Island to keep out of the Union, and not acclaim the splendid effort of California to break into it?

When in all the ten volumes of Thomas B. Reed's magnificent collection entitled "Modern Eloquence," we find but one speech that was delivered in California, and while the senile vaporings of Chauncey Depew are printed in detail, the flaming eloquence of E. D. Baker is absolutely ignored, and the only discourse reported of Thomas Starr King is one that he delivered in Boston, it is time for the descendants of the pioneers to ask themselves whether these things have all happened by accident, or whether the older commonwealths of this country have been moved by a pride in their history and in their traditions to take such measures for their preservation and for the promotion of their publication as to put us to shame. What have we of California done to collect, preserve and diffuse information relating to the history of our State? And what have other commonwealths done?

The California State Historical Society, first organized in 1852, and incor-

porated in 1870, was in active existence from 1886 to 1893, and published some valuable historical material, including Father Palou's *Noticias*, Doyle's *History of the Pious Fund*, Willey's *History of the College of California*, and some interesting papers by Martin Kellogg, George Davidson, Bernard Moses, William Carey Jones and T. H. Hittell. From that time it has had no active existence. There has not been a meeting of its board of directors since 1893, and since then most of them have died. It has no maps and no manuscripts, and its little library of 500 printed volumes is stored away in San Francisco, in the basement cellar of the gentleman who is still nominally its president. It never owned a building in which to do its work, and never endowed, and to all intents and purposes, has been dead for fifteen years.

When we look beyond the Rockies, however, we begin to appreciate the work that is being done by the State Historical Societies organized for the purpose of collecting, preserving and diffusing historical information concerning their respective States. The Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Societies are prototypes of the privately organized and endowed organizations of the Eastern States, which without official patronage have attained strength, dignity and a high degree of usefulness, while Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas similarly stand for the State-supported institutions of the West. Twelve societies or departments own their own halls—those valued at \$100,000 or over being: Wisconsin, \$610,000; Iowa, \$400,000; Pennsylvania, \$300,000, and Massachusetts, \$225,000. Thirteen are housed in their respective State Capitols, seven are quartered in State Universities, and six in other public buildings. The largest State appropriations are given to Wisconsin, \$32,000; Minnesota, \$20,000, and Iowa, \$17,500. The Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin Societies are, of course, the wealthiest in endowments, possessing respectively, \$221,000, \$170,000 and \$53,000 in vested funds. The largest libraries are: Pennsylvania, 315,000 titles; Wisconsin, 280,000; Massachusetts, 155,000; Kansas, 119,600, and New Hampshire, \$93,500.

Only a little less important, in degree, are a large number of historical societies which represent some town or section. For example: The Essex Institute of Salem, Massachusetts, with its income of \$15,000, library of 400,000 titles, and building valued at \$75,000; New York (city) Historical Society, with 1057 members, endowment fund aggregating \$236,000, yearly income of \$12,800, and a building costing \$400,000; the Chicago Historical Society, with a library of 100,000 titles, housed in a \$185,000 building, and supported by endowment funds aggregating \$96,000; the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn, with 72,000 titles in its own building; the Western Reserve, of Cleveland, with 60,000 titles in a \$55,000 building; the Worcester (Massachusetts) Society of Antiquities, housing 90,000 titles within a building valued at \$50,000, and the Buffalo Historical Society, which has a library of 16,000 titles in a \$200,000 building, and receives a municipal grant of \$5000 and incidental expenses per annum. These are simply the most highly endowed. Every important town and city in the country is represented. In the State of Massachusetts alone, there are, besides its State Historical Society, thirty-six local historical societies, all of them alive and active and doing good work. The only local historical society that I know of in California is the Historical Society of Southern California in Los Angeles, with a membership (in 1905) of fifty, owning a library of 5000 books and pamphlets, and the Archaeological Institution of the Southwest, also of Los Angeles, which, however, is not exclusively an historical society.

I submit to you, as patriotic Californians, whether this is a record in which we can take any pride. With the exception of the pitiful attempts of its loyal friends from time to time to revive the California Historical Society, absolutely no organization work whatever has been done by any public institution to promote either the publication of California history or the collection of material therefor. With a history such as ours, with its halo of romance, with its peculiarity of incident, with its speech-making significance, is it not a burning shame that we have not long ago, either through private endowment or through public institutions, taken as much pride in the preservation of our history as our fathers did in the creation of it? Is it not time that societies like the Pioneers, the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West, should combine and work together for the creation of a public sentiment which

will support and uphold any institution that will strive to perpetuate the record of the history of this great commonwealth? When we see what has been accomplished by these orders in promoting a sentiment for the preservation of the landmarks of our State, and the placing of tablets to commemorate the location of great events, shall we not do all in our power to collect whatever material in the shape of maps or manuscripts or books, that tell the story of our State's history, and place them where they shall be preserved and catalogued and published, and see to it that the publication of their contents shall be heralded abroad for the edification of others, as well as ourselves? In everything that we have undertaken, we have always succeeded—shall we fail in this duty simply because we do not care to try?

The time is ripe for this work. Though there has been no organized effort on the part of the State, or of any community in the State, to recognize the duty of collecting and preserving the priceless records of its historical growth, yet by an undeserved fortune, we have the nucleus of a library, which as far as the accuracy of the record of our history up to date is concerned, places us in a position of advantage even over the oldest States of this country. The fire which swept San Francisco in its early stages, did not reach the Bancroft library, at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets. The fire that burned the building on Market street near Third, next door to the History building, missed the Bancroft library, and when it was moved to the building especially constructed for it at Valencia and Mission streets, the conflagration of the 18th of April, 1906, did not reach it. In this State it remained for a private individual by his life work, to collect and preserve a library that to the State of California is almost priceless in value. "There is no other State or country," it has been said, "whose historic data have been so thoroughly collected at so early a period in its existence, especially none whose existence has been so varied and eventful, and its record so complicated and perishable. Mr. Bancroft has attempted, and successfully, it is believed, to give to his country a work which in the ordinary course of events would have been left for a succession of historical societies and specialists to do in a later generation, after the largest part of the material had been lost, and the accomplishment of the purpose would be absolutely impossible." This magnificent library the State of California has recently purchased and installed in the California Building, at the State University in Berkeley. Without any desert of our own, therefore, we are in a position to start with the greatest nucleus of historical data that any commonwealth ever had. There remains the great work of cataloguing and publishing, rendering available to the investigation of scholarship this mass of original data.

I care not what form the effort may take, whether through the endowment of private organization or of a public institution, or a combination of both. The point I desire to emphasize is that we should take, as an organization, a deep practical interest in this great work, whether in the form of the collection of material, or in the form of its publication, or in promoting public sentiment to sustain adequate public expenditure in that behalf, or in promoting such public sentiment as will compel the organization of city and town historical societies in the various communities throughout the State.

Surely, in an organization founded to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers, this work would be in a direct line with the reason of its being. What we have not realized is that as it took conscious effort to create this history, it will also take conscious effort to see that it is given its proper place in the history of the country at large. A fuller realization of our duty shall serve but to quicken our sense of loyalty. This pilgrimage of our order to the historic shrines we see about us shall renew our devotion to the perpetuation of the traditions of the State. Our eyes have seen the house where Larkin lived, and the rose garden where Sherman kissed and rode away; our hands have touched the spot where Junípero Serra planted his cross; our feet have pressed the aisles of Carmel Mission; our voices have awakened the sacred echoes of the walls of Colton Hall; our hearts have thrilled to see Old Glory waving above the old Custom House and to know that the flag that came down at Chapultepec remained here to float forever. These monuments ought not to stand in vain. Let us go hence with minds determined and hearts courageous to do our full share that the story told by them and others upon our broad domain shall be known to all men and sink into the hearts of a grateful people.

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***By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.**



HE work goes on "conquering and to conquer." The membership of the Southwest Society is steadily growing and now stands at 427. This far exceeds the membership of any other affiliation of the Institute—but we ought to double it.

Despite financial "slow times," the endowment of this great enterprise climbs steadily—and more rapidly than could be expected anywhere else under any circumstances. The only real difficulty this far has been for the committees to find time to make the canvass for funds. This community is wonderfully willing to give to such a cause—and it will all have a chance.

The purchase of the museum site is progressing admirably—though there is room for good citizens to contribute some \$13,000 more. The front sixteen acres is purchased and clinched; the remaining twenty-two acres (to cover the whole hill) is to be paid for on installments. Out of the \$50,000 price of the site, \$38,000 has already been attended to; leaving \$12,000, and interest on deferred payments, still to be raised.

Since the last announcement in these pages, the following subscriptions have been secured for this fund:

Miss Mira Hershey.....	\$1000.00	J. M. C. Marble	\$ 100.00
Dan Freeman	500.00	Remy J. Vesque, Terra	
M. A. Hamburger	500.00	Haute, Ind.	100.00
M. H. Newmark	250.00	Gen. H. G. Otis	300.00
J. R. Newberry	250.00	J. M. Schneider	300.00
Ella P. Hubbard	200.00	Robert Marsh & Co.....	50.00
Clara B. Burdette	100.00		

"A Friend," who desires to be unnamed for the present, has (in September, 1908) added to his will a bequest of \$5,000 to the Southwest Museum. "But that will do you no good just now," said he, "for I'm going to live a long time. I'll have to do some-

thing for you at present." And he is arranging for a handsome donation to the endowment.

Two of the most generous contributions in the whole history of the Society were secured during the month of August, 1908. Dr. J. A. Munk, of the Executive Committee of the Southwest Society, has devised to the Southwest Museum his library of *Arizoniana*, probably the most complete in existence; and will deposit it in the new rooms at once. This is a gift of fully \$10,000.

And perhaps the handsomest gift yet made—since it represents imminent cash—is that of Mr. M. A. Hamburger on behalf of the Hamburger Realty & Trust Co. For about two years the Society has been paying rent, at first \$92 per month, and latterly \$75 per month—a generous reduction made by the Pacific Electric Ry. Co. in its building at Sixth and Main. Here the Society has maintained for two years its work-rooms for the preparation and cataloguing of its holdings, and a free public exhibit of the most interesting and the most valuable scientific collections west of Chicago.

Mr. Hamburger has now donated attic quarters in the sixth story of the magnificent Hamburger Building, at Eighth and Broadway, one of the largest and finest edifices in America, fire-proof, quake-proof and of nearly fourteen acres of floor-space—with adequate work- and exhibit-room for two years. He had already donated \$500 cash to the site fund, and had otherwise been most generous to the work. This gift of quarters (amounting to \$3500 in rental) is most opportune for the Southwest Museum; and, quite aside from financial considerations, will unquestionably increase the interest in these exhibits.

The Los Angeles Public Library (the largest west of Chicago, and the most used) occupies the third floor of the same building; and its great roof garden will be just above the Museum quarters. With proper co-operation between the Hamburger Store, the Public Library and the Museum, it is reasonable to assume that the visitation of the public to the museum exhibits will be increased many fold. More than 20,000 people a day already visit the Hamburger Building. Many of these will care to visit the Museum rooms. All that the work needs is to be seen. We are perfectly willing to let it stand on its own merits in such a community as this.

The Society is represented not only in the Council of the Institute, but also on the Board of Managers of the School of American Archaeology.

An active campaign for the general Endowment of the Southwest Museum will begin within a few days. A leaflet setting forth the nature of the work is just issued, and will be sent free to anyone, anywhere, on application. A direct canvass for this endowment (in cash, in collections, in real estate, etc.) will undoubtedly more

than double within a year the large beginning that has been made. Few realize how much has been done; but the assets of the Museum are already much more than \$100,000—and this has been gathered with very little notoriety and with no feverish crusades. The membership already includes more than 400 of the foremost citizens of California and the Southwest. Among the latest acquisitions are the foremost mining engineer in the world, John Hays Hammond, and the dean of legal minds on the Coast, Chief Justice Beatty of the California Supreme Court. The enterprise is one which naturally engages every educated and public-spirited man or woman. In proportion to their means, it can count upon their support—for it is working for them and for their children, and for their love of this community and of scholarship.

The Third Bulletin of the Southwest Society, printed in May, 1907, contains the roster of members of the Southwest Society at that time. Since then the following persons have been elected to membership:

New members since May, 1907 to September 27, 1908:

Hector Alliot; J. A. Anderson, Pres. L. A. Bar Assn., Ex-Pres. Board Public Works; Horace H. Appel; Marshall W. Atwood, Vice-Pres. Copper Creek Mining Co.; Wm. H. Avery; Fred L. Baker, Pres. Baker Iron Works; Mrs. Mary H. Banning; H. A. Barclay; W. H. Beatty, Chief Justice Supreme Court, San Francisco; Mrs. Henry Graves Bennett, Pasadena; John D. Bicknell; N. W. Blanchard, Santa Paula, Cal.; Prof. H. E. Bolton, University of Texas, Austin, Tex.; H. J. Brainerd; Herbert Brown, Editor Yuma Post, Yuma, Ariz.; Julius A. Brown, Pres. Children's Home Society of Cal.; Maj. F. R. Burnham, Pasadena; Rufus W. Burnham, Manager R. G. Dun & Co.; Sidney A. Butler, Pres. Butler Welsh Investment Assn.; Frederick D. Butterfield, Pres. L. A. Olive Growers' Assn.; Mrs. Freeman R. Cady; A. B. Cass, Pres. Home Telephone Co.; W. C. Corwin, Imperial; Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, L. A. Board of Public Works; C. C. Chapman; Mrs. Geo. H. Curtis, Pasadena; Ed. L. Doheny, Pres. Mexican Petroleum Co.; Mrs. M. A. Drake, Franklin, N. H.; Constance Goddard DuBois, Waterbury, Conn.; P. W. Ehlen, Orange; J. M. Eshelman, Imperial; F. J. Ganahl; Hugh Gibson, Secretary American Legation, Honduras; Daniel Halladay, Santa Ana; John Hays Hammond, New York; Mrs. Ida Hancock, Pres. Rancho La Brea Oil Co.; Dr. E. G. Howard; Burt Estes Howard, Ph. D., Stanford University; Mrs. Clara F. Howes; W. J. Hunsaker, Pres. City Club; Geo. H. Hutton, Judge Superior Court, Dept. 7; E. W. Jamison; A. T. Jergins; Elizabeth W. Johnson, Pasadena; Dr. Francis B. Kellogg; Bradner W. Lee; H. J. Lelande, City Clerk; Robert Mather, Pres. Rock Island Co., New York; John A. Merrill, Pres. Riverside Heights Co.; Dr. Chas. B. Nichols, Pres. Angelus Hospital Assn.; T. L. O'Brien; D. C. Pixley, Orange; Geo. W. Randall, Pres. L. A. Rubber Stamp Co.; J. H. Reed, Riverside; Miss E. B. Scripps, La Jolla, Cal.; Mrs. F. H. Seymour, Redondo; Dr. A. M. Smith, Pomona; Dr. Edgar C. Smith; Fred E. Smith; Herbert W. Stanton; Archibald Alexander Talmage, San Francisco; William Thum, Pasadena; Mrs. Iva E. Tutt; Frank Walker, Manager Cal. Water Heater Co.; Lewis R. Works; F. J. Zeelandelaar, Sec'y Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association.

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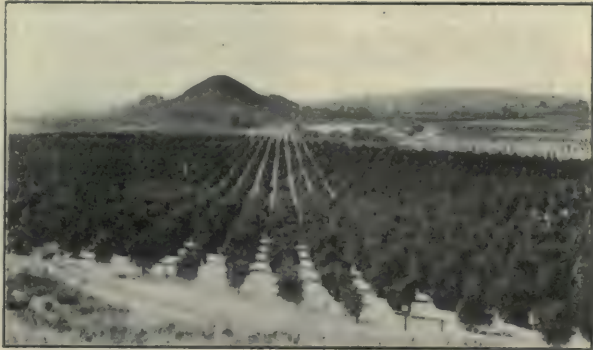
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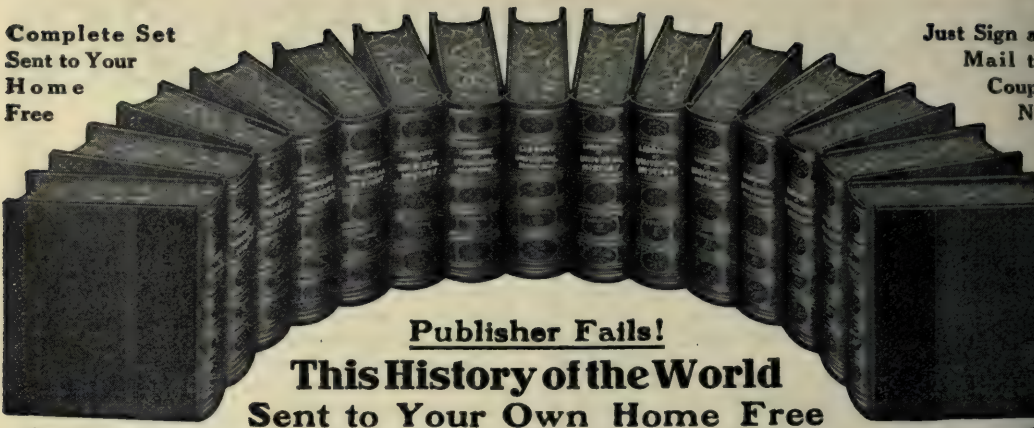
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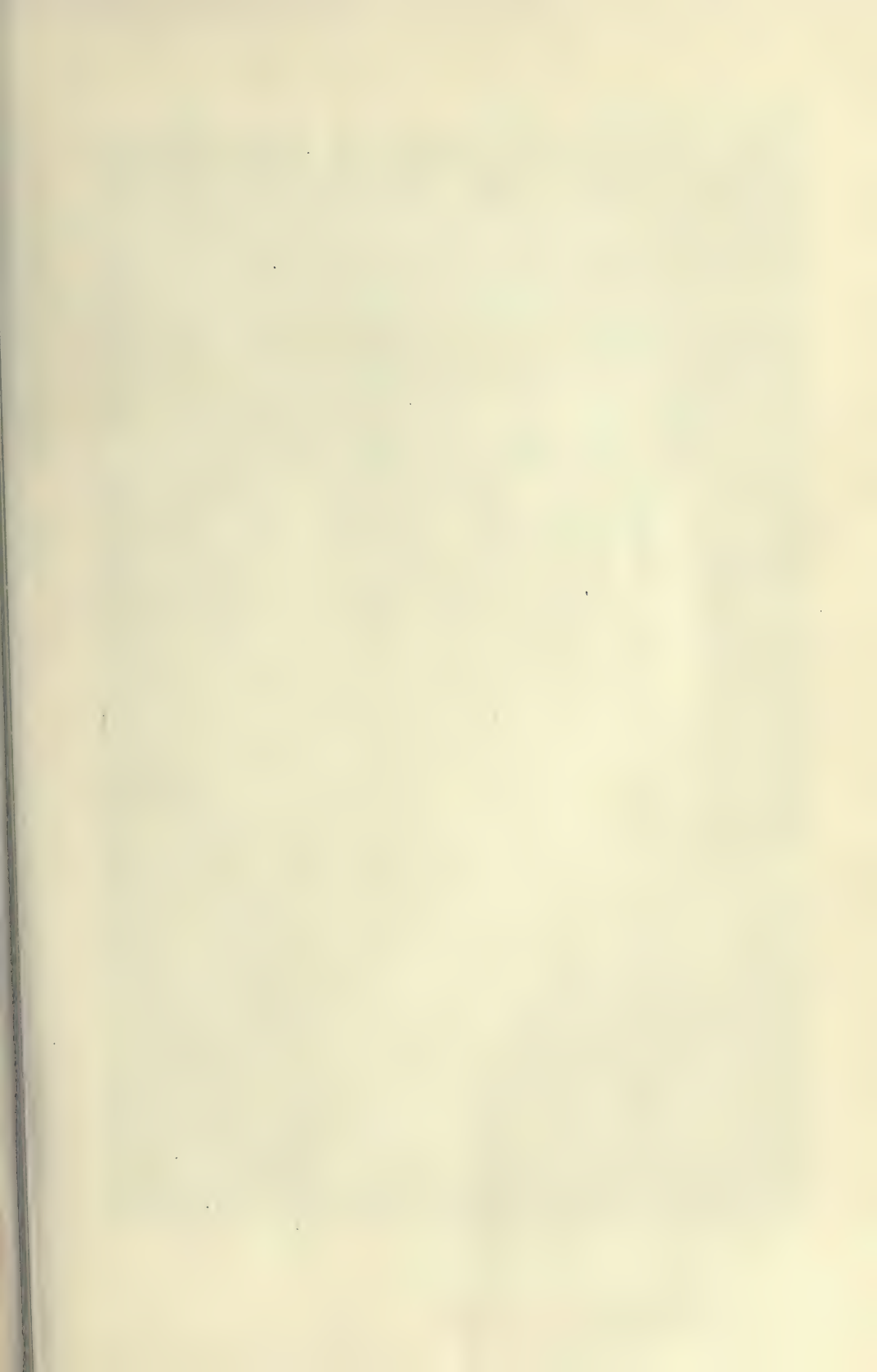
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Vol. XXIX, No. 5

NOVEMBER, 1908

'ABOVE THE CLOUDS

By JOSEPH N. PATTERSON.

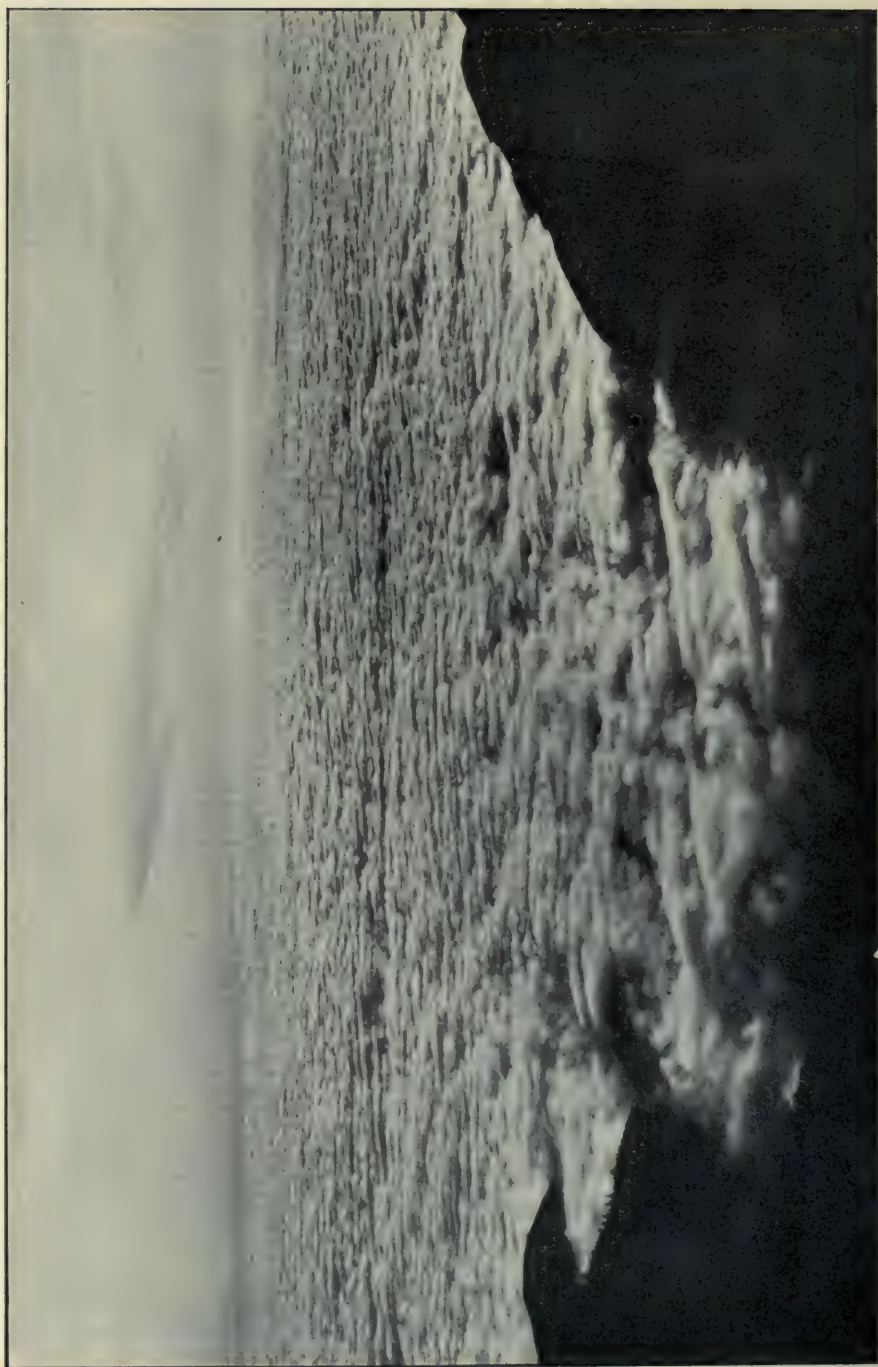


THIS is now the time of year, when the lover of the beautiful, and the tourist in search of a new sensation, by a trip of less than half a day to our near-by mountain tops, may actually gaze upon the silver lining of the under world's clouds, and look out over that inspiring scene of snowy loveliness, known as the "sea of fog." For those who have never stood above the billowy whiteness of these arctic-looking acres, spreading over land and sea as far as the eye can reach, the sight is one of the most impressive and beautiful in the range of things unattained, and is, without question, one of the most novel and satisfying experiences that can be attained with anything like the same small expenditure of time, money, and energy.

As one stands on the lofty summit of Mt. Wilson "above the clouds," and in wonder and awe, feasts his eyes for the first time upon the endless expanse of frigid-looking clouds, reaching to the far-off horizon, he is lifted, as it were, into another world—the "frozen north" of the fur-robed Esquimaux and the dog-sled—and it is doubtful if the appearance of the latter upon the scene would occasion any surprise, so complete is the mental transposition.

This chilly feeling of sympathy with the Arctic pictures we have carried from earliest childhood in our memory, is the first sensation awakened in the mind of the onlooker, while the next is the thought of what is beneath the clouds—a forcing of the imagination to the realization that this before it is *not* a frozen ice field, but a curtain of fog, and a recalling to the memory of the totally different picture of the verdant valley, the burnished, glistening surface of the far-away ocean, and the outspread build-

Illustrations from photographs by Ferdinand Ellerman, of Carnegie Observatory.







ings of the cities, which but yesterday, flashing in the sun, offered a pleasing panorama to the eye.

As the sun's rays brighten this fluffy-looking canopy of the hustling, bustling city beneath, one speculates on the value of an airship, with which to go sailing like a bird over this vast sea, or pictures himself on a pair of snow shoes striking out over that shining pathway toward the fiery glories of the setting sun.

One wonders just how close the leaden-colored bottom of this beautiful floor is to the hurrying throngs of the city's streets, and whether it is drizzling upon these workers of the other world, or they are speaking of a "high fog," with not the slightest reference to the sunshiny, mountain-capped world of brightness above the clouds.

How many of those hurrying, ant-like creatures, miles beneath, the mind asks itself, have themselves been above the clouds, and, having been, stop to realize that it is not a leaden-colored sky they are living under, but only a flooring, stretched between the prosaic workshop and the theater beautiful, where nature's glories are playing for the eye of those who have been fortunate enough to gain admission.

So much for the thoughts suggested by the novelty and mystery of looking down upon our clouds for the first time—of finding one's self in the novel position of standing above what he has been accustomed to walk beneath and look up at all his life since first, as a barefoot boy lying on his back among the clover blossoms, he pictured a menagerie of animals, and war-like hosts of fighters, out of the white banks hurrying overhead.

"Once seen, all seen," might be imagined as true of being above the clouds. But such is not the case, as there are many varying conditions, and one day is not apt to be any more like another than are two sunsets.

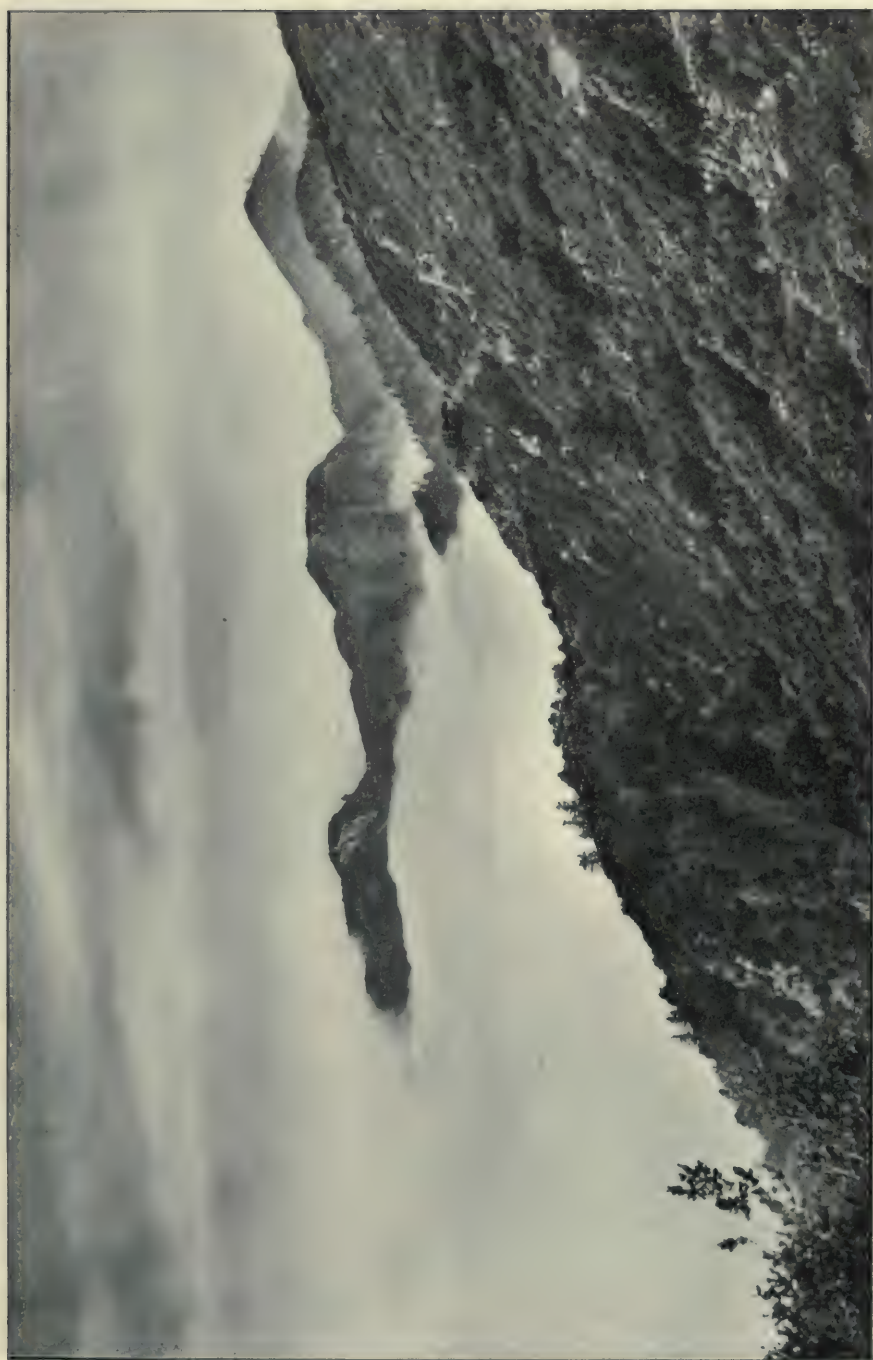
The low fog of breakfast-time suggests chiefly the broad, level vastness of the ice-field or the calm ocean, though it resembles the latter in form only, and not in color. A sunrise on this unbroken expanse of calmness is of a softness well worth seeing, and remembering.

From Mt. Wilson, though the light of the rising sun is cast aslant the fog, it always comes up from behind the mountains to the east, while in setting it sinks beneath the clouds.

The fog rises as the day advances and in the seasons of lighter fogs dissipates before the heat of the sun, showing the greenness of the valley as beneath a curtain at first, and later breaking into white patches, having the true shape of clouds, drifts about the distant mountains, or hangs over the cities.

The heavier fogs hold together throughout the day, and ad-











vancing steadily up the cañons, outline the rugged pine and spruce trees in cold, white settings, creeping at last to the very feet of the onlooker, while the surrounding peaks loom up as islands in a vast ocean.

Some mornings, when the air currents beneath are stronger, the first warm tints of the sun reveal great soft banks of silvery clouds, rising like icebergs, almost on a level with the eye. As the day advances, the fog, spurred on by the wind, will rise in beautiful geyser-like columns straight toward the heavens, from out the broad level of the sea, and then, as the whole rises in real fog effect, the cañons will be filled with silvery, cold-looking mist; the pine-clad profile of the sloping ridges and of Mr. Harvard looms boldly forth in black silhouette against the white; the successive elevations of more distant Mt. Lowe, Markham, and conical San Gabriel are swallowed; and the great banks of cloud, rolling and tossing like billows, slowly engulf all land in sight.

Again the playful air-currents will carry the cloud-banks and the veil-like curtains of whiteness hundreds of feet above the onlooker, in white outline against the blue dome of the heavens, while Mt. Wilson is left like a great amphitheater in the sunlight, causing one to realize most fully that he is among the clouds, where but a few moments previously he stood above them.

One of the most entrancing effects is produced when the clouds, rising slowly throughout the day, and driven by the wind, will roll in immense billows of snowy fluffiness at evening, gathering new tints of gold and rose-colored loveliness, as the ruddy sun dips out of sight to the West.

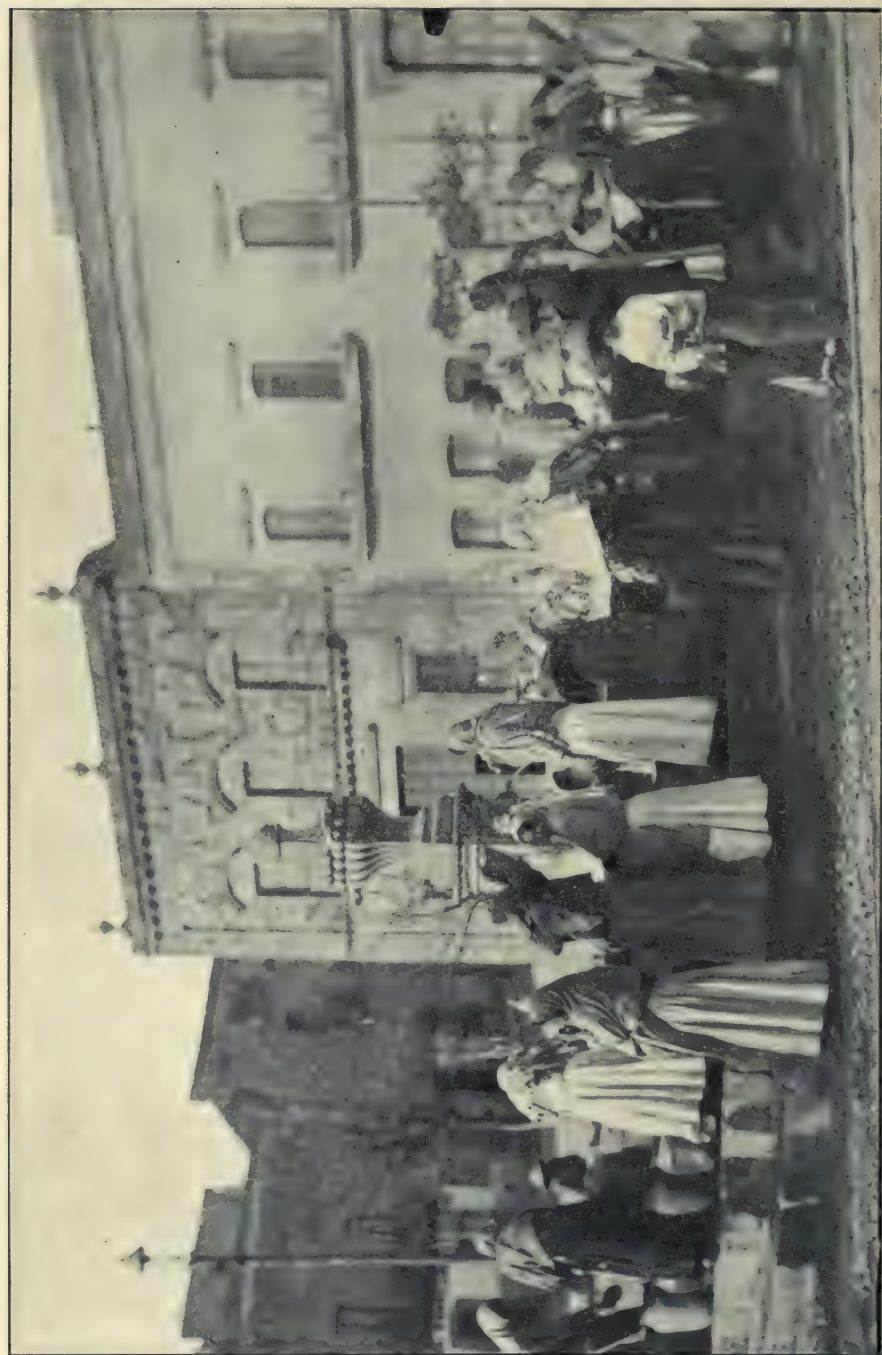
The fog always has its inception to the South of Mt. Wilson, filling the great broad valley and extending out to, or over, the sea, but some of the most beautiful effects are to be enjoyed when it flows into the back valley of the San Gabriel river's West Fork, to the North and East, and the cañon of the Big Santa Anita to the East of Mt. Wilson.

Combing over the connecting ridges in the thralls of the air currents, the fog forms waterfalls and rapids, and fills the valleys with silvery lakes and rivers. Looking from Echo Rock, perhaps the most artistic of all effects is obtained, when the long valley of the West Fork is white beneath the gigantic background of "Old Baldy" and the San Gabriel range, and out of this and the lake in the Santa Anita cañon, directly under foot, rises the soft, velvety greenness of the Monrovia hills, close before one.

Another surprising picture appears when the even level of the real storm clouds overhead is curtaining the summits of the high back-range, with the fog underneath filling the valley; while at other times, a thin white ribbon-like stratum hangs midway between the bed of the West Fork and the high mountain wall of the valley, capped by San Antonio's ("Old Baldy") 10,000-foot peak.

Thus, changeful and capricious in mood as a coquettish woman, one never knows what the fog is going to do next, when it plays among the mountains, nor ever tires of its pleasing vagaries.

Mt. Wilson, Cal.



DAUGHTERS OF THE PEOPLE

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

A SLUMP IN SYNDICATES.

XII.



IT WAS feast night in the City of Mexico, and at the Tivoli Eliseo the Spanish colony was celebrating the Fiesta of Covadonga.

In a far corner of the grounds a military band blared and crashed through the martial programme; in another quarter an orchestra of stringed instruments, ranged in a circle with the *maestro* sitting in the center, furnished lighter and more graceful music for the dancers.

Here and there were small groups of merry-makers surrounding some wandering minstrel, whose guitar, mandolin, or bandolin timed their steps while they clicked the *castanuelas*, and vociferously chanted a chorus.

Lights twinkled in the trees of the garden; and in arboreal retreats there was much feasting and drinking at small tables, the ready laughter bubbling and effervescing as freely as did the *sidra*, which flowed in never-ceasing streams.

Where the electric light cast a white patch like moonlight, just inside the gate, a gypsyish girl in yellow, with the rose of Castile in her dark locks, danced the *jota* with a youth as graceful as herself. The flash of bright eyes, the gleam of teeth, the sinuous twistings and turnings of the figures made a striking picture. So thought a fair *Americana*, whose brown eyes, opened to their widest extent, and whose berry-red lips, puckered continually in an O of surprise and pleasure, attracted many an admiring glance from the passers-by.

"But, Lowell, she is so lovely. Let's stop and watch her."

"There are others," Lowell observed, with an airy disregard for steadiness of speech that would greatly have astonished his friend and admirer, the curator. "And besides," he continued, "it isn't proper that you should remain. The youth of the light fantastic toe is trying to flirt with you."

Polly affected the liveliest interest in the dancer.

"What eyes he has, Lowell, and what grace!"

"Come! What will Aunt Zenia say?"

"Say! Nothing at all. She doesn't know I'm on the face of the earth, at this present moment. All the afternoon she has looked at me and smiled absently, and answered 'yes,' when she should have said 'no,' and——"

A bevy of dancers whirled across their path, showering *confetti* right and left. The tinted flakes eddied about the two promenaders, finding lodgement on the brims of their hats and in the folds of their clothing. A handful was flung into Weston's face by a saucy sprite who pranced ahead of him, laughing over her shoulder as she ran, and snapping her fingers in lieu of *castanuelas*.

"Look, Pauline! What eyes, what grace!" cried Weston. But Polly looked the other way and smiled.

"Shall we go back to the *kiosk*?" he asked, after a moment's silence.



WOMEN OF THE FOUNTAIN

"Oh, they will never miss us, Aunt Zenia and the doctor," said Polly, buoyantly. "They were in the sixth heaven, and by this time are anticipating the seventh. As for Zitella and Peter—" There was a wistful droop to Polly's mouth. "Do you love me as much—"

"More," answered Weston, promptly forestalling the question.

"Lowell! you do love me? You *do*? Oh, I was afraid you didn't. I—you *really* do?"

"Of course—more than words can express."

"I don't see how you ever came to. I can't keep house, or sew on

buttons, or anything. But I'll try—I'll try to be wise, and noble, and fine—"

The sentence was never finished. He had kissed her lips.

A half hour later Peter and Zitella flew into the vine-embowered *kiosk* where sat Aunt Zenia and Doctor Bolton, Polly and the professor, officers and stockholders in the Lost City Syndicate. Weston and the father of Miss Zitella had gone forth, at the professor's suggestion, to discover if anything fit to eat was to be had.

"*El Presidente* will be here in twenty minutes or so," Peter an-



WOMEN OF THE FOUNTAIN

nounced. "Better engage seats outside where you can see him. We—Zitella and I—have two engaged. We're engaged, too," he added, as an afterthought. Before the recipients of the information could offer their congratulations, the man and the maid had vanished into the night.

"Dear old Peter!" said Polly. "He thinks that's news!"

"In the m—matter of n—n—n— of news," Doctor Bolton began, "I m—may s—say that Zenia and I could f—furnish a morsel—"

"Elias!" Aunt Zenia reproved. "Is this a fitting time or place to—"

"If there is one thing that I detest more than another," said the professor, peevishly, "it's mystery. Why, my dear Zenia, do you make all this fuss over the simple fact that you are engaged to the doctor? Of course you *are* engaged—"

"You may tell them, Elias," Aunt Zenia consented.

"No, you t—t—t—tell them."

"You couldn't guess in a thousand years what has happened!" Aunt Zenia announced. "He can carry out his plans—we shall carry them out together—"

"He? Who? What plans? What are you talking about," the professor demanded.

"Why—er—Doctor Bolton's plans. He is going with me to Kalamazoo; and we shall establish there a medical spring and baths."

"Oh!" said Polly. "How very nice! Is that all?"

"Not—not quite. Doctor Bolton and I were married this morning," the lady coyly confessed.

"Married!" cried Polly and the professor together.

"Well, why not? I'm old enough to know my own mind, I suppose, and I guess Elias knows his."

"Forgive me, Aunt Zenia!" said Polly, contritely. "I didn't mean that, of course. I—you have taken us by surprise, and—your dress wasn't exactly bridal—now was it? Why didn't you put on something festal? But it's too late for anything but kisses and congratulations, and best wishes for your future happiness."

"This is a surprise," said the professor. "It certainly is. I congratulate you Bolton. Zenia is a first-class cook. Come outside and have a cigar. Perhaps the ladies would like to talk it over."

"I didn't know—Elias had no idea—I'll tell you just how it was," Aunt Zenia volunteered as soon as they were alone. "We were on our way to the photograph-supply place on San Francisco street—I was *so* surprised to see Elias, this morning; and when I mentioned that I was going to the photograph-supply place, he said he would go, too. Well, on San Francisco street—you know where the photograph-supply place is? No? It's on San Francisco street and not more than three blocks away lives a Methodist parson. We had gone about a block beyond, when Elias said: 'Zenia—' you can't imagine how it startled me to be called by my first name—'Zenia, don't you want to get married?'"

"What did you say?"

"'Depends on whether I'm asked,' I told him."

"What did he say?"

"'I asked you just now.' Those were his exact words."

"And then?"

"I said that I had often thought that he needed a helpmate, and that we would consider the matter closed. He wanted to go right back to the parson's house and be married. I didn't—er—oppose him, for you know how men are—so forgetful. He might not have remembered the circumstance—might never have mentioned it again. I rushed up to my room to make a few changes in my toilet—couldn't find a blessed thing I wanted—and we went to the parson's and were married."

Doctor Bolton had framed himself in the doorway of the kiosk, and was contentedly smoking his cigar. The professor from a garden seat watched the passing and repassing of promenaders.



THE LADY OF THE MANTILLA

Under the trees it was dark; but an arc lamp flared suddenly in the greenery overhead, and figures that were indistinct—drab shadows a moment since—became merry-makers, brightening the scene with the brave colors of holiday attire. A hand upflung tossed a rose to the lady of the *mantilla*. The tinkle of a guitar sounded from a neighboring balcony. A gallant somewhere in the throng began an impassioned love song; and scores of voices took up the refrain.

On the outskirts of the crowd were the women of the market squares, the public fountain and the washing stones—daughters of the people—and their *novios*, each in *fiesta* bests. Voices called gay greetings; laughter rang out. Life's cares had slipped from these grown-up children as a mantle slips from the shoulders.

"This," said the professor, as he joined Doctor Bolton, "is a waste of valuable time—mere frivolity. It unsettles one for the serious things; and it is of things serious that I must be thinking."

The two men entered the kiosk, and the professor spoke further:

"I have not relinquished my purpose, not at all. The medal will yet be mine, I hope, for the Egyptian field offers endless opportunities."

"Kalamazoo will yet be proud of the name of Snodgrass," Aunt Zenia loyally asserted.

"S—seems to me t—there's a sudden s—s—slump in syndicates," the doctor observed. "With you in Egypt, and w—w—w— and with Zenia and myself in Kalamazoo, w—what is t—t—t— what is to become of our venture?"

"As no certificates of stock have been issued, we can simply drop the matter," said the professor, easily.

"There isn't a glass of Milwaukee beer nor a ham sandwich in the place," Mr. Cook, in the doorway, complained.

"Nor time to order if we had found them," Weston supplemented. "It is rumored that the President is coming, and people are rushing to the front."

"We'll f—follow the crowd," said Doctor Bolton, taking a firm hold on Aunt Zenia's arm.

"We may as well see the whole show while we are here," the professor chimed in, as he walked out with Mr. Cook.

Polly looked at Weston, who held a fold of her dress between thumb and forefinger.

"Why, what—" she began.

"Just to make sure you are here," he explained. "There's plenty of time."

"Lowell! You didn't—"

"I did," he shamelessly declared. "Several matters of importance which I wish to discuss with you can only be discussed in private. First, I want to know when you intend to follow your aunt's example."

"Who told you?"

"The doctor, this morning. He told Miss Zitella, and Mr. Cook, and Peter. I'm not sure, but I think he whispered it to the elevator boy and the policeman on the corner."

"Peter is not shy," said Polly, laughing. "He proclaims his beatific state from the housetops. As for following Aunt Zenia's example—I'll have to think it over."

Weston put out his hand, and Polly laid hers within it.

"Unless I have hold of you I'm not able fully to believe in the *realness* of things," he informed her. "Yes, Peter is in a beatific state; and we too are happy, aren't we, dear?"

"There isn't room in the cup of happiness for one drop more. I—"

She stopped. Someone in an adjacent kiosk was singing *La Golondrina* to guitar accompaniment.

"Does that remind you of our day on the Viga?" Weston asked.

"I was wondering," said Polly, slowly, "where I had heard it. Now it brings back—everything."

After a pause:

"The afternoon at the cathedral—do you remember it?"

"Do I? Dear! That was the day when the Princess came back to her own. Can't we slip away and go there by ourselves, Pauline?"

"Yes. And afterward— Do you suppose the hyacinths are still in bloom on the Viga?"



THE DANCERS

"We'll go there first of all! We will start early in the morning, when the market boats are coming down. Shall we lunch at Santa Anita, or Ixtacalco? Not that it really matters. Wherever you may be, that is Arcadia."

"Are you superstitious, Lowell?"

The brown eyes with the curious dancing lights were upraised to his, and looking into them, Weston forgot to answer.

"I believe that the little god—the God of Good Luck—had something to do with it."

"I feel sure of it. We'll hang his godship on a chain of fine gold—"

"Are you two never coming?" called Peter, at the door. "Hear the people shout: *Viva El Presidente! Viva Porfirio Diaz!*"

"It's something of a descent—from gods to presidents," said Weston, "but— Yes, Peter, we're coming."

(THE END.)

THE CRAB CATCHERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

By BONNYCASTLE DALE.



ALL along the deeply penetrating arms of the sea, called canals, sounds and inlets, that bisect and cut up the rugged mountainous shore-line of British Columbia and the State of Washington, may be found numerous hardy sons of Sweden and Norway gathering a ready harvest from old ocean. In fact, much of the sea shore of the latter State is settled exclusively with men from these nations together with Icelanders and Danes, who find the cold provident seas of their own north countries duplicated on this wonderfully prolific coast. In British Columbia we find many more Indians engaged in this hardy work, but they do not use the skill, nor the tools of the fair men of the North. In many of the small harbors with which the Island of Vancouver abounds will be found members of the decaying tribes—for, as usual, white-man's blood and whiskey and vices have decimated these tribes. The Indians use the spawning salmon, dead salmon, entrails, anything that comes handy, for bait, whereas the Swedes and Norwegians catch coarse fish for the baiting of their crab-pots.

I have watched for days the unavailing efforts of some of the Siawashes, as all the Coast tribes are locally called. The crab-pots are made of split cedar—clever work when well done, but most

— Photographs by the author.



THE BLUE CRAB

of them are too shallow. These are floated singly and marked with small wooden floats and are usually taken up on the same tide, or at least on the next. One Indian will have perhaps a dozen of these pots in a line, and a good catch in three dozen of big blue crabs.

Of all the *Crustaceae*—those that wear their bones outside their flesh—this big edible crab is the sweetest, if taken at any time except during late July and August. Then they have left the deep pure salt water and are to be found on the shallows that are formed near the mouths of the river, spawning in the brackish water. The flesh is then slightly muddy, as a consequence of living on the flats. All over the spawning grounds may be seen a moving host of Red



A BOAT-LOAD OF CRABS

Crabs, Great Blue Crabs, Spider Crabs, Hermit Crabs, working along swiftly with the tide and scuttling away sideways as our canoe sweeps over. We have taken and eaten of the various kinds; personally, I prefer the soft-shelled crabs—those that have lately cast their shell. Although the meat is not as full nor as firm, the flesh is very fine and delicate—but we have never become shell-fish eaters. Rumors say that the Swedes and Norsemen eat so plentifully of this easily obtained food that “their stomachs rise and fall with the tide.” This may be slander.

I wandered into a little collection of beach-combers' huts beside one of the numerous sounds. The captain with me was in search of a cook. He got one, as I will tell you later, and I got a rough study of the crab-catchers.

This was a Swedish settlement. All of the houses were made

of flootsam. One had a full funnel of some shore-dashed steamer for a chimney. This house was piled about it in in wonderful disarray. It looked like some frantic Noah's Ark on a shore cruise. The doorstep was a bit of bulwark; the walls were one-time cabins; but to see a good porcelain bath-tub full of scuttling crabs was to laugh, so incongruous did it all seem. One beach-comber had a full set of life-lines and floats and life-preservers still stowed in the wrecked steamer's wire-doored closet—as if, should the house go adrift he was all ready to cast out his life saving devices.

"I spak Englis," said my Swedish host. He cleaved to me in an entirely unnecessary manner, as he had just been tarring some crab-boats before he grasped my extended hand.



ONE KIND OF CRAB POT

Now here is the pot to use if you would catch crabs. He had bought a lot of three-eighths-inch iron rods, and had made a frame of them, two feet wide, three feet long and a foot and a half high. The rods were covered with well tarred heavy cord netting, of two-inch mesh. He made this himself. In the top was an opening that led down a netting funnel into the trap, just large enough for the crab to creep in; and, as it was braced at its wire-strengthened mouth to all sides of the square trap, it was really suspended above the crab after it had dropped in.

I went out in his big flat-bottomed boat with him while he cast for bait. It was so confused in the sound that I felt like sitting on a bucking horse. At any rate, the boat did not quite throw me out. We cast near the mouth of a little half-dry creek in

quite deep water, using a sinking bag-purse net, floated at one end to a stout pile driven into the bottom. Rapidly rowing and sweeping ahead on the swells, we made the shingle and pulled in a miscellaneous collection of coarse fish, some flounders, many rat-fish, some crabs, a few shore-cod, a few sea-perch—none fit for market. It was midnight when we bucked home over the sea; not all the water was slopping about in the boat now—after the manner of a sponge, my clothes had absorbed it. I, of course, slept dry and warm at a farm-house, but I strongly suspect that the tired Swede (good honest chap that he is, and I hope the "little Teenie" he is waiting for—I saw her picture, with a big tarry thumbmark on it—will soon come out to the little cabin by the



THE RIGHT CRAB POT

Sound) slept in his damp clothes. Never mind, we were both cheerful as we pulled away from the hut next morning. There was a strong tide-rip, and even the stout boat plunged into it a bit. At the first line of traps the cedar buoy was not visible, carried under by the strength of the tide. So we rowed on two miles further and started at the far end. He had five rows of twenty pots out, all baited and cleaned out every forty-eight hours. Oh, this chap was a worker, clearing some fifteen dollars a day for his "little Teenie"—I bet she was a big Teenie, if I remember Swedish women aright.

In comes the first big square pot, and clutching its sides and bottom were nine big blue crabs. All of them were dumped in



MEASURING THE CRAB

the bottom of the boat—how big and numerous my feet seemed—then the boat was half rowed, half pulled by the rope that suspended the traps and now crossed our gunwales, to the next pot. Some traps were filled, some were empty, and larger and larger grew the heap of great nipping crabs in the bottom of the boat and more numerous and apprehensive my feet and legs.

It was a steady toil for both of us, as he had to bait the pot while I tried to keep the boat at the right spot against the strong tide. Soon we were off to the next location (they were all in about thirty feet of water at high tide) and at work as if our lives depended on it. By the time this was done I thought it was full time to row ashore and have our lunch. "I eat fen I got home," blasted my longings in the bud, yet he managed to snatch a bite from the lunch I divided with him, though we never ceased working. It was four in the afternoon, eight hours after we started, before we headed home and he had nearly two hundred big, crawling blue crabs in that boat.

It was instructive to see him dart his big tarry hand into the mass when he saw one nipping its fellow's claw—how he evaded the clashing mass of nippers puzzles me still. No sooner had we landed than he towed a long floating set of boxes beside us, threw one on the rude floating platform and started to "sort." All the females were discarded—these can be told by the wide tail or "apron"—all of the males that did not measure seven inches across the back were thrown overboard, too, yet we had ten dozen marketable crabs, worth \$1.75 per dozen. These were encased in shipping boxes and floated in the salt water, ready for the steamer that would call next morning, and were worth \$3.00 a dozen on the market next day.

That night as I sat and watched him "resting"—he was rapidly knotting some more nets—he told me of his rival that had gone as cook for my friend, the captain. "He cuk!" he told me. "He shoot some squirrel and tried to pluk them! Goot cuk on crab and devil fish. He mak bread and put big kup soda in—kuk like them mountains." I pitied my friend the captain.

Next morning, as they were loading his last catch on to the steamer, I asked him to give me his address, that I might send him some copies of the pictures I had taken. "Yes, I hear your name but how do you spell it," I asked him.

"R-e-r-we-re"—then he shook his head. "R-ye-r-e rye—" more head shaking. "Can you write it?" I said in a hurry, for the boat was just on the point of starting and my baggage was on board. The big, kind face was perplexed, then the head was shaken. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," I cried back from the gang-plank, "I'll put one of your pictures outside and address it here." "Goot," he waved back—but the captain showed me a shipping receipt and saved me this novel way of addressing my kind friend, the Swedish crab-catcher.

Victoria, B. C.

EXPLORING THE NAKIMU CAVES

By JAMES COOKE MILLS.



HERE is a little valley in the heart of the Selkirk Mountains, far above the summit of Rogers' Pass and enclosed by towering peaks and glistening glaciers, which has been appropriately named the Valley of the Caves. For a distance of nearly a mile, and far beneath the floor of the valley, the Nakimu caves honeycomb the strata of dark-blue limestone, and in almost a score of places the broken and dilapidated passage-ways lead to the surface. Some of the openings are mere cracks in the rocks, through which the explorer must wriggle and squirm to effect an entrance. In other

places the caverns gape wide, with precipitous drops for a hundred feet or more to narrow ledges over which the subterranean torrents plunge to further depths, filling the vaulted space with their dull reverberating roar.

The beautiful glaciated valley lies almost in the center of Glacier Park, which has been set apart by the Canadian government as a national reserve. It embraces the Great, or Illecillewaet, glacier, Mt. Sir Donald, and other lesser peaks, whose rough and rugged scenery more nearly approaches the Alpine type than any other in America.

In its devious course through the Selkirks, the Canadian Pa-



CAMP ON MT. COUGAR, MAY 30TH

cific railway reaches its summit near the base of the Great glacier; and at a most favorable scenic point on the line, which happens to be on a long loop along the base of Sir Donald, the railway has established Glacier station with its tourist hotel. The view from this high altitude in the Selkirks is most impressive, and fills the beholder with wonder and delight. On two sides the frowning steepes of Sir Donald and Mt. Cheops reach beyond the clouds. On the south, the vast face of the glacier presents a glittering front of ice from peak to peak, its head clouded in a filmy mist. So near is the huge mass, said to be fully a half mile in thickness, that its chilling breath is plainly perceptible. Its ice tongues feed numerous rivulets, which tumble down the mountain side and finally unite in the head waters of Illecillewaet river. To the



POINT LOOKOUT AT ENTRANCE TO VALLEY OF THE CAVES. ILLECILLEWAET
GLACIER IN DISTANCE; MT. SIR DONALD TO RIGHT

west, the silvery course of the stream rushes onward, and the distant peaks and snowfields show beyond but dimly.

From the Glacier House as a base of supplies, the trip to the Valley of the Caves may be made in about four hours. The distance is nearly six miles, and for the first four miles the exploring party has a choice of two trails. The one more frequently used leads along the south base of Mt. Cheops, through a magnificent forest growth of Douglas fir, spruce and hemlock, to the mouth of Cougar creek. Here at the crossing of the railway, is a water-tank where the huge "battleships" refill their tanks after the long, steep pull up Ross peak.

The slightly shorter route, sometimes used by explorers making the journey to the caves on foot, is along the railway for per-



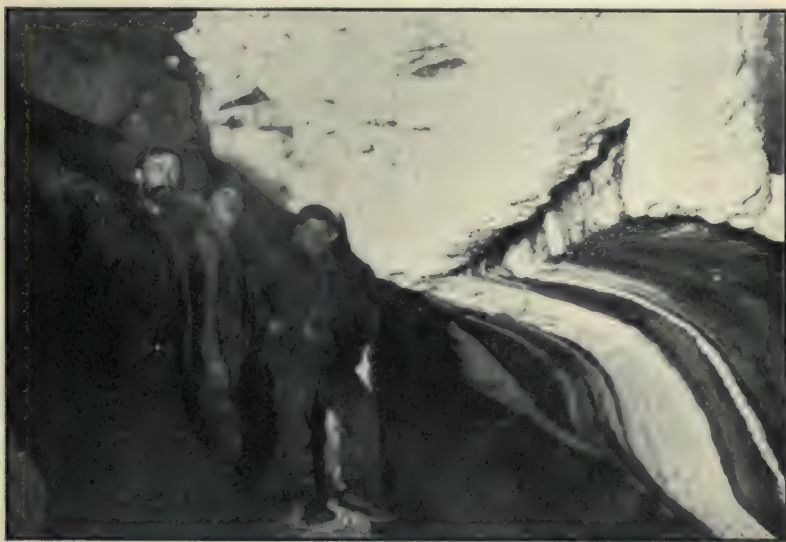
COUGAR CREEK PLUNGING TO UNKNOWN DEPTHS WITHIN CAVE

haps two miles to a point where the steel-bound trail turns off in a broad loop, to find an easier grade. By clambering down a narrow and rough path among jagged rocks, the exploring party again strikes the railway nearly a hundred feet below, the line above being almost overhead. After crossing the river the railway twists sharply to the west, and the other trail meets it there. For another mile the first trail is followed to the water-tank.

Near by, on the edge of the creek, is the cabin of Charles H. Deutschman, the mountain habitant who discovered the caves in question, in May, and on October 22 following entered the little valley and the caves as a mineral claim. The work this intrepid mountaineer has done in exploring the underground waterways, in many instances unaided and without ladders, bridges or ropes,

shows a character entirely devoid of fear. The descent into deep caverns and along narrow ledges above yawning chasms where the thick darkness is scarcely penetrated by the feeble rays of lanterns, requires more than courage—it demands strength of purpose and power of will far beyond the ordinary. Huge crevasses had to be crossed and the subterranean stream forded above precipitous descents to the unknown, where a mis-step would have meant death.

With Deutschman as guide, the exploring party, composed of Arthur O. Wheeler, topographer of the Domain; W. S. Ayres, M. E., an expert underground engineer; and A. Johnston, editor of the *Revelstoke Mail-Herald*, on the morning of May 29th, made the ascent of the lower valley of Cougar creek. It was a most



IN THE "WHITE GROTTO"

arduous climb along the steep mountain side, over rocks and deep ruts, and through a tangle of logs and black alders. The trail was merely a narrow path, in some places hardly accessible for a mountain goat, and, besides, heavy packs were carried, consisting of tents, blankets, provisions and camp appliances.

The creek, through its entire course, is a wild mountain torrent, leaping from boulder to boulder in swirls of foaming spray. About a mile from the railway and 900 feet above it, the party came to a place where a mammoth spring wells up out of the bed of the creek, adding a considerable volume of water to the rushing stream. Above this point the creek dwindles to a small trickling brook among the rocks, and it is evident that the spring in its bed is fed by the subterranean torrents hurtling and dashing along

within the caves. A little further on, where the gulley narrows between the deep ridges, the explorers were suddenly chilled by a fierce blast of wintry wind belching forth through narrow cracks in the rock strata, from somewhere in the interior of the mountain. Crossing the little stream, the trail swings to the left, and soon brings into view a beautiful waterfall, sixty feet high, which was named Goat Falls. The waters drop over the cliff, and, instead of flowing away in a mountain rivulet to lower levels, they enter a cavity in the ground, where they fall, and disappear to unknown depths. A further climb of a few hundred feet brought the party to Point Lookout, a high projecting ledge of rock at the turn of the cliff to the north. This is the entrance to the Valley of the



ENTRANCE NO. 1 TO MILL BRIDGE SERIES

Caves, beyond which the trail leads, in a mountain paradise, to cave entrances, within whose dark recesses and vaulted chambers are things weird and mysterious.

The upper valley, extending from Point Lookout to Cougar Pass, is a most pronounced type of the "hanging valley," one that has been carved out by the eroding power of a glacier at one time filling its bottom; and is quite different from the V-form of the lower valley, worn so by water erosion alone. The entire length of the upper valley is two-and-a-half miles, and the floor is on a comparatively low grade. At one point it is covered for about a mile by a small lake-bed, in which some water lies during the summer.

In all the Rockies, it would be difficult to find a more beautiful example of the Alpine valley. In every direction silver water-

falls leap down the sides from the glaciers and melting snows of the surrounding peaks. These collect at the bottom of the valley in one central stream which bounds in foaming cascades to the little lake-bed, from which it rushes through luxurious meadowlands in a second series of cascades that have worn down to bed-rock, showing a thin veneer of soil overlaying it. The alpine meadows and park-lands, as well as the open mountain slopes of the valley, throughout the spring and summer, are decked with a gorgeous array of flowers of varied hues, which, in places, are so profuse and brilliant that it seems as though nature had spread a carpet of rainbow colors for the delight and wonder of her visitors. In early spring, the giant Adder's Tongue covers whole acres with a brilliant yellow, these being the first flowers to push their heads up through the snow. Like all spring flowers in this region they follow the melting snows and may be found higher up in the valley as late as August. There is also the "Globe flower," a plant of much beauty and great wealth of blossom. Next come the scarlet and crimson Painters' Brush, showing everywhere in the open and on the lower slopes with a blaze of glory. Later still the blue Larkspur and purple and pink Asters replace the earlier flowers, while the crimson and yellow Monkey flower is found in the beds of the streams and where moisture is prevalent. High up the valley and on the Alp-lands below the rocks are seen the False Heaths, and highest of all, the pink flowering moss, found in magnificently flowered bunches directly below the ice. There are many other species, more rare and just as beautiful in blossom, but not of such frequent or noticeable occurrence.

The timber, in this upper valley, consists chiefly of spruce and balsam—trees which, at this elevation in the Selkirks, attain a grace and beauty that is not noticed in the more crowded areas of lower altitudes. Here they rise symmetrically to a great height, and their sweeping lower boughs form shaded canopies that are most inviting during the sultry summer days. As the head of the valley is approached, a short climb brings the explorer to the ice of several small glaciers where he may study with ease their formation and action, look into miniature crevasses and see how moraines are formed by the downward flow of the ice.

From a natural-history point of view, the upper valley is of especial interest, due in a great measure to the absence of visitors in the past. The Rocky Mountain goat may be seen frequently, and his tracks are everywhere along the heights. The grizzly bear and also the black bear are plentiful at the head of Bear creek, across Balco Pass; and it is unlikely that they fail to visit Cougar valley—the valley of the Caves. Of the smaller animals, the hoary marmot, or whistler, is found in both the upper and lower valley,

and is seen in great numbers, larger in size and giving forth a louder and more shrill whistle than those in the main range of the Rockies. Say's squirrel and Pary's marmot are also found, and the Little Chief hare is frequently seen disporting itself among the rocks, and its conical antics and quaint squeak, resembling that of a toy rabbit, are very amusing.

The birds are few and in the upper valley are confined chiefly to the ptarmigan, of which a flock may nearly always be seen, and the water-ousel, or dipper, a funny little dark-grey chap, who flits from stone to stone along the cascades and falls of the valley, continually bobbing and dipping as though it were the object and aim of its existence. This bird has a very sweet note. Of other birds, the black-headed jay and the Rocky Mountain whiskey-jack, are the most noticeable. Taken as a whole, and quite independently of the attractions offered by the caves, this wonderful valley illustrates in a marked degree the various phases of nature in the Selkirks—scenery, geology, natural history and botany.

Following the natural rise of the valley toward the west, the principal glacier forming Cougar creek came in plain view. It was named Grizzly Glacier because a grizzly bear, only a few weeks before, came down over it into the valley and disputed with Deutschman his right to invade the sacred precincts of the animal kingdom. On a level grassy bench, on the north side of the creek, the camp was pitched, the magnificent assemblage of balsam firs with their spiral forms welcoming the party as stately hostesses. The afternoon was spent in taking views of the cave entrances from points of vantage, and in exploring the upper waters of Cougar creek. A mile and a half from the camp, through a narrow ravine with lofty peaks on either side, the party came upon the little lake, at this season of early summer still covered with a spotless counterpane of snow, and fed by the glacier itself. On turning around to retrace their steps to the caves, a view of Mt. Sir Donald and the great glacier in the distance, and the valley up which the journey had just been made, greeted their eyes and can never be forgotten. Nearing the camp, two cascades were noticed, several hundred yards to the north, on the side of Mt. Ursus Major, which descend with many leaps and plunges to join the creek further on. The cascades were named "Whistler Falls," because of the great number of whistlers, hoary marmots, that have their burrows in the neighborhood. Three hundred feet below, the waters disappear in a cavernous opening, called the "Gopher Hole."

That night there was a heavy fall of snow that decked the balsam firs about the camp and on the mountain sides with the most dainty crystal drapery. These perfect specimens of an exceedingly attractive tree range in age from 150 to 250 years, are tall and

straight, and create a spicy fragrant atmosphere peculiarly their own. On the morning of the 30th the "Gopher Bridge" series of caves was first explored. The map shows these caves as lying immediately south of Whistler Falls. The first entrance, at the place marked "Old Channel," was effected by crawling through a narrow crack in the rocks, which opened into a small passage, which evidently, in bygone days, was the old bed of Cougar creek. Another and larger opening was discovered about midway to the cavern, where the creek now drops from sight into a shallow hole. This entrance leads to passage-ways found to be rare specimens of nature's handiwork. They are water channels cut into solid rock with many round pot-holes in the floors and along the sides. The characteristic water-carved walls of white and grey marble are everywhere to be seen. In many places, however, the change of the limestone into marble is not complete. The parts of the rock not fully changed stand out as little knots or lumps, while the marble between them has been dissolved and eroded to an unusual degree, thus giving the walls a strange and weird appearance.

Standing on a narrow ledge that overhangs a deep cavern of stygian darkness, the explorers were attracted by a subterranean waterfall heard roaring on the left. The rays of acetylene bicycle-lamps disclosed the foam-flecked torrent tumbling down a steep incline until lost in dense shadows. Overhead, fantastic spurs of rock reached out into the darkness and the entire surroundings were so unearthly and uncanny that it was easy to imagine Dante seated upon one of these spurs deriving impressions for his inferno. As the brilliant light of magnesium wire went out, the thick darkness was felt, and instinctively the explorer turned, half expecting to find Charon standing beside him. The subterranean stream, with its wild and magic confines, is strongly suggestive of the Styx, and incidentally supplied the name "Avernus" for the cavern of the waterfall.

The creek has a tortuous course under the bridge, the first portion of it being inaccessible because of the low roof, the last portion because of the deep water in the creek. In the 450 feet of its underground course, the fall is only thirty feet, and by bridging the deep and swift portion of the creek, the party found it quite possible to form a continuous passage under the bridge. The exit of the creek, at the east end of Gopher bridge, is in a deep rock-cut, only eight or ten feet wide, through which the stream races in a series of cascades and falls for a distance of about 350 feet. It has been named "The Flume" because of its resemblance to a mill-race. At the lower end, the creek again disappears below the surface of the valley in a whirl of flying spray, and for 300 feet continues its underground course under the "Mill Bridge" series. This

name was suggested by the roar of the water as it rushes underground through the choked entrance, resembling the noise made by the many swiftly revolving wheels and grinding gears of a big mill in full operation. About seventy feet further east a larger opening was discovered, which seemed to have been at one time the main entrance of the creek. Upon close examination, Mr. Ayres concluded that, as the rush of water cut deeper in the rock channel, it took advantage of a handy crack and gradually carved out for itself the opening where the full volume now descends.

About the middle of the Flume, on the east side and thirty feet above it, is the entrance to the Mill Bridge series of caves, shown on the map as "Entrance No. 1." It is a mere cleft in the rock strata, and is hardly wide enough for the passage of a man's body. The length of this passageway was determined to be nearly or quite 400 feet, and the height varies from ten to twenty-five feet, while the width is from three to fifteen feet. At one place the passageway twists in a loop where the pot-holes are of such curiously spiral form that the name "Corkscrew" was given it. Across this bend, about twelve feet above the main floor, a gallery extends for 120 feet. A little further on the party came to an irregularly shaped chamber, about sixty by seventy feet, with a maximum height of twenty feet, which was named the "Auditorium." Cougar creek, in its flow beneath Mill bridge, passes through this chamber, and as it falls 75 feet in a distance of 200 feet from its entrance, the space is filled with its thundering roar; and by the faint daylight entering through its passageway the surroundings look dim and mysterious. The frosts of winter have penetrated this spot, and huge stalactites and stalagmites of ice form columnar groups beside the dashing waters and for some distance beyond. The slow process of disintegration has created much havoc in the Auditorium and the walls no longer show the marks of water erosion, while the floor is heaped with rock debris fallen from the ceiling. The adjoining passageways, however, are still intact, showing the power of water erosion in the series of pot-holes connecting one with another by short narrow passages. The bottom of each succeeding pot-hole, receding from the entrance, is on a lower level, sometimes as much as ten or fifteen feet, and many hold water in the hollows to the depth of four or five feet. With the aid of a bridge carpenter sent by the resident engineer of the C. P. R., rough ladders were constructed and placed from floor to floor, and in one place the space was so wide and the water so deep as to necessitate a floating bridge.

Cougar creek, having followed its twisting underground course under Mill bridge, finds an exit at the bottom of a narrow creek, or "Cañon," and flows through this for nearly 250 feet to an abrupt

wall of the ridge, where it again seeks its subterranean bed far below the surface. The Cañon is eighty-five feet deep and its sides, almost perpendicular, are composed of badly shattered limestone, affording no easy descent to its bottom. To descend the rock-cut walls, with absolutely no foothold and rendered more dangerous by the winter's ice and snow, was a ticklish job; and was only undertaken after Deutschman had made the slide down a knotted rope, hand under hand. The party finally reached the cañon floor in safety, though Editor Johnston came very near providing a decided news item of a thrilling nature.

The break in the north end of the Cañon, entrance No. 2, is a dome-shaped opening into which the stream tumbles with wild fury over a confusion of huge fragments of rock littering its bed. The entrance is fully thirty feet wide and about the same height, and the leaping plunging water, as seen from below within the cave, causes a dissemination of spray so that the opening to the outer world appeared through a luminous mist. This main cave comprises the largest of all the underground openings thus far discovered, and very naturally so because of the additional waters entering it. The average height of the main channelway, measured on the dip of the strata, is about 100 feet, while the width, measured perpendicularly to the bedded faces, range from eight to twenty feet. The channelway is not of uniform width, as might be supposed, but varies with the conditions of flow of the water at the time of its formation. With all the water flowing through it on a steep grade, it would be narrow and with only a portion of it, the other portion running around some other way, it would also be narrow. It would be the widest where all the water passed through it and on a moderate grade.

It was the conclusion of the engineers that during its early history, it appeared much like the passageway in entrance number 1. But as the channelway grew deeper and wider, through centuries of erosion, many large masses of rock from the hanging wall were loosened and fell into the channelway, thus forming obstructions around which the water cut its way, and at the same time wore away some or all of them. As a result many enlarged chambers were discovered here and there, and still others were seen that had been formed by pot-holes, like rounded shafts down which the water poured, keeping boulders at their bottoms ceaselessly grinding them deeper and deeper. It was only a matter of time when, particularly at the confluence of streams, great masses of overhanging rock were unloosed and dropped in the great channelway and pot-holes. For these reasons the main caves have been named "The Ruined Aqueeduct." In one place an enormous rock, resting in a nearly horizontal position, and its upper surface of about 1200 square feet, nearly filled a large chamber, and was named "The Ball-room."

At the northeast corner of the Ball-room, a narrow passage leads to further wonders of nature in the subterranean depths. A sharp turn to the left brought the explorers to the present channel of Cougar creek, whose waters were there augmented by "Bear Falls," almost directly above and fully 400 feet. Continuing to the northward, they came to a sudden turn to the right beyond which the most ragged walls were seen that had yet been found in the caves. The jagged points and grotesque shapes at once inspired caution, and the place was named "The Terror." The peculiar roughness of its walls and ceiling is accentuated by thin knife-like blades of the unchanged limestone, extending from one to two inches beyond the general surface of the marble holding them. Further south the passage leads to a much lower level, where "The Old Mill" ground for many centuries before it fell into ruin and disuse. It tells a long story in history from its grinding to the present-day erosion, probably more than 40,000 years. As it was getting late in the day, the party retraced their way through the Cañon entrance, and by the use of the knotted rope climbed to the floor of the valley and proceeded to camp for the night.

The next morning the explorers found it necessary to break a path through the deep snow to Entrance No. 3. There, by crawling through a very narrow passage on hands and knees, and then descending a steep narrow water-groove for about fifty feet, the brink of a large cavern was reached that was estimated to be 256 feet deep, but its length and breadth were not determinable, owing to their great extent and to the insufficiency of lights at hand. It was very aptly named "The Pit," and the explorers noticed that several openings led off from it to the east. The plunge and roar of a great waterfall, somewhere down in the depths of this cavern, reverberated in every corner and nook of the cave and produced in the listener sensations so weird and magical as to be unpleasantly startling. The rocks in the Pit are of a dark blue-grey color and have bands of white marble inserted in them which have been crumpled by pressure, giving the bands a zig-zag appearance.

The easterly passage from the Pit joins the main channelway, which continues southeasterly for about one thousand feet, broken at intervals by side entries, some of which are full of wonders of nature's handiwork. About 200 feet from the Pit, a passage to the left exists that leads to the brink of a precipice, which was named "The Turbine." Across the chasm, at whose bottom flows the main stream, a number of water-spouts gush out of the rocks far below with great force and a noise resembling that produced by water falling into the penstocks of a turbine. Nearly opposite, the floor and walls were found to be covered with an incrustation of carbonate of lime, varying in thickness from two to six inches.

It is of a light creamy color, shading off in some places to a delicate salmon. The formation has a florescent appearance and resembles cauliflower heads set closely together. This particular spot was named the "Art Gallery." A dividing passage led to "The Dome," so named because of its perfect formation and great height. Further on, "The White Grotto" was reached, which proved a delight to the explorers on account of the curious and peculiar formation of its walls, all of a dazzling whiteness. From this place a low narrow passage continues to "The Bridal Chamber," the lime decorations of which are of the most delicate tracery. Here the caves end in a deep chasm inaccessible by any means at hand, and the party reluctantly returned through other parallel passageways to Entrance No. 3. In the afternoon they broke camp and returned to the Glacier House that night.

The chasm at the end of the caves contains a frightful waterfall believed to be the main stream of Cougar creek, and as it is only 240 feet from the Wind Crack, referred to as being seen on the way up the valley, and is but 54 feet above it, it is safe to assume that there is a connection between. The wind issuing from the crack is probably caused by a water-blast in the chasm, due in some way to the falls of the creek above.

It is the opinion of the engineers that the caves have been formed entirely by water erosion. The stream which formed it, Cougar creek, is entirely made up of glacier- and snow-water, and above the caves is free from any lime salts. Its capacity, therefore, to dissolve limestone when brought in contact with it, is at its maximum. The fine grains of sharp sand loosened from the lime rock and caught in the swift current of the small stream that at first found its way through a shrinkage-crack of some particular bed of limestone, have undoubtedly given the water an uncommon erosive power, which, through the countless ages of the caves' history, has enabled that mountain torrent to carve out a mammoth channel in solid marble.

No evidence whatever was discovered that any portion of the caves had ever been used as a habitation by any human beings of a prehistoric race, or of tribes of Indians in later days; nor were any traces found of wild animals, such as bears or wolves, having made their home within the recesses and vaulted chambers.

Saginaw, Mich.

"TOO MUCH MUCHACHOS!"

By ERNESTINE WINCHELL.



JOSEPHUS MORENO BROWN-ESTABROOK WALLACE skipped down the cook-house steps with an agility and precipitation entirely unintentional, and that he took no pride in the performance was evident in the sheepish and furtive glance he sent hastily around. No, the woman whose long-handled meat-fork had been his moving impulse, and whose voice still berated him from the kitchen, had not followed after all, and the men at the mill, some fifty yards away, were busy and unobservant.

He scurried round the building to the end that had no opening and leaned against the wall to recover his rudely shattered composure. He was a very forlorn, dejected—and hungry—old Indian indeed! Time was when an armful of wood and a polite request along about table-clearing time could be relied upon for a reasonable portion of food. But now, what a change! This generation of saw-mill men and their cooks were a hard-hearted lot, completely indifferent to the feelings and necessities of an Indian.

Leaning despondently against the wall, Josephus reflected with exceeding bitterness upon the gravity of his situation, but when a brown bottle, half concealed by a tree-root, caught his shifty, searching eye, he promptly shuffled over and picked it up. Not even a smell! He flung it aside in disgust—*pyanna* was to blame for it all, anyway. But for that seductive liquid he would now be eating a plentiful dinner instead of painfully sobering-up on a tired and empty stomach.

The scrubby little glass-eyed dog that was almost a part of him was out of his sight, and at the recollection of him and his foraging abilities Josephus got in motion with a trace of animation in his manner. He found Smit busy with a promising-looking bone, and after much artful blandishment the dog was persuaded to deliver his find; but the result of a careful examination was disappointing, and the Indian returned it with a sigh.

His last resource gone, his last hope dead, Josephus turned into a familiar trail, and plodded along in the soft, black dust, impelled by hunger, depressed by thought of the scolding he so well deserved. All around towered lofty firs and cedars and sugar-pines, cutting the intense blue of the sky into jagged points, and from the palest heights the July sun showered its heat through the thin, ozonic air of the altitude half way up the mighty, granite-hearted billows of the Sierras. But a Digger Indian's outlook is curiously refracted, and as the trail turned into the narrow strip of meadow, gold-green-carpeted, bronze-green-walled and turquoise-roofed, the one thought of Josephus was his internal discomfort.

At the upper end of the meadow stood the summer cabin of Abner Wallace, a retired saw-mill owner, for whom Josephus had worked after Brown and Estabrook went out of the sheep business, and who continued to protect the old Indian, so far as possible, from the consequences of his own intemperance and improvidence. The cabin was a good miles from the nearest campers and on an abandoned logging road, so when Josephus saw fresh wheel-tracks spun out before him his curiosity was stirred.

In a few yards more it was satisfied, for he saw the extra stage come jogging down the meadow, covered with the yellow dust of the mountain grade, and with a woman and two very red-faced children as the only passengers.

As he stood aside to let it pass, the driver slowed up and playfully wrapped the little old fellow's legs with the long-lashed whip.

"You've got comp-ny, 'Sephe," he announced. "I jest left one of the Wallace girls an' a wagon load of kids an' plunder up to the place. You better be gittin' a move on an' help 'em git fixed."

Josephus waited for Smit to return from his frantic chase of the stage as it rolled away, and then they walked on more rapidly.

Nearing the cabin, evidences of an arrival were soon plain—some boxes, a couple of trunks and a baby-carriage—and at the sight the old Indian began to take courage. Perhaps, in the excitement and pleasure of company, Mrs. Wallace would overlook the rags and rents he had accumulated in his recent dissipation, and have some consideration for his still more dilapidated feelings.

A man plunged out of the front door, and seizing a trunk bore it within, leaping up the steps with the energy of vigorous youth and abounding strength—and the spirit of Josephus leaped to joy. He, old, hungry and weary, would not be required to work!

However, one can never be too careful, so he went first to the wood pile and picking up the few cut sticks lying there he hobbled painfully to a position where he would soon be observed from the back door, and waited humbly, a trembling, pitiful embodiment of woe.

In a moment a woman came to the threshold—a large, white-haired matron of benign countenance, who nevertheless frowned a little as she motioned him to the wood-box. When he straightened up from depositing the sticks, an operation he accomplished with visible effort and audible sighs, she swept a blighting glance over his tattered person and without a word re-entered the house. There was an agonizing period of suspense, and then she handed out to the Indian the generous meal he had waveringly expected. As he turned away with the plate in his hands, he heard her voice within the house, saying in sharp vexation:

"I don't know what I'm going to do about that old 'Sephus!

He's been drunk again, and such a spectacle you never saw! The most worthless, helpless, old——"

But her words were drowned in a burst of appreciative laughter in which she presently joined. And 'Sephus grinned contentedly as he absorbed the plate of food.

Scarcely had he finished when he heard Mrs. Wallace calling to him—she had a disconcerting way of speaking suddenly from an open window—

"'Sephus! The minute you have eaten, you go and change your clothes and put those to soak. And tomorrow you wash and cook them—do you hear?"

"Me heah, mebbe-so," he replied reluctantly. What a price one must pay!

An hour later he emerged from his wickiup, astonishingly clean and cheerful, though the latter state he thought wise to conceal as far as possible.

At the door of the cabin a child was playing, and when she looked up at his approach his wrinkled old features brightened in spite of himself. She was a tiny creature—Marie, the Wallace baby, over again! She had the same big brown eyes and dark curls, and the same bewitching little face.

"Huh!" Josephus cried exultingly. "Hello, *muchacha*! Heap good baby!" He squatted on his heels and held out his black hands engagingly. It was nearly two years since he had seen her, then hardly able to walk, but he hoped she would remember him.

"Go on, sweetheart," encouraged her grandmother from the doorway. "It's old 'Sephus. He's a good old Indian, and he loves babies."

Smit thumped the ground with a reassuring tail, and with one eye on him and one on the Indian the child slowly advanced.

"Marie! Frank!" Mrs. Wallace called laughingly. "Come and see Marjorie! I do believe she is going to make up with 'Sephus!"

But after a dozen hesitating steps she ran back and hid under her grandmother's apron.

The Indian rose to his feet, and looked up, grinning widely in response to the kind, "Hello, 'Sephus!" of Mrs. Wallace's daughter, whose earliest babyhood he remembered as if it were but yesterday.

He looked from her smiling face to that of a lovely, year-old babe in her arms and widened his joyful grin.

"More *muchacho*!" he grunted in manifest approval.

Beaming and chuckling, his eyes traveled to the stalwart, fair-haired fellow at her side and then dropped to the child he held so easily on one hand. From one baby to the other the Indian shifted his fascinated gaze, and the happy grin slowly faded. The

rollicking little chaps were as like as replica cherubs, though one curly head was fair and one dark, and so well-grown and lusty that they were almost as big as the delicate Marjorie whom Mrs. Wallace now cradled on her breast.

Continuing his puzzled inspection of the babies, the old Indian's countenance darkened as suspicion grew to conviction. Could it be possible that such a calamity had fallen, unaverted, upon this family that was his only pleasant refuge? Hoping for denial he pointed a shaking finger at one infant and then at the other, imploring Marie with his frightened little eyes.

"You?" he cried. "No you!"

"Yes," laughed the young mother, "*me!* They're both mine!"

"Huh!" groaned Josephus in quavering protest, "huh, too much *muchachos!*... Huh! No good!"

Quaking with terror he turned about, and followed by the peal of undismayed and comprehending laughter, he dived into the wickiup, screened by the young pine thicket some ten paces away. He heard Mrs. Wallace say in answer to a question of the man:

"Oh, the Indians think twins bring bad luck. It's amazing how superstitious they are. It is due to their great ignorance, no doubt."

Then they all went back to the cabin, taking the bad luck with them, as Josephus saw by timorously peering out through a hole in his barley-sack curtain. How very little these white people knew after all!

In a couple of days Marie's man departed with a party of other young fellows on a hunting trip to the higher mountains, and after the last pack-mule had passed from sight Josephus took stock of the wood-pile. There was a good supply of split sticks and his heart warmed a little to the unfortunate white-man, for his could lie low a few days longer to avoid the baleful influence of the twins. But the price he paid for security gave edge to his resentment of the necessity. Consumed by envy he would watch the conceited Smit devotedly submissive to Marjorie's little whims and exactions till he could bear it no longer; then, withdrawing from the observation hole, he would elaborately anathematize the foolish, unrighteous negligence that had allowed the sun to rise upon twins.

Jealousy of Smit and depletion of the wood-pile finally brought him from his seclusion in daylight—for only at night had he ventured to go for the food placed for him on a high shelf—but never for a moment did he neglect precaution to keep him from sight of the bringers of disaster.

One end of the cabin looked through its single high window over a sunny stretch of meadow, and in a low chair, tilted against that wall and shaded by the great silver fir, Abner Wallace passed much time with his papers and books.

And here the old Indian enjoyed the greatest happiness that life could give him. For, after the babies had had their daily outing, he could take Marjorie in the carriage and wheel it importantly up and down the level sward, reveling in so much display for so little exertion and listening ecstatically to the child's twittering prattle, or, if she slept, to an entertaining creak in the parasol fastening. Sometimes with one of the elders they would go for long, delightful walks where the road wound leisurely through the forest.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Wallace called him from his wickiup.

"'Sephus," she said, "I want you to wheel the baby-carriage while we go for a walk."

With all alacrity he followed, grinning complacently when he saw Marjorie coming down the steps in her white sunbonnet, and without hesitation he stepped toward the carriage. Horror! *Two* sweet, chubby, little faces smiled up at him from the shadow of the parasol! Instantly he took flight.

"Come back, 'Sephus!" Mrs. Wallace commanded sharply. "What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Too much *muchachos!* *Malo!* No good! 'Sephus heap sick!"

The same foolish laughter as before! And he heard the white woman say, as soon as she could speak: "I declare if I hadn't forgotten all about that nonsense! Well, Grandpa, I think you'll have to lend a hand if we take that walk."

Early the next morning Maggie and 'Liza came as usual, and while they were picking up sticks ready to heat the wash-water, Josephus debated the relative duty between his race and his benefactors. Certainty that the squaws would soon discover the shadow on the family and inevitably take vengeance upon him for carelessness of their fate finally decided him.

After the three had talked together for a few minutes the squaws gathered their shawls about them and pattered away with soft exclamations and troubled, backward glances.

When Mrs. Wallace came from the cabin—early because it was wash-day—she saw the little heap of sticks and the water-cans, and looked around for the Indian women.

"You see *mahala?*" she asked of Josephus.

He grunted a reluctant affirmative.

"Well, where are they?" her surprise was changing to annoyance, and the old meddler trembled. He pointed down the road with his chin; she looked, and a glimpse of bright color flashing among the trees confirmed his silent declaration.

"What in the world——" she began. Then, turning on him swiftly, she demanded, suspicion in her steady regard: "Josephus Moreno, why did they go?"

The Indian shuffled apprehensively, but there was no help for it, so he explained briefly:

"Too much *muchachos!*"

"Well," she said severely after an interval of reflection, "you walk right over there and put that water on to heat, yourself!"

It was a hard, hard day for 'Sephus. Not even the bright silver dollar that Mrs. Wallace put in his hand at sun-down repaid him for the distressing, humiliating round of carrying wood and water, of spreading clean clothes on the hazel-bushes, of emptying tubs

and lifting baskets while she did the washing that Maggie and 'Liza should have done.

But all things have an end, and on the following day, completely absorbed in a game of horse with Marjorie and Smit as drivers, Josephus forgot trials and dangers alike till the child's shouts of delight at his ungainly antics were musically reinforced by a gurgle from the doorway. In dismay he saw the fair-haired boy leaning on the light barricade that had been built across the space to keep the children in, and while he looked the other little fellow joined him with a rush. There was a crash, the barricade broke under the impact and the twins, screaming and struggling, rolled down the steps. Marjorie added her frightened shrieks, and Josephus threw off his harness and fled.

As soon as things were quiet again, the old Indian crept timidly back, urged by a shamed curiosity.

Mr. Wallace looked at him over the top of his paper.

"'Sephe," he remarked, calmly, "you're an old fool."

The Indian betook himself to the wood-pile with a sniff and a groan. Of course, the careless white people would neglect golden opportunity! No doubt they were even now doing every silly thing they knew to prolong the possession of this bad luck!

Two nights later Josephus was awakened by a commotion in the cabin; the light was burning, the inmates were stirring about in haste and confusion, and he heard a sharp, shrill cough. After a while a peaceful silence seemed to settle down again, but the light still burned. In the morning the white faces looked tired, and Mr. Wallace said to him:

"*Muchachos* plenty sick, 'Sephe."

All that day, and the next, and the next, not a baby appeared.

After noon of the fourth day Mr. Wallace, mounted on his saddle horse, rode around the cabin and paused at the wickiup.

"'Sephe, look here!" He spoke with a sharpness that startled the Indian and his mouth twitched nervously. "*Muchachos* *heap* sick. I go for medicine-man. You stay, pack wood and water. You no go away. You no get tight. You no go inside. You go inside, you get sick, too—maybe-so you die! Savvy?"

Josephus stood erect, braced by unwonted responsibility.

"Heap savvy!" he replied alertly. "What time you come?"

"I don't know—tonight if I can. It looks like rain. 'Sephe, you get plenty wood. *Adios!*"

On the little back porch the Indian heaped the dry sticks of wood and a bundle of red-pitch kindlings, and while he was arranging them he heard Mrs. Wallace saying in a troubled tone:

"It certainly is the measles, Marie. There is no doubt about it in my mind. But the question is—where were they exposed? Who was on the stage with you when you came up?"

"Oh, *Mother!* That was what ailed those children! There were two children on the stage and they were terribly fretful and flushed, but I was so busy with all my babies that I did not pay much attention. Oh dear, *why* will people be so reckless! And poor little Wallace is *so* sick! Oh, *Mother, Mother!*"

Josephus felt a curious tightness in his throat, for, though he did not understand all the words, he did understand that cry of

tortured mother-love. Had he not heard it time and time again in the rancherías?

A south wind was moaning through the pines by sundown, and the night closed in dark and overcast. Though it was the first week in August there was every promise of rain, and Josephus fell asleep picturing Mr. Wallace's difficult journey up nine miles of heavy mountain-grade in the darkness of a stormy night.

When he awoke after a while, it was raining gently. In the cabin all was quiet, and the lamp burned dimly, as it had for a week. He was peacefully dozing again when a crash as of shattered glass, instantly followed by a glare of light, a roar, and the screams of women, terrified him into a cowering, abject heap. His first half-paralyzed thought was of lightning, but a look told him that the cabin was on fire within.

The building of three rooms was constructed of dry pine boards, with draperies and thin window-curtains to add to its inflammability, and the Indian knew that a very short time would reduce it to ashes.

His terror had passed and he was cautiously approaching in placid curiosity when the door flew open and Mrs. Wallace rushed out, bearing in her arms a child wrapped in blankets, and followed by Marie carrying another. A shriek that chilled his blood broke from the young mother's lips as she felt the wet drops on her face.

"Mother—it's *raining!* If I put Wallace down he'll get uncovered—and Wilson is in the cabin!"

Josephus was in the doorway. "You go inside * * * mebbe-so you die!" Abner Wallace's warning hummed in his brain; the flames crackled and roared—and a child's cry wailed in frightened appeal from an inner room. Stooping low he ran toward the sound, rolled the baby in the covers and stumbled out with the burden, choking and gasping for breath.

"Oh, 'Sephus, 'Sephus!" Marie sobbed in a passion of thankfulness.

Then the three stood silently watching the little building blaze and crumble till it presently fell to a bed of glowing coals.

Now that all were safe, Marie was calm and brave, but she staggered under the weight of the restless sick child in her arms. Wrapped about with the covers from their beds the children were heavy and hard to hold, and the Indian thought of the wickiup as a shelter for them—but that, too, was burning.

So Josephus carefully pulled the blanket close around his charge, shifted disconsolately to the other foot, and waited. It was a mile of mountain-trail to the nearest habitation and he wondered what the white woman would do.

Mrs. Wallace herself seemed daunted by their plight, but after a little she began, with resolute cheerfulness in her voice:

"Marie, you're not strong enough to carry that heavy child to Blake's even if we could find the way in this pitch dark—hush, sweetheart; Grandma will sit down in a minute. Be a good girl. 'Sephus, don't you let a drop of this cold rain get on that boy! Well, well, if this isn't a fix may I never live to see one! Whatever do you suppose made that lamp explode? Marie, you're breaking to pieces before my very eyes! We'll just sit down here under this fir tree—it keeps some of the rain off—and that pile of

coals will prevent our freezing, anyway. Perhaps your father will come soon."

But it was gray dawn before Abner Wallace and the doctor, soaked and chilled themselves, came upon the mound of dead ashes and the three shivering persons, huddled beneath the dripping fir, each striving desperately to protect a wailing, blanket-wrapped child. Josephus quaked at sight of the grim horror on the white men's faces.

In an hour of time, however, they were all under shelter at the mill settlement with many sympathetic hands to care for them, and Josephus learned that the doctor could save the women from serious results. He even gave the Indian some shiny white things that he made him swallow.

Then came dreary, anxious days, for to his inexpressible vexation, Josephus could not dismiss from his mind the thought of the peril of the fair *muchacho*. Misfortune? Bad luck? Certainly there had been ample proof! But what is, *is*. And he could not forget the feeling the helpless little warm body against his empty old heart all that long stormy night!

One day, while he waited in a sunny spot for the doctor to come from the sick-room, Josephus noticed himself begin to ache; a coldness enfolded him, his teeth chattered and it seemed as if he were being slowly crushed. He crawled away and built a little fire, but it took long to warm him. He slept, with many strange dreams, and when he awoke the sun was down but he was hot—so hot and thirsty! And the yellow-haired *muchacho* was thirsty, too—and heavy, heavy! Where, *where* was the water!

When he awoke again he saw a square of filtered sunlight on a rough board wall. He was in a house and on a bed! It was an old cabin, once occupied by a mill-hand, and Josephus had often peeped in at that window. Turning his head—how big it felt—he saw Abner Wallace asleep in his chair, a paper across his knees. He grinned at the familiar sight.

"Ab!" he cried, to startle him, and was surprised that he could only whisper, and while he was trying to think about it all, he slept.

And again he opened his eyes, for the door was being pushed, and a sweet little voice was piping:

"Gwan'pa, open!"

From a place beyond the Indian's vision Abner Wallace appeared and opened the door for Marjorie. Following her came Marie, thinner and paler—but smiling—holding the fair-haired boy on her arm, and steadying the tottering footsteps of the other little fellow at her knee.

The radiance of perfect happiness spread over the wrinkled, black, unbeautiful face of Josephus as he counted them with his eyes.

"No too much muchachos!" he chuckled. "Plenty muchachos! Bueno!"

Tollhouse, Cal.

A GYPSY

By *LAURA MACKAY*.



OW should you understand? The Red Gods brought me,
A gypsy child, to earth all sweet with May,
And ever through the years they stayed and taught me
The wonder-lore of gypsies of the way.

They spoke to me by wood and stream and hillside,
And taught me by the lonely winter sea;
And, though I played with all the glad earth-children,
I knew I was a child forever free;

Forever free, and wind-born—just a comrade
Of the thistle-birds that sing across the sky,
Of the aspen as it trembles in the sunlight,
Of the gleam of silver river slipping by.

The other children held out hands to guide me,
Grieving because I loved my gypsy way—
They could not hear the far sweet bugles calling,
The Red Gods whom I only could obey,

Who bade me listen to the deep earth-lesson,
From birth to dreams of immortality,
And so unravel from the old world tangle
A golden thread of beauty's entity.

I wander through the gay and crowded cities
And love it as a song of minstrelsy,
But under open skies and down the wind-road
I hear them always calling out for me:

Calling, and the day is filled with beauty;
I wake to love my heritage of sun,
And toil—and rest, and so the days are passing,
And life at last is only half begun.

A gypsy. See the thrush on the brown beech leaves
So unafraid beside my cabin door;
What is he? A lost song that you remember?
And I in silence—something less, and more?

And so someday—a wind among the grasses,
A white gull out across the sparkling sea,
The murmur of a little brook at starlight
Must be to you your memory of me.

St. Huberts, N. Y.

AN INFERENTIAL PROMISE

By KATE CRAVEN TURNER.



IN'T no use saying anything more about it, Jim, I won't marry you."

"Why won't ye, Sue? Ye might tell a feller why."

"Look out front of us to the west, Jim; see anything worth looking at?"

He looked in the direction indicated by the wave of her hand, at one long unbroken sweep of sun-baked adobe clay, with heat waves shimmering over its blinding surface. Not a spot of cool green, not a speck of shade as far as the tired eyes could reach.

"Not much worth lookin' at that way sure, Sue."

"See anything 'cept that deserted cabin t'other direction any different?"

"Not much," he reluctantly admitted.

"And it's getting worse and worse," she continued. "When we first come here them ditches over there had water in 'em running full. There was some promise of better times then; now it's all being stole further up country and Pap can't fight 'em,—he ain't got nothing to fight 'em with. We're getting poorer and poorer." Bitter, hopeless dejection sounded in her reply.

"Then why not come away from it, Sue?"

"Away from it!" she blazed. "How much better off'd I be with you. You hain't got no more ditch water'n Pap has, and no more money to fight them ditch thieves with either. What prospects you got to offer a woman?" she contemptuously asked.

"But we are young, Sue, we can work together," he pleaded.

"Look at Mam!" she exclaimed. "She was young, too, when she come here—look at her now! Look at Fred and Liza, and look at me!"

The latter request was unnecessary, as he was intently looking at her with honest, saddened eyes that dumbly expressed his devotion and despair.

"Look at Pap," she continued, "all bent and stooped and careworn. We might better 'a staid in Kansas; that was purgatory, this is hell!"

"Sue!"

"I don't care what I say, Jim Bently, I'm tired of this kind of life! Do you think I want to settle down here till I get like Mam is? Do you think I want my children to go through what I've had to?" Her face flushed hotly. "Pap and Mam can read and write. I can't hardly do that, 'cept what they've learnt me. What chance'd I have for learning? What chance does any one have born in this God-forsaken place?" Her voice trembled and broke. "Even the prairie dogs is starving to death!" she bitterly

declared. "What would we git married on, I'd like to know? You hain't got money enough to pay the parson for splicing us and I couldn't buy even a new kaliker gown to be married in. It would be a nice start in life!" she concluded scornfully.

"Guess Bill Brownlee's been a-talkin' to ye, Sue." His voice was dangerously low, and an unpleasantly suspicious glitter shone in his eyes as he watched her jealously. Her face flushed, and she replied still more sullenly:

"You're welcome to your thoughts, but I ain't going to marry anybody right away that can't show me a better living than Pap's a-giving me."

"Bill could do that; he's got his cabin most built an' his alfalfa's the finest about here. He's got money in the bank, too, an' he's got a fine bunch of cattle besides; an' I've got my s'picious 'bout some other things he's 'cumulatin'."

"I know one thing he has got," she flashed back, "and that's git-up enough to make a living out of this part of the country. That's what most of 'em 'round here ain't got."

"I know who you're 'ludin' to, Sue, an' mebbe I could, too, if I'd do what he's doin'. The thieves that's stealin' things ain't all up country. But that's none of my business, an' I'll ask ye once more, Sue, if ye mean what ye say when ye tell me ye won't marry me?"

"That's 'zactly what I do mean, Jim Bently, and I hope you understand it now. A man that hain't got no more git-up than to set around here and starve to death with the prairie dogs, hain't got no business asking a woman to stay and starve 'long with him."

"All right, Sue. I hain't got nothin' more to say to ye, an' there hain't nothin' to hold *me* here any longer. Guess ye're right—it's a poor sort of a cuss that would think of doin' it. Good-bye!"

He mounted a sorry-looking brute, digging the spurs into its sides as he disappeared in a cloud of choking, blinding, white alkali-dust. Then the girl came from the shadow of the cabin and stood in the broiling sun, protecting here eyes from its glare with her hand, as she watched the dust-cloud rise until horse and rider disappeared in the distance. She stood tall and bronzed as an Indian, with the rich color fading from her cheeks, her great luminous brooding eyes gleaming with a light unlike any other human expression—longing and heart-hunger, starvation of soul and mind and body—it was as though the eyes expressed all the untaught tongue could not utter. Then, raising her hands with an indescribable gesture of hopelessness, she turned and went into the cabin, where the rank odor of bacon frying greeted her sickeningly.

"Has Jim gone, Sue?" her mother querelously and plaintively asked.

"Yep."

"Didn't—didn't—he ask you, Sue?" she faltered.

"Yep."

"You didn't say no, did you, Sue?"

"Yep."

The monosyllabic reply discouraged further questioning and the woman turned dejectedly away, sighing. She could never understand her daughter in some of her moods. She loved this eldest daughter devotedly and would miss her helpfulness, but it was one more to share the scanty store with, and she had hoped—a long despondent sigh ended her reverie. The monotonous hours ticked on until they were roused by the beat of a horse's hoofs coming nearer, and a man alighted at the rickety pretense of a gate, greeting them with:

"Evenin', Mrs. Blanchard! Howdy, Sue? You ain't lookin' very chipper; what's the matter?"

"Nothing that you can cure."

The curt reply made him wince, and he continued apologetically:

"I have to go to town this mornin' an' thought I'd stop by an' see how you-all was doin'." Then he added: "Wonder where Jim's gone. He lit out mighty sudden, seems to me. I just come past there an' everything's shut up an' nailed up tighter'n a drum. Looks kinder 'spicious. I heard some men over in town talkin' 'bout a lot of cattle stealin' over on the north ranges, an' that they was purty hot on the trail of some of the thieves. But I guess Jim didn't leave on that account, though."

His sneering tone contradicted his assertion, and he glanced shiftily at Sue to see how she took the news, and was met by a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders and a scornful curve of the lips, as she wrathfully turned on him with:

"There's a few others in the neighborhood better light out, too, I reckon, if that's the reason Jim went away."

"Course Jim never done nothin' of that kind, Sue," he said consolingly, "but sometimes innercent men are hung on suspicion; an' the worst of it is, them who could prove their innercence never knows nothin' 'bout it till they find 'em hanging by the neck, or pumped full of cold lead." A sardonic smile played over his coarse features at the cold-blooded declaration.

The girl turned toward the door and stood looking off over the waste of desolation. She calmly retorted:

"Tain't as likely to happen Jim as some others I know 'bout here; for Jim has a good many friends. I s'pose he's got tired of this country and lit out. Don't see how anybody with any git-up

to 'em would stay here twenty-four hours if he could get away. Jim shows good sense in getting out of it."

"What you so down on this place for, Sue? 'This is goin' to be a great country some of these days."

She turned and looked him in the eyes, answering significantly:

"Yes, for them as knows how to git their ditch water and a few other things."

His face flushed and he did not return her gaze. Her lip curled scornfully as she turned again to the contemplation of the monopoly before her. She picked up a bucket and started down the path to the ditch, where a small stream of water flowed sluggishly, in keeping with the forlorn, hopeless looking country. The man overtook her and, filling the bucket, placed it on the bank as they leaned against the posts of the barbed fence whose wires were rusted and broken.

"Sue, I got my new cabin most done, all but puttin' in the pertitions. I ain't goin' to put them in till after my party. I'm goin' to give a house warmin' week after next. I sent the invites this mornin'. I'm goin' to do it up in good style, you bet; fiddlers is comin' from Unaweepe an' all the boys an' girls from Whitewash an' Kahoe. It's too bad Jim went off so soon, he'll miss all the fun, but I'll come after you an' bring you home, if you say so." Then he added in confidential tone, looking at her intently:

"You know what I'm givin' that dance for, Sue, an' you know why I've built that new cabin, an' what I'm doin' a lot of things for, don't you?"

"I don't know's I do, but I s'pose you will ask Jen Smith to set in your front door an' look out over the 'dobe mud-bumps; that's 'bout all she'd have to look at either d'rection."

"What's got you so down-hearted, girl? You uster be the liveliest one round here."

"'Cause I'm sick of it, that's all," she sharply answered; "sick of the hull gloomy outlook. Everybody's gettin' poorer and poorer, 'cept you. When Pap first come here that Uncompahgre river was a river 'stid of a sickly stream like 'tis now, and the ditches was always bank-full. Then they dug that big canal 'way up stream and divided the waters, and what's left to come down this way is stole 'fore it gets here. What's the use trying? I'm plum sick of it! I ain't coming to your party neither," she sullenly added.

"Why, what you talkin' 'bout, Sue? Course you're comin'."

"No, I ain't neither. What 've I got to wear to a party? Or anywhere else? I tell you I ain't a coming." Sullen, stubborn defiance confronted him.

"You ain't mopin' cause Jim's went away, are you?" he sneeringly asked.

Then she blazed back at him, standing tall and defiantly wrathful:

"No, I ain't, Bill Brownloe, any more'n I'd be moping if you went away and I never seen you again. What do I care who goes away or when they come back? I wouldn't care if I never seen either of you again."

The man's face went white with anger under the sunburn, as he wrathfully replied:

"Mebbe you'll change yer mind, Sue, an' be glad to come to me fer help some day. Jim ain't the only one 'round here that owes me money," he said significantly. "It don't pay to be too independent. Mebbe you'll sing another song one of these days."

"Mebbe I will, Bill Brownloe; but I won't sing it till I have to, and somebody'll pay me for it when I do, you bet."

At this retort Bill flung himself on his horse and rode away without a backward glance. Turning, she met her father and peremptorily demanded:

"Pap, has Bill Brownloe got any claim on you? Do you owe him any money?" She asked the question in a tense voice.

The man hesitated, and stammered:

"Why, Sue—hum-m—"

"Don't bother to lie about it, Pap—has he?"

"Yes, he has," he defiantly confessed. "I borrowed a hundred last year and another hundred again this year, and I ain't paid no interest, and—"

"That's all I want to know," she sharply interrupted. "What'd you borrow it of him for, Pap?"

"'Cause he's the only one around here that's got money to lend."

"How'd you 'spect to pay it back?" The question was quietly ominous.

"I dunno. I thought mebbe you 'n him could fix it up," he confessed.

"Oh, you did, did you? You thought I'd sell myself to pay your debts. Well, mebbe I will, but if Bill Brownloe buys me, he'll pay more'n two hundred dollars for me if he gets me; but he won't get me, if I've got brains 'nuff to keep him from doing it."

Later she broke the tensely charged silence that fell between them, irrelevantly, with, "I heard some strange men talking down to the store in town t'other day 'bout them waste gov'ment lands and abandoned claims over beyond Montrose, going to be a blooming garden when the Gunnison canal is finished. What do you think 'bout it, Pap?"

"I think it's more'n likely. All it needs is plenty of water. It's good land. Why?"

"Nothing. I was jest thinking. Can you borrow any more money on this place, Pap? Could you get any one to loan you money or take a mortgage on it?"

"I dunno. Why?"

"I want you to borrow ev'ry cent you can get on this land, ev'ry cent anybody'll let you have, and then I want you to let me have that money. I don't want anybody to know I know anything about it. Don't get it of Bill, unless you can't get it anywhere else. Will you try, Pap?"

"I guess Bill's the only one round here that's got any money, and mebbe he won't let me have it."

"I ain't any afraid he won't let you have it, if he's got it, but don't ask him till you've tried everywhere else. If you have to get it of him, you jest tell him I've changed my mind 'bout comin' to his house-warming, and see if you don't get it." She laughed a mirthless laugh her father did not understand. "And I want you to get it all settled 'fore Monday night, and keep your mouth shet to Mam and ever'body else, will you, Pap?"

Having great confidence in his daughter's executive ability, though not understanding just what her intentions were, after deliberation he said:

"I don't know what you're drivin' at, Sue, or what you're schemin', but I'll do my best to get the money."

"If you will, Pap, I'll pull you out of this hopeless hole. You go now and see about the money, quick as you can, and keep your mouth shet to ever'body."

A few days later, mounted on a lean, strong-looking bronco, and equipped with a bundle and the inevitable slicker tied to her saddle, she rode away. Her parting words to her father, who accompanied her a short distance, were:

"You needn't worry 'bout me, Pap, I can take care of myself. I'll stop at Myra's to-night; and you know my plans if I find the land over there worth having. I'll be back inside of a week. I've gone to Myra's to stay a bit, if anybody asks 'bout me—that's all you know that you don't have to keep your mouth shet about. Good-bye."

She cantered off, leaving a cloud of white dust in her wake. Further down the road she met Bill on his return from town.

"Hello, Sue! Where you off to? Looks 's though you was in a hurry."

She looked demurely conscious as she replied: "I am in a hurry. I've changed my mind 'bout coming to the house-warming, Bill, and I've got to do some rustling if I get a dress done to wear to it, and mebbe, mebbe—I'll change my mind and do some other shopping, too," she said significantly; at which he smiled understandingly, saying:

"I allus knew you was a sensible girl, Sue, an' I'll be on time to take you to the dance. Shall I tell the parson to drop around later that night?" he questioned with a knowing smile and a wink.

"I reckon you know what's the proper thing to do 'thout my tellin' you!" she laughingly exclaimed as she struck her horse sharply, cantering off, leaving him no time for further questioning.

He turned in his saddle and looked after her with a light in his eyes not pleasant to see.

Just before reaching the town she was supposed to visit, she turned off across country, fording the river at its shallowest point. Scrambling up the slippery banks of the opposite side, and with the sure eye of a born Westerner for directions, she made a bee-line for a distant trail, leading back and up to the north of her home. This she followed until nightfall, when she stopped at a road-house, kept by her friend Myra, resuming her journey at daybreak; by noon the next day she had reached the edge of the table-lands, grey and almost as cheerless as the desolation she had left. There were

evidences of a past hopeless struggle scattered here and there in the abandoned and tumble-down cabins, in all conditions of ruin. The far-reaching monotony was relieved only by the distant, ever-varying panorama of Grand Mesa, where storm and sunshine and tempest, vivid coloring and purple black gloom came and went in kaleidoscopic changes. Miles across the shimmering acres in the distance, a slender, dark thread-line indicated where the rushing waters of the uncontrolled Gunnison tore madly through the narrow sand-bound valley. All of this tract of desolation would one day in the near future bloom as the Garden of Allah by the division of wasting waters. As she rode along the unfrequented trail, suddenly in the distance from behind a slight elevation appeared a horseman. She stopped and cautiously awaited his coming. Horse and rider were one uniform shade of greyish white dust, and only when within hailing distance did she recognize the rider. Then a clear, jubilant, shrill, staccato cry of "Jim!" cut the air and went echoing away toward the towering peaks in the distance.

"Sue, for God A'mighty's sake, what does this mean?"

"'Zactly what I told you, Jim, that I'm tired of starving to death with prairie dogs, and I jest lit out to find a new home for we-all. I've promised Pap to pull him out of that alkali hole over there, and I'm going to do it some way. But, Jim, where you been hiding all this time? Didn't they ketch you?"

"Ketch me! What in thunderation do ye mean, Sue?"

"Why, I heard the cattle-men was after you for stealing from their herds and that was the reason you left so sudden."

"You know why I left, Sue," he sadly accused. Then he blazed forth with: "Who said I was a cattle thief? Who told you that, Sue?" he demanded.

"Somebody that said they'd heard it talked about over at the store in town."

"Did Bill Brownloe say that 'bout me, Sue?" The question was too quietly asked. Sue knew what was seething behind it.

"I didn't say he told me, Jim."

"But he *did* say it, didn't he?" he probed.

"What difference who said it, Jim? I knew better."

"That's all right, Sue; ye needn't tell me. I'll settle this land business over here, and then there's the damnedest licking coming to Bill Brownloe he ever got in his life. You can bet all you got on that!" he stormed.

"Bill's the biggest man, Jim," she laughed, "but I hope you win. I'll pray for you."

"He's the one'll need your prayers, Sue—why, the whelp! I caught him red-handed branding a young calf he'd stole one afternoon. I could 'a' had him swinging long ago, if I'd 'a' told on him, and he knows it, the sneakin' coyote!"

"Pap owes him money, Jim. He'd borrowed a lot 'fore I knew anything 'bout it, and he borrowed some more just 'fore I left. You see I thought mebbe if this land was worth anything, we could deed Bill our claim back there and Pap could start again over here; but it's purty near as hopeless lookin' as back there, and I guess I'll have that debt to pay," she said, disconsolately. "Pap never can do it; he's lost courage in everything. You know I've allus had to think for him. Guess I might as well go back and pay Bill the way

he wants his pay. He'd never 'a' let Pap have the money, if he hadn't 'a' thought he'd get it back that way." Then she added, falteringly and with downcast eyes: "He's giving a house-warming for me next week, Jim, and I s'pose I got to get back for that, 'nless—"

Jim dug the spurs in the side of his patient brute, then turned and looked at her, his face white under the dust and sunburn, as he quietly asked:

"What does that mean, Sue?" His voice was low and sorrow-burdened and his big, honest eyes looked like those of a dumb creature, unjustly chastised.

"It means just what I say, Jim,—'nless you can see some way out of it."

When the meaning of Sue's appeal dawned upon him, his face changed as might that of a lost soul who sees salvation.

"Way out of it, Sue!" he joyfully exclaimed. "Course there's a way out of it, girl. Why,"—with a wave of the hand over the vast space—"this'll be a bloomin' garden in five years. All it needs is brains to work it an' plenty of water, which it's goin' to have 'fore long; then you'll see wonders here. Nobody's makin' a mistake when they get a home here. Why, look at Garnet an' California mesas over Delta way. Uster be the most hopeless lookin' spots on earth. Thirty years ago a horned toad would 'a' turned up his nose at 'em. Look at 'em now. They're the finest fruit lands of Colorado; an' this land's better than that."

"But how's anybody going to live till the water gits here, Jim? It'll be more'n a year," she despondently queried.

"That's easy, Sue. I went to Montrose 'fore I come over here an' they're prayin' for men an' teams to help 'em on the Gunnison ditch improvements. I got a job fer as long's the work's goin' on, an' yer dad can git work, too, an' we can all live there till the ditches is ready, an' then we'll all have some money ahead to improve the ranches when we move onto them. I got a plan of the big ditches 'fore I left on this prospectin' tour, an' I've got some of the finest land cinched over in that northwest corner, that lays in Colorado."

"Well, if there's any left you don't want, Jim, I'd like some of it, too; for I've either got to find a home here, or go back and marry Bill."

"Sue, you tormentin' little devil, quit talkin' like that." Then he added savagely, "I'm goin' back there an' spoil his beauty so nobody'll marry him, damn him! And say, Sue, right next to the land I've got cinched over there is a fine abandoned claim with a mighty nice cabin on it, an' I'm goin' straight over an' pay up on it, an'—an'—if ye ever change yer mind, we'll live there together, when the ditches is done. Will ye change yer mind, Sue?" he pleaded.

"Jim, you hadn't ben gone ten minutes that day when I'd changed it."

Indianapolis.

PABLO'S DEER HUNT

A PUEBLO FAIRY TALE TOLD OVER AGAIN.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



HE yellow cottonweeds above the Rio Grande shivered in the fresh October morning as the sun peeped over the Eagle Feather mountain into the valley of his people. Above the flat, gray pueblo of Shee-eh-huib-bak the bluish breath of five hundred slender chimneys melted skyward in tall spirals. Upon here and there a level house-top a blanket-swathed figure stared solemnly at the great, round, blinding house of T'hoor-id-deh, the Sun Father.

Then a burro, heavy-eared and slow of pace, rattled the gravel on the high bluff, gazed mournfully on the muddy eddies, and broke out in stentorian brays. Apparently Flojo felt downcast. Across these treacherous quicksands the grass was still tall in the *vega*—why did not Pablo take him over too? And, mustering up his ears, he trotted almost briskly down the slope to the water's edge, where a swart young Apollo was just stepping into the swift current. Tall, sinewy, lithe as Keem-ee-deh, the mountain-lion, that lent its tawny hide for the bow-case in his hand; his six feet of glowing bronze broken only by a modest clout of white at the supple waist, his dense black hair falling straight upon broad, bare shoulders, and his dark eyes watchful of the swirling waters, the young Pueblo strode sturdily in, paying no heed to the forlorn watcher upon the shore. In a moment he was in the channel swimming easily, one hand holding the bow-case above the red bundle upon his jet crown, *Such-sh! sush-sh! splash! splash! splash!* and Flojo heaved a great sigh as his master went spattering across the farther shoals, and at last climbed the sandy eastern bank.

Pablo unrolled the bundle from his head, wriggled, wet-skinned, into the red print shirt and snowy *calconcillos*, wrapped their flapping folds about his calf with the buckskin leggings of rich maroon; belted these at either knee with a wee, gay sash from the looms of Moqui, fastened the moccasins with their silver buckles, and, with the tawny sheath of bow and arrows slung across his back, started at a swift walk. Once only he stopped, after a scramble up the gravel hills that scalloped the plateau, to look back a moment. The long ribbon of the valley, now faded from its summer green, banded the bare brown world from north to south, threaded with the errant silver of the river, whose furthest shimmer flashed back from under the purple mass of the Mountain of the Thieves. Midway lay the pueblo, dozing amid its orchards below the black cone of the Kú-mai, and Pablo shook his head sadly, as he turned again and strode across the broad, high *llano*.

"It is not well in the village," he muttered, "for it is full of them that have the evil road. The Cum-pah-huit-lah-wen have told me that half of these of Shee-eh-huib-bak are witches; but not all can be punished. But it is in ill times for us. Tio Lorenzo is twisted by the Bads so that he cannot walk; and may die; and did not Amparo and José Diego marry the prettiest maidens of the Tee-wahn, only to find them witches? How shall one take a wife

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when so many are accursed? It is better to hunt and forget the women, as do the warriors; for we know not who are True Believers, and who have to do with the ghosts."

Across the wide, sandy plateau the young Indian walked with undiminished pace; and as the house of the Sun Father stood in the middle of the sky, he entered a rocky cañon of the Eagle Feather mountain, and began to climb a spur of the great peak. The huddled dry leaves under a live-oak caught his eye, and he turned them with deft foot. "Here Pee-id-deh, the deer, slept last night," he exclaimed; "for the fresh earth slings to their under side. And here is a hair and here the footmark. If only Keem-é-deh will help me."

Kneeling by the tree, he broke off a twig and stuck it in the earth in front of the footprint, the fork pointing backward, that Pee-id-deh might trip and fall as it ran. Then, drawing the Left-Hand Pouch from his side, he opened it, and reverently took out a tiny parcel in buckskin, whose folds soon disclosed a little image of the Mountain Lion, chief of hunters, carved from adamantine quartz. Its eyes were of the sacred turquoise; and in the center of the belly was inlaid a turquoise heart over which held a pinch of the holy corn-meal. On the right side was lashed a tiny arrow-head of moss-agate—one of the precious "thunder-knives" which the Horned Toad had made and had left for Pablo on the plains of the Hollow Peak of Winds. Putting the fetich to his mouth and inhaling from the stone lips, the hunter prayed aloud to Keem-é-deh to give him true eyes and ears, and swift feet to overtake; and rising, gave a low, far roar to terrify the heart and loosen the knees of his prey. Then, restoring the image to its pouch, with bow in hand and three arrows held ready, he pushed rapidly up hill, with keen eyes to the dim trail. Here a trampled grass-blade, there a cut leaf or overturned pebble, and again a faint scratch on the rocks, led him on. At last, just where the flap top of the mountain had been wrought to a vast arrow-point by the Giant of the Caves, he saw a sleek doe standing under a shabby aspen. Down on his belly went Pablo, and with a new breath-taking from the stone lips of the prey-god, crawled snake-like forward. The deer moved not, and within forty yards Pablo tugged an arrow to its agate head and drove it whirring through Pee-id-duh's heart. The doe turned her great, soft eyes toward him, sniffed the air, and went bounding up the rocky ledges as if unhurt. Yet on the left side the grey feathers of the shaft touched the skin; and once on the right Pablo caught the sparkle of the gem tip.

There was a curious ashen tint in the bronze of his cheeks, as the hunter sprang to his feet and began running in pursuit. "Truly, that was the way to the life," he whispered to himself. "And why does she not fall? Will it be that they of the evil road have given me the eye?" And stopping short, he fished out a bit of corn-husk and a pinch of the sweet *pee-én-hleh*, and rolled a cigarette, lighting it from the flint and steel. The first puff he blew slowly to the east, and then one to the north, and one to the west, and one south, one overhead, and one downward, all about, that the evil spirits of the Six Ways might be blinded and not see his tracks. When the sacred *weer* was smoked, he rose and took up the trail again. It was easy to be followed now in

the soft wood soil of the mountain top; and in the very edge of the farther grove of aspens he saw the doe again, grazing in unconcern. Worming from tree to tree, Pablo came close, and again sent a stone-tipped shaft. It struck by the very side of the first, and drank as deep; but the doe, pricking up her ears as if she had but heard the whizz of the arrow, trotted easily away and disappeared over the eastern brow of the mountain, amid the somber pines.

Pablo was very pale now, but not yet daunted. He smoked again to the Six Ways and prayed to all the Trues to help him, and with another arrow on the string, pushed forward.

Where the tall pines dwindled to scrubby cedars he came again to his quarry. But now the doe was more alert, and would not let him within bowshot. Only she looked back at him with big, sad eyes, and trotted just away from range. And soon Night rolled down the mountain from behind him, and filled the whispering forest, and drowned the great, still plains beyond, and he lost her altogether.

"This is no deer," said Pablo, gloomily, as he stretched himself under a twisted *savino* for the night, "but one who has *wahr*, the Power. And her eyes, how they are as those of women sorrowing, large and wet! But I will see the end, even though I die. And weary with the rugged forty miles of the day, he was soon asleep.

As the blue flower of dawn bloomed from the eastern gray, Pablo rose, and smoked again the sacred smoke, and inhaled the strengthful breath of Keem-éé-deh, and started anew on his awesome hunt. Soon he found the trail marked with dark blotches, and all day long he followed it. Just as the sun-house stood on the dark western ridges, he came to the foot of a high swell, on whose summit gleamed the gray of strange, giant walls.

"It will be the home of Ta-bi-rá," thought Pablo aloud, "for my father often told me of the great city of the Pi-ro that was beyond Cuaray in the First Times, before the lakes of the plains were accursed to be salt, before Those-of-the-Old came to dwell on the river that runs from the Dark Lake of Tears. But how shall a deer come thus into the plains, which are only of the pronghorns. Yet I have walked in her road all day, and here are her marks, going"—and he stopped, for his ear caught a faint, far-off chant. It seemed to come from the ruins that crowned the hill; and, dropping to the earth, Pablo began to crawl from cedar to cedar, from rock to rock, toward it. At the very crest of the rounded ridge was a long line of jumbled stone—the mound of fallen fortress-houses—and beyond, from the gathering dusk, loomed the ragged lofty walls of a vast temple. Under the shadows of the mound he crawled around to the rear of the gray wall, and then along the wall itself toward the huge buttresses that proclaimed its front. The chant was close at hand now—the singer was evidently within the ruined temple. But the tongue Pablo did not know. It was not so musical as his soft Tee-wahn, nor was it like the guttural of the Quéres—for that he knew also—and yet it was some voice of the Children of the Sun, and not the outlandish babble of the Americanoo-deh, nor of the Spanish Wet-Head. It was not, then, some new *tonto* come to dig for the

fabled gold of Ta-bi-rá—whose shafts yawned black in the gray bedrock, and here and there throned the very base of the great wall—but some Indian, and probably a medicine man, for the song was not as those of the careless. Pablo crouched in the darkness against the eastern end of the wall, listening, forgetful of the bewitched deer and of all else. Once in a wild swell of the song he thought he discerned a familiar word.

"Hoo-máh-no?" he kept repeating to himself. "Surely, the Grandfather Desidério said me that word when he told me of Them-of-the-Old, when They-with-Striped-Faces dwelt on yonder mesa. But they are all dead these many years."

A swift, short flash split the darkness, and a growl of far thunder rolled across the ruins. Pablo glanced at the heavens. It was sown thick with the bright sky-seeds that flew up when the Coyote disobeyed the Trues and opened sacred bag. From horizon to horizon there was not a cloud; but again the flash came, and again the mighty drum-beat of Those Above. Pablo crept to a breach in the wall, and peeped into the gloomy interior of the temple. Even as he looked, the zig-zag arrow of the Trues leaped again from ghostly wall to wall; and its blinding light showed him that at which he caught his breath. For squat by a corner in the wall was a white-headed Indian waving his bare arms; and facing him and Pablo a dusky maiden, with drooping head. But her face was burned into his heart.

"Surely such are precious to the Trues! For she is as the Evening Star, good to see!" and Pablo craned forward eagerly. The *viejo* will be a Shaman," he added, mentally, "for so our own Fathers make the lightning come at the medicine dance*. But she! If there were such in Shee-eh-huíb-bak, then one might take a wife—for her face is no face of a witch!"

Just then came another flash; and then a soft, girlish cry. The magic lightning of the conjurer had betrayed Pablo; and before he could spring away a heavy hand was upon his shoulder.

"Hi-ma-tu-ku-eh?" demanded a deep voice in an unknown tongue.

"Nah Tee-wah," said the abashed hunter, trying in vain to shake off that strong grasp.

"Tee-wah?" said the stranger, speaking in Pablo's own language. "I, too, have the tongue of the Shee-eh-huíb-bak, for my wife was of there. But now she has gone to the Shee-p'ah-poón, and there lives for me only my child, and she is hurt. But what hast thou here, peeping at our medicine?"

"It is by chance, Kah-báy-deh," answered Pablo. "For yesterday, when the sun was so, I wounded a deer, and unto here I have followed it in vain. For, perhaps, it has the Power, and I could not kill it. And when I heard thy song, I came, not knowing what it was."

"Since yesterday when the sun was so, thou hast followed the road of a wounded deer? And how wounded?"

"In truth, I gave it two arrows through the life, but it minded them not."

"Come, then, and thou shalt see thy hunting," and he drew Pablo into the temple. In a moment a dry arm of the *entraña*

*These artificial storms are a favorite illusion of the Indian wizards of the Southwest.

(which the Trues gave for the first candles) was burning; and by its smoky, flaring light Pablo could see his strange surroundings. Beside him, that breakless hand still on his shoulder, stood an aged Indian. His hair was white as the snows of Shoo-p'ah-toó-eh, and his undimmed eyes shone from deep under snowy brows. He was naked but for the breech-clout, and upon his left arm was a great gauntlet from the forepaw of Ku-ai-deh, the bear, with all its claws. But at his wrinkled face Pablo stared in affright, for all across it ran long, savage knife-stripes so old that they, too, were cut with wrinkles. "*Rayado!*" flashed through the young hunter's mind, "even as were They-of-the-Old who dwelt in the mesa of the Hoo-máh-no! But they are all dead since long ago."

But even his superstitious terror could not keep his eyes from that modest figure crouched in the angle of the strange wall. Truly, she was good to look at. In the soft olive of the cheeks a sweet, deep red was spreading. Under the downcast eyes the lashes drew dark lines across the translucent skin. A flood of hair poured into her lap, and from under its heavy waves peeped a slender hand. It was plain from her dress that she was none of the *bárbaros*, but a Pueblo. There was the same modest black *manta* of his people, the same fat, boot-like leg-wraps of snowy buckskin, the same dainty brown moccasins. Even the heavy silver rosary was about the neck, and from her ears hung strands of precious turquoise beads from the white, blue-veined heart of Mount Chalchihuitl. But even the white silver, and the stone that stole its color from the sky were not precious beside that sweet young face from which Pablo could not turn away.

And as he gazed with a strange warm tickling at his heart-strings, the long lashes lifted timidly toward the handsome stranger, and on a sudden the bright face turned ashen, and the girl sank back upon a heap of fallen stones. Pablo stared with wide eyes, and a dizziness ran from head to knee, for there were dark drops upon the rocks, and amid the flowing hair he saw the notched ends of two arrows—his very own, feathered from the gray quills of Koor-níd-deh, the crane. He reeled, to fall, but the strong hand held him up, and the strong voice said:

"Take the heart of a man, for it is not yet too late. Thou hast done this unknowing; for the witches filled thine eyes with smoke, to fool thee. But we will yet make medicine to heal my daughter—for I am the wizard T'bó-deh, the last of the Hoo-máh-no, and precious to Those Above, who will help us. But thou hast still arrows in the quiver—go, then, till thou come to the first cliff on the west, and shoot three arrows strongly into the sky. And bring to me that which falls—for it needs that thou who hast shed her blood shouldst bring it again. Nay, tremble not, for the Trues will help thee; and with the amulet of the striped stone the witches cannot come nigh. Take the heart of a man, and go!"

Pablo looked at the pitiful little heap in the corner, and, turning, manfully strode out through the broad portal and went stumbling westward in the darkness, over mounds and hollows and fallen walls. Down the long, steep ridge, across the undulant plain, knee-deep in dry and whispering grass, and up the western slope of the valley he trudged; and at last in the darkness he ran up against

a smooth, straight face of rock. "It is the cliff," he whispered—for he feared greatly. But, plucking up his soul, he backed away a few paces from the rock and notched a shaft and drew it to the head and sent it hurling to the sky, and another, and another. For a long time he waited, and then there was a soft *whish!* and an arrow stood in the earth at his feet. He groped and found it and drew back his hand quickly, for shaft and feathers were wet—with that soft, warm, ticklish wetness that never came from water yet. Another arrow fell and it was so, and so also was the third.

Shaken as are the leaves of the shivering tree, Pablo put to his lips the amulet of the wizard and drew a long breath from it. Then, gingerly plucking the standing arrows one by one, he started running from the haunted spot, not resting in his stumbling flight until he found himself at the foot of the hill of Ta-bi-rá. In a few moments he was groping along the great wall and at last stood again within the roofless temple.

Now there was a tiny fire there, and the old man was squatted by it, chanting and snapping two long feathers together in rhythm with his wild refrain. And in the corner was the same dark, limp heap, which seemed to drift near or farther away on the waves of the firelight.

"It is well!" said the old man, rising; "for already have I blown away the evil ones, that we be alone. And I see thou hast brought blood from above to pay for that which is lost."

Taking from Pablo's hand the arrows, still red-wet, he broke one over the fire and one he thrust upright in the hard earth at the maiden's feet. Then he rubbed his hands with ashes and laid them upon her breast, chanting:

"Blood, water of life,
Come back in the brooks of the heart!
Blood, water of life,
Give it to drink again—
For the red field is dry
And nothing grows."

As he rubbed and sang, the maiden stirred and moved and sat up. And taking the third arrow, he put the notch to his lips and the barb to her side and drew a strong breath, and the buried shaft grew long and longer from her side, until it fell upon the ground. So he drew the second shaft, and it, too, came away and left her.* Then he laid the arrow of power against her side and the wounds were no more there; and she rose and took the hand of Pablo to her little mouth and breathed on it, and looked up at him with timid eyes, but Pablo sank down and knew nothing, for his strength was done.

When he woke, the Sun-Father was high over the gray ruins. Pablo found himself upon a bed of dry grass, in the shadow of the wall; and near him sat the old man who was last of the Hoo-máh-no, watching him with clear eyes. A low sweet voice was crooning a sleep-song in his own tongue; and from behind a jutting wall peeped forth a little moccasined foot.

"Sleep! Sleep! It is good!
Sleep the Moon-Mother gave—
She that bought us the night,
Paying her sight to buy!
Sleep! For so She is glad!"

*This "drawing" of objects from the patient is another stock trick of Pueblo "medicine making."

Pablo sat up, bending forward if he might see the singer; but there was only a gleam of soft eyes around the wall, and then they were gone. The old man eyed him kindly. He was dressed now like Pablo, with the garments of the Pueblos; and the stern, quiet face, with its strange scar-stripes, seemed after all very good.

"Thou hast slept well, son," he said at last, "for we have been here many hours. But it is hard to fight them of the evil road, and for that thou wast tired. But rise now, eat and be strong, for other days come."

As he spoke, the maiden came, bringing a steaming earthen bowl, and set it down timidly before the stranger, at whom she dared not look, and disappeared again in her nook. The hot broth revived the young hunter, and a new heart came in him and he was strong. When he had eaten, the old man said:

"Now, thou art a man again. Tell me how goes with the village of the Tee-wahn? For in fifty winters I have not seen Shee-eh-huib-bak—since my wife had come from there to P'ah-que-toó-ai, where I loved her. Is it well with the town? Do they keep the ways of the Old?"

"There are many True Believers," answered Pablo slowly, "but many have forgotten the ways of the Old, and taken the evil road, so that it is hard to know who are good, there are so many witches. For that, the young men that believe in the Olds are afraid to make nests, lest they find feathers of accursed birds therein—for many that look to be snowbirds are inwardly owls and woodpeckers."

"And thou hast no nest?" asked the old man with a keen glance.

"In-dáh-ah!" replied Pablo emphatically—and from the corner he caught a bright gleam of eyes.

"It is well! For if the nest be bad, how shall the young birds grow up clean? And thy parents?"

"My father was War Captain of the Tee-Wahn," said Pablo proudly, "and he taught me the ways of men, and the sacred stories of the Old. But one gave him the evil eye, and he was slain by the Cumanche in war. My mother was a True Believer, and soon she went after him, to make his house good in Shee-p'ah-poón. So there is left only my grandfather, who is cacique, and my uncle. And with my uncle I live, for we are both of the Eagle clan."

"It is well! But now it is to stay here for a time; for in this place is mighty power of the Olds. But if thou wilt hunt for us, that Deer-Maiden may eat well while I fast and talk with Those Above, then we will go with thee to Shee-eh-huib-bak; for my people are no more and my child is lonely to be with the people of her mother. But show me the *wahr* with which thou huntest, for perhaps the witches have blinded it."

Pablo fished out the little stone image, which he had never shown to man before, and T'bó-deh inhaled from its lips.

"It is so!" he said angrily; and prying out the turquoise heart he showed the hunter that from beneath it the sacred meal was gone, and in its place a tiny black feather. "It is no wonder thy hunting was ill," he cried, "for the witches have changed the heart of Keem-éé-deh! But I will give thee a strong *wahr* that none can kill," and breaking the polluted image with a rock, he covered the fragments with a cloth, and chanted a sacred song. In a moment the cloth moved, and the wizard drew from under it a bright new

Keem-eé-deh carved from the sunlight-stone, the yellow-topaz, and bound to its sides was an arrow-head of transparent emerald. Its heart was turquoise, and its eyes red garnets.

"Take it, son, and fear not," said the aged conjurer, "for it is stronger than the ghosts. But now go and hunt, for there is no more meat."

When Pablo toiled up the hill of ruins at sundown, a noble antelope was balanced upon his shoulders and a fat wild turkey dangled from his belt. He threw them down proudly, and was paid with a shy glance from the eyes that now lived in his heart, and the old man said:

"The new *wahr* is good! And thou art a hunter like Keem-eé-deh himself. Verily, there will be no lack of meat in thy house." But at this the maiden ran away with a red face; and Pablo's heart was glad.

For three days they were there while the old man made medicine; and every day Pablo brought back much game. And every day his eyes grew deeper and those of the maiden drooped lower. On the fourth day they started, the three, to the northeast; and with three journeys they came to Shee-eh-huíb-bak. There Pablo brought the strangers to his grandfather, the cacique; and when old Desidério knew that this was the great wizard, the last of the Hoo-máh-no, he was very glad, and gave him of the common lands, that his home should be always there.

When the people of Shee-eh-huíb-bak were making clean for the Noche Buena, Pablo came to the cacique, and said: "*Tata*, there is another year, and I am tired to be alone."

"But canst thou keep a wife?"

"Thou knowest, *tata*, that none kill more game. As for my fields, they are good, and the careless-weed never grows there."

"It is truth, my son. And who is good in thine eyes?"

"There is only one, *tatita*, and that is Deer-Maiden, the child of the Hoo-máh-no. She is very good."

"I like her," answered the withered cacique slowly, "for her father has given her a good heart, and they are both precious to Those Above. It is well."

In four days the cacique and the Hoo-máh-no brought Pablo and the Deer-Maiden to the cacique's house and gave them to eat two ears of raw corn—to him a blue ear, but to her a white one, for a woman's heart is always whiter. Pablo looked at her as he ate, but she could not look. And when both had proved themselves by eating the last grain, the elders took them out to the sacred running-place and put them side by side, and marked the course, and gave them the road. Then Pablo went running like a strong antelope, but the girl like a scared fawn; and up the sacred hill they flew, and turned at the Stone of the Bell, and came flying back. But now Pablo was slower, for it is not well to surpass one's bride in the marrying race, as if one would rob her of respect; and if they come in equal, there is no marriage. So she was first; and all the people blessed them, and they were one. No witch could ever harm their house, for He-that-was-Striped gave them strong *wahr*, and they were happy.

That is the story of Pablo's Deer Hunt, and it must be true, I know, for himself the gray-haired grandson of Pablo and the Deer-Maiden told me.

BEFORE DAWN IN CHINATOWN

. A FRAGMENT OF OLD SAN FRANCISCO.

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.



THE hour is three in the morning, an eerie season to be prowling through this network of blind alleys—scene of frequent violence, murder and clan warfare—which constitutes that part of the Chinese Empire located in San Francisco.

It is not an hour of repose; for, although the dingy by-ways are almost entirely deserted, light glimmers from many an upper window and balcony, telling that this is a time of recreation and social intercourse throughout the quarter.

An arc lamp suspended overhead seems but to intensify the shadows of the squalid alley, dabbled only last week with spilt blood and echoing to pistol shots whose flashes split the darkness, but now void of life except for us, and silent but for our own footsteps.

Through the murk, we can distinguish at the corner a dim glowing lantern, mere oiled paper of balloon-like construction and brush-

marked with splawling hieroglyphics. It dangles at the end of a bamboo rod, which is knotted crosswise to a rough post, a leafy twig at the knot. The cobblestone at its base which was removed to make way for the timber, is flanked by a bowl of fruit and Chinese delicacies and by smoking punks and primitive candles, mere dabs of red fat molded on skewers, which are stuck upright in a little crook-neck squash.

These things were placed on the ground as offerings—for to-night gods are worshipped, ancestors revered and malignant demons propitiated in Chinatown.

As we approach the lantern, which is guiding-light and invitation to the ceremony, the sound of Celestial music is faintly audible proceeding from the next alley. At the distance it is like a bad dream, such as might be induced by a Welsh rabbit taken after an ultra-modern symphony concert. It has an endless *leit-*

motif, that is almost but not quite a melody, just a maddening approach to melody; in fact, as we draw nearer and become aware of the frequent cymbal-clashing, the tapping on cocoanut-shells, the incessant squeaking of fiddles, and the amazing falsetto recitative of vocal performers, who are ki-yi-ing in competition with a strident clarionet, we wonder at the disappearance of any apparent harmony or air in this musical chop-suey.

At the turn of the corner, a sudden flare of bonfires and hundreds of flickering candles on the ground, and swaying lanterns and festoons of incandescent bulbs overhead, throw high lights on the shiny yellow faces of a multitude of Chinese. About one hundred of them are squatting a-row in the gutters, each man keeping alight his little collection of red-fat candles and bunches of smouldering punks secured in the small squashes used as candlesticks.

This double row of fire-tenders extends a hundred yards or so, from the altar in a canvas booth near us, wherein priests continually recite prayers, to the further end of the street, where are grouped a dozen grotesque gods, large and small, who, being of flimsy tinsel paper and bamboo, sway and move their limbs fantastically in the night breezes.

Half way down the right side of the street, opposite the joss-house, a temporary but very florid balcony has been constructed over the sidewalk and adorned with flowers, bunting and bright electric bulbs, some in ornate hanging lanterns, others following the outline of the structure. Here, in a bower of gay asters blooming in jardinières, sit the Celestial musicians and perform unceasingly; their pandemonium being rivaled by an independent clarionet soloist in the booth with the chanting priests.

A high fence at the curb extends from the altar booth to the musicians' balcony, and paper lanterns bobbing and swinging before this billboard illumine the long red poster, which is covered with cabalistic inscriptions, and adorned at each end with pictures of gods and dragons.

And all around this illumination hovers the night like an enormous bat. Blackness above, intense blackness of sky and sinister cliffs of masonry that shut in the narrow street; but half way down the grim walls, and strung over the chasm, sparkle and glitter hundreds of tiny lights dazzling specks of brightness in the black, and by their glow one can see, with some eye-straining, a crimson ensign drooping from a pole far over the joss-house. It bears inky characters designating the tong whose high festival is nearing its close tonight.

This was the spectacle that suddenly burst upon us as we turned the corner and paused for a moment to catch our breath.

Then we joined the rows of onlookers, whose yellow faces with

bright agate eyes lined the sidewalks and clustered by the musicians' balcony. Some peeped curiously into the shrine for a glimpse of the three red-robed priests, who, sitting behind three tall, conical cakes and other heaped-up delicacies, droned prayers interminable, punctuated by gong-tapping and bell-jingling.

When the curious ones ventured in front of the booth, and so obstructed the path of prayers leading to the gods up the street, a white man, evidently employed by the Chinese, shoved them back with the stick he was whittling, dealing the more persistent ones an occasional rap that made them jump.

He and I were almost the only "foreign devils" in the crowded alley—for the third hour before dawn finds but few tourists in the quarter. Not alone the absence of occidental faces makes it hard to believe that this is the metropolis of California, or of any white man's country in fact, for so oriental, so Arabian-night-like was the setting, so fantastic the flame-light on the polished faces peering out of shadowed backgrounds, so brain-bewildering the incessant sing-song of the chattering crowd, the wailing and skirling of the orchestra, the buzzing of the priests, so stupifying the smoke and incense-laden air, that the commonplace voice of the watchman, clearing the path way of prayer, sounds like music: "Git outta there, you damn yellor scum before I smash you one in de mug, etc., etc." I felt quite drawn to the man.

As I craned my neck over the foremost row of shoulders, he observed me with some surliness; for he wished it understood that he was guarding the interests of the Chinese as long as they paid his salary. However, as soon as he was convinced that I was not a tough citizen looking for trouble, he unbent considerably, and between proddings and shovings of obstructing sight-seers volunteered information more or less accurate in regard to his employers—the most enlightening phase of the whole conversation being that, although he had been in the quarter for twenty-odd years, had many Chinese friends and knew most all the inhabitants of Chinatown by sight, he understood less of their nature than he had at the beginning.

"It's a funny religion they've got. Ketch onto them priests singin' outta their prayer books an' smokin' cigareets the while. Wouldn't that kill you! An' if you'll look behind the curtain back o' the tent, you'll find a dope-fiend hitting the pipe."

True enough, behind the canvas partition sprawled a devotee of the drug, busily heating his pill over a tiny lamp, rolling and kneading it on the pipe bowl and inhaling the smoke luxuriously to the accompaniment of incessant prayers.

But to look at the face of the high priest, sitting enshrined in a frame of gaudy silk curtains, you would never guess at the queer

actions behind the scenes. It was a saint-like face, resembling the image of Buddha in its expression of calm, supreme calm, and habitual, effortless sacrificing of the flesh to the spirit. He was gorgeously be-robed and red-mitred, but seemed void of any conceit, void of any interest except the ceremony at which he officiated.

Occasionally he jingled two small bells of bronze, again he took a dish of meal and with incantations scattered pinches in the air; at one point in the service the little curtain was dropped before his face during the performance of some more sacred rite, then looped back when he had finished.

Meanwhile the two priests on either side of the improvised altar—a common deal table decked with embroidered altar-cloths—read diligently at their prayer-books, puffing cigarettes and imbibing bowls of tea in the intervals, and frequently tapping the little gongs before them; but their feeble efforts were drowned by the lusty crowing of the clarionet in the background.

In contrast to the officiating priest, these minor ones were gross and greasy fellows, with extremely sensual expressions upon their heavy features. Their red robes were somewhat less ornate than those of the high priest, and, instead of a mitre, each wore a black skull cap with a gilt knob at the back of the head, like the egg produced by the golden goose.

"Yeh see them fancy cakes?" remarked the watchman, observing my interest in those masterpieces of the confectioner's art towering in front of the priests. "Mebbe yeh noticed that each one has a hand stickin' out o' the top; they're considered lucky by them ignorant Chinks! Yessir, they believe in them same ez we believe in a rabbit-foot. Ef I wuzn't on hand, they'd a been snooped long ago; I seen three or four tough mugs from another clan rubberin' at them purty hard. *Chase* yerself yeh—illegitimate offspring of a yellow canine." (These are not the exact words with which he expressed himself, as he jabbed in the abdomen a smart young dandy of a rival clan, but they convey the idea.

"You've got to make them feel that you're their superior," he observed; "else you might as well lay down and quit."

I agreed that he was "onto his job."

"Say you want to take a look at them josses up the street," he added at the next lull of the din. "There's a big chief-god that's a wonder, all painted and streaked fierce and gaudy, an' there's one bunch of smaller ones sittin' around a table confabulating, an' a few 'others thet don't cut ice; but the hero of the occasion is a middlin'-sized white feller, him with the fan an' the blood coming out of his eyes. I think the yarn is about how one of his friends, or his father mebbe, was in the collar, expectin' to be shortened by a head presently. All right, this young feller hears of it, gits a

hoss, rides clean across China, an' begs an' cries to be allowed to take his place until the blood streams out of his eyes. Now what d'ye think o' that?"

"Well," I suggested, "and then—"

"Oh, I dunno—the judge let 'em all off with a lecture, I guess, an' the priests got hold of it an' made a saint outta the guy. There's no perticular beginnin' ner endin' to them pipe dreams; but anyhow he's the main cheese here tonight. Better take a squint at his nibs."

As I elbowed my way down the crowded walk, it was fascinating to watch the play of light from bonfires that extended down the middle of the street—how it threw into sharp relief the mysterious, unfathomable faces of the onlookers, while the dark-clad bodies were merged in the shadow.

And the squatting fire-tenders in the gutters! Grotesque, indeed, was the light on each yellow face, the dry wrinkled mask of the dotard, the round and shining countenance of a prosperous merchant, an oval, smooth-skinned face of a boy with lustrous eyes, all were illumined by the flickering glare of the sacrificial fires they watched.

Before each crouched figure lay a heap of waste papers—which are not waste papers but treasure; for it may be observed that each square has a bit of silver tinsel pasted in its center, or is punctured with many knife-thrusts, or is cut into some geometrical form, which details give them immense value to the dead, or for the gods unto whom they ascend in the form of smoke. Beside these symbols were more substantial offerings; each man guarded a bright new plan of food, scraps of roast chicken, rice, apples, beans and tiny bowls of tea were neatly arranged in each pan and two pair of chop-sticks were laid a-top the feast.

The group of gods was served with an extra large ration, a dishpan full, and a few paces behind them stood a chair with a tub of water and a towel—whether a finger-bowl for the feasting spirits, or, as the watchman averred, for the accommodation of the Prince of Darkness, I will not undertake to decide.

But this I noticed: that fierce as may be the streaky countenance and glaring eyeballs of the painted paper god, he resembled that musketeer, one of the famous three, whose back was unromantic and shabby, for it was pieced out with a section of a very "yellow" journal. Yes, His Divinity was composed in part of the "Sunday Supplement," with headline something like this:

IN THE SMART SET'S GIDDY GALLOP; SOCIAL PRATTLE BY POLLY PERT.

The white hero I recognized without difficulty; a sufficiency of blood streamed from his eyes and was realistic in its hue—red ink, I fancy, was used. The fan with which he gestured wobbled pathetically in the wind; only cobblestones weighing down his toes prevented his complete collapse.

As I watched, the fire-tenders set light to their piles of paper treasure; for the priests were moving in procession to the divinities, chanting as they proceeded. The great god of the giddy galloping posterior was carried the length of the street and back, to the frantic accompaniment of vocal and instrumental discord that bore a re-

semblance to cats, plenty of cats, doing battle in a boiler-factory. The high priest sprinkled with an aster blossom consecrated water to right and left as he intoned.

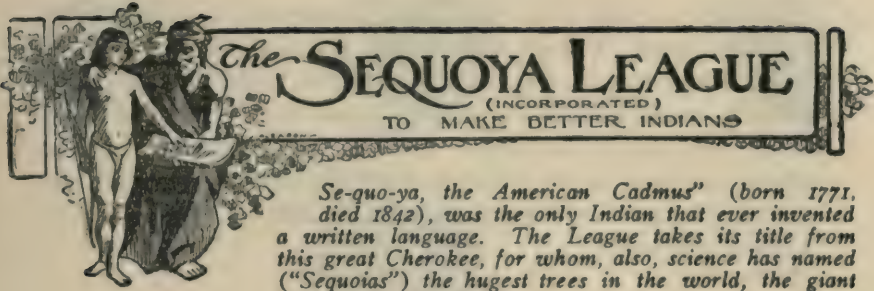
At the close of this triumphant tour up and down the block, the god was incontinently dumped on a fire, the other divinities met the same fate, the paper lanterns were torn down and heaped on the pyre—even the posts were uprooted and burned. But not the eatables; each man seized his own little feast and scudded away, while the fancy cakes on the altar were parted by many grasping, clawing hands, the watchman repelling attacks of the rival hungry tongsmen with smart raps and many a crisp oath.

And so, in a greedy scramble, a flare of paper fires and clouds of stinking smoke, ended the solemn festival.

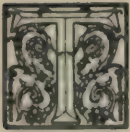
Over the grimy roofs of Chinatown and the spiked fences that fortify them, dawn tinged with a clean, pale light the eastern sky, and I saw it and was glad.

Los Angeles.





Se-quo-ya, the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.



HE time comes on when the Indians in the desert and mountain reservations of Southern California look forward to several months of cold, and of short rations. California has a vast range of climate, from the Alpine to the sub-tropic. The Indian reservations do not enjoy the same climate as Los Angeles and San Diego and Santa Barbara. Even on the desert, winter is marked by rapid and great changes of temperature; and while there is no zero weather, pneumonia is the great disease of the desert. In the mountain reserves of Southern California, the altitude is considerable, and the cold sufficient to be a hardship and a menace to people of insufficient clothing and bedding. As the food supply is scant at best, there is seldom sufficient nutriment for the winter. It is a good time to be thinking of the Indian Christmas, and to provide a considerable amount of eatables and covering for the winter.

Conditions at Pala continue to improve. These Indians—whose famous eviction from Warner's Ranch stirred the country six years ago—have adjusted themselves excellently to the new home. They have the best reservation in the West—theirs is the only recorded case, perhaps, in which Indians have been moved to better land. The old affection for the desert home has now largely worn away, in face of the manifest material benefits of the new one. This year's crops were excellent; the resident missionary in the historic Mission is respected and loved; and the Indians have good friends in the traders, Messrs. Salmons and Batchelder.

The purchase of lands for the Indians of the five Campo Reservations has been consummated; and when a little red tape is untied, these people will be very much bettered—thanks to the splendid campaign made by Southern California, first in supporting them through a starvation winter, and then in battering Congress until an appropriation of \$100,000 was secured for permanent relief by giving them lands on which they will be able to make a living by frugality and hard work.

This is a progressive cause. We can hardly hope to see the day when something will not need to be done in the way of justice and

a fair deal for these First Americans, whose only hope lies in the public sentiment of those who occupy the country that once belonged to these half-forgotten national wards. The Sequoia League expects to continue its work as the medium of intelligent co-operation between public sentiment and the government. Whatever moneys are entrusted to it will be used intelligently, practically and economically to the best interests of the Indians.

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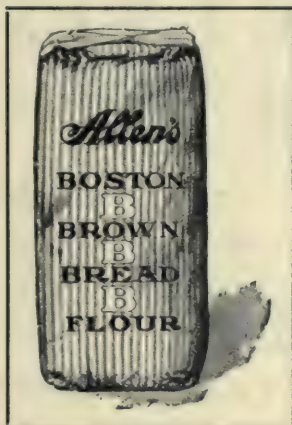
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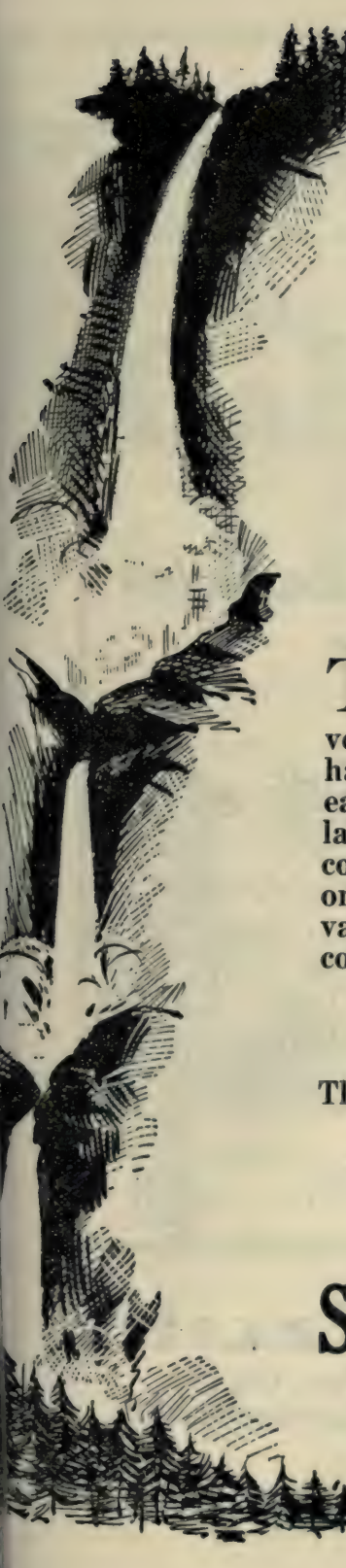
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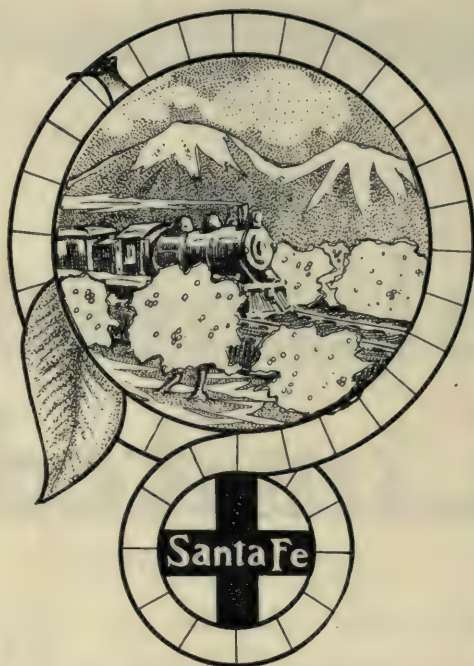
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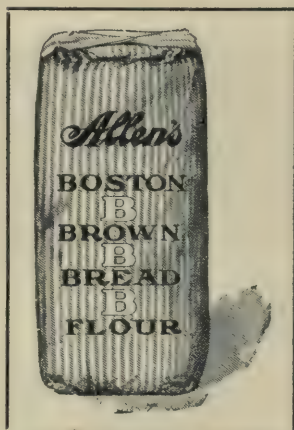
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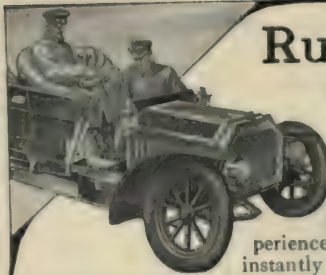
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ON THE ROAD TO HALEMAUNAU (See page 420)



Vol. XXIX No. 6

DECEMBER, 1908

IN THE LAND OF THE 'FORTY-NINERS

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

I.



T WAS the eighth of September, and the shadow of a mountain night slipping down over the deep-forested peaks and ridges lay black among the locust trees that lined the one street of the town. The eighth of September—the night before the day when California, still holding her Bear Flag with pride, saw the star of her Statehood fixed in the blue field of the nation's banner; but it would have been hard to guess whether this anniversary was of Today or of that past which is part of Romance.

A huge Bear Flag flapped gently, suspended high across the street on a rope stretched taut from tree to tree; and all along, from other ropes more slender, pennants and streamers of red and blue and yellow and strips of starry bunting fluttered lightly as the pine-sweet wind passed them and rocked the swinging sign in front of a brick building whose porch was half buried in the locust branches.

The sign swayed out into the light of an electric bulb—"NEW YORK HOTEL, 1854"—and five minutes later the heavy Concord stage coach drew up to the door with a rattle and flourish, the driver gray with dust and the four big horses grimed with sweat from the long run down Trinity grade. The landlord came out with a step-ladder, down which the outside passengers climbed, shaking clouds of dust out of their clothes, and the stage-driver pulled the battered old iron-bound express box up out of the boot and balanced it ready to drop into the arms of the express agent, and hauled the numberless dusty mail-pouches out ready for the postmaster.

Another night all the narrow porches up and down both sides of the street would have been filled with loungers, out to watch the stage come in and to comment on the personality and probable business of the passengers as in the days of Yuba Bill, but tonight they were out in the street itself, seated on rough wooden benches, and chairs and boxes borrowed from the deserted porches, watching the white duck tent-fly that served as a curtain and closed in the front of



TRINITY MOUNTAINS

Wilderness still, in spite of fifty years of occupancy

a small platform gay with flags and red and blue and yellow bunting.

With them were all their townspeople and half the county beside; men, women, and children, dogs and babies, miners and ranchmen, and groups of Chinese in richly embroidered jackets who hung on the outskirts of the crowd and waited with all the eager, good-humored interest of their white neighbors for the show to begin.

The street was only a wider wagon-road, dusty and none too smooth, but floor fit enough for this primitive theater which was walled in by the lace-boughed locust trees and roofed with the deep night sky trailed over with stars. Many a comedy in real life, and much of the tragedy which is Life's road-mate in camp and city alike, had been played out along that street—and eyes were there that had seen them both.

There were too many white heads in that crowd for the gay, careless days of gold; but the old spirit was there yet, the joy in the hour before it goes, the warm heart to one's neighbor, the friendly hand to the stranger—so they joked and waited and frankly guyed the shadow actors who crossed the closed curtain putting the stage scenery in place. "The Weaverville Free Minstrel Show" was about to begin—in its way a sort of local institution, as much part of the Admission Day celebration as

the sunrise salute fired on anvils and the parade and speeches and barbecue dinner.

It was the personal contribution of the business men of the town to the general hilarity, and the performers, more or less disguised in gorgeous raiment and streaks and patches of burnt cork, were hailed joyfully as "Judge" and "Doc" and "the Old Man" by the irrepressibles in the audience. Two gay-plumaged colored gentlemen parted the duck curtain in the middle and pulled it back along the rope by hand, with vigorous jerks and pushes when it stuck, and with this pre-Shakespearian curtain-raising the fun began.

The jokes were mostly of the vintage of '49, and the end men's gags and local hits brought shouts of laughter from the crowd, and most of all from the keen-witted Chinese who pushed nearer and



"A DOZEN YOUNG WOMEN, PLAYING A ROUSING MARCH"

nearer to the stage and discussed the actors in smothered jargon. Every act was good—some would have been tremendously clever anywhere and seemed quite wonderful there on the rough little stage.

But the songs! They, too, were of other days, the days of the Argonauts, when these white-haired men who listened were part of the advance-guard of the nation. Songs that had come in around the Horn, or by those overland trails that are now but dim and forgotten scars across the width of the continent, songs that had grown verse by verse there among the hills of gold.

It was midnight when the lights were turned out on the deserted stage, but long before sunrise the little valley was shaken with the roar of the anvil salutes flung down in widening echoes from the circling hill-tops, and, as the morning grew, belated porches and

house-tops blossomed out with flags and bunting and made the street one long, gay avenue up to the wide arch of painted canvas on which the old gold-hunter stood leaning on his long-handled shovel with his gold-pan at his feet and a sturdy young man and woman on either side.

There was a real dignity in the roughly drawn face that harmonized with the bright-lettered motto: "For us you builded, for you we will preserve."

The little band-stand, for this day given over to the larger honor of song and oration, was festooned with red, yellow and blue bunting and many small banners on which the grizzly stalked in sombre dignity and the log cabin of the pioneers stood in reminder of other days. In an angle of the street back of the stand a big canvas shaded



ADMISSION DAY PARADE—THE 'FORTY-NINERS

the tables and benches waiting for the barbecue dinner, and the dinner itself was cooking on an impromptu gridiron over a pit of oak coals.

There was a pleasant expectancy in the very air, and the narrow porches and scraps of sidewalk were crowded with people ready to laugh and cheer the parade. It came—first the band, the pride of the country—a dozen young women in white playing a rousing march; then the pioneers, the 'Forty-niners, white heads glistening in the morning sun, old eyes flashing once more, stooping shoulders held straight again with pride.

Up the crowded street, still with an instant's awe, the cheers rippled like wind across still water; the Bear Flag fluttered overhead; the satin banners with the painted grizzly and the miner's log cabin waved on their tall lance standards as the bearers marched a

yard in advance of their old comrades; and this last guard of the Argonauts went up the street of the town they had builded in the days of their youth, and saw on either hand the strong, bright faces of their children, born and grown in the land that would never be wilderness again.

The pioneer float, drawn by a mule and a horse, showed a miner's tent of the 'Fifties, a bear-skin flung over the top, camp-fire burning in front, and the miner busy rocking out imaginary gold from imaginary gravel, while his companion baked very genuine flap-jacks in a long-handled frying pan. The long rifles in close reach spoke of the day when the Digger Indians held reckoning with many a gold-hunter in these very hills, and the later time when road-agents were likely to take their toll of any man's clean-up.



"FIRST IN THE SEATS BEFORE THE GRAND-STANDS, WHERE NATIVE-BORN ORATORS DID THEM HONOR

There were other floats following the miner's tent, and Native Sons and Daughters marching beside them; but from sunrise salute to the last song, this day belonged to the pioneers. They were first in the seats in front of the grand-stand, where native-born orators paid them honor; they were seated first at the long tables and served by a laughing crowd of self-appointed young waiters; and all day long the best part of the day was the deference paid to the men and women whose lives were rooted in the history of the State's beginning.

Even in the afternoon games, the pioneers were first, and the foot-race was won by a grizzled 'Forty-niner who had seen the richest of the old camps from the day the first shovel of dirt was panned till the last cabin had fallen into ruin. He still at times shakes the

rocker and pan along the fringe of the old pay-streaks, and this day, pulling off his shoes and running in his stocking feet, he left his comrade Argonauts behind and won the prize.

The pioneers led the grand march at the ball that night, and danced to the old tunes that had been played on home-made fiddles around the camp-fires of the emigrant trains, and as the midnight wind loitered down the darkened street among the locust trees, it bore a husky chorus. Down on the porch of the hotel three gray-bearded men in whom the day had stirred old memories were singing:

"Yet a few more days and our mining will end,
The cañon so rich will be dry,
And we'll leave our tools on the bank for a friend,
Then my old log cabin home, good-bye.
The old cooking kit shall be left in the camp,
All ready to bake or to fry;
They may some day be used by some miner on a tramp,
Then my old log cabin home, good-bye."

The chorus died away in the rustle of the locust leaves: "We'll mine no more, no never; we'll mine no more, but play"—the beat of the dancers' feet and the faint music of guitar and violin still came up from the hall, and here and there a belated reveller dozed in his arm-chair on the porch of the "Mint" or the "Empire," but till another year came around, Admission Day was over.

There was a child once in a land where the plains, covered with short, sun-browned, close-curved buffalo-grass, rolled away on every side like the sea till they reached the sky and blended into it, as sea and sky blend at the far horizon. Little streams cut across the plain, fringed with trees under which bare tepee poles were still standing, and where the gray old oaks had been peeled of their bark as high as an Indian knife could reach in a blizzard-bound winter when the ponies were starving.

Under these scarred oaks the child sat on the knees of a 'Forty-niner and drank in his tales of the land of gold out of which he had lately come. Chance sent a book to the child's hand to run its thread of song like a golden pay-streak among the stories—a thin, green book, "Poems by the Author of The Luck of Roaring Camp"; and so the child built up a dream-land over beyond the sunset—a land of brave deeds and strong adventure, and swift hate and honest friendliness; a land that receded year by year and lifted itself above the every-day earth like a dim and beautiful mirage that will not quite fade away. But the silver walls of the mirage city have their counterpart in wood and stone, and the land, forgotten of time, keeps its glory hardly troubled, guarded by the sombre rank and file of wide-set mountains.

The first pioneers from "The States" were not gold-seekers; chance or adventure drew them, and chance or the land held them to leave here and there a name and a memory half-tradition; so Major Redding, ranchman first and then miner, left his name to the little town that is the gateway to the remotest, the least-known, the least-changed corner of the land of the Argonauts.

Here at Redding the transportation of today and that of the 'Fifties touch hands; the railroad and the stage-coach meet, and freight trains unload into big-wheeled, huge-bedded wagons, with sides higher than a man's head, drawn by long teams of sweat-grimed mules and horses—"fours" or "sixes" or "eights," and now and again a "ten" or "twelve," if the load is heavy machinery going in to some mining-camp beyond the mountains.

The stage is the old-time mountain coach swung on leather springs, with a body like an ark, or a Chinese junk on wheels; a "three-decker" that, from inside seats to the flat top guarded with a little iron railing, can stow away a dozen passengers in comfort, as comfort is reckoned in stage travel, and crowd twenty on at a pinch. Two boots and the upper deck take the luggage and the dusty, time-scarred mail-bags.

The little old iron-ribbed express-box, dented and dingy, goes under the seat in the front boot convenient to the driver's hand, and with the mail-bags and various bundles and "way sacks" makes a comfortable foot-rest for the lucky passenger who has secured the coveted seat beside the driver. It was so, seated high above the four impatient horses, with promise of handling the lines later on, and feet on the identical express-box to which "Black Bart" had affixed more than one specimen of his "poetry," after he had shot off the lock and emptied the box of its valuables, that the child that once was came to the land of the 'Forty-niner's stories and of the "Poems By The Author of The Luck of Roaring Camp."

"Weaverville stage No. 4" was the black and yellow label on the sides of the dusty coach, and more than fifty miles beyond the mountains the passengers, now buttoned up in linen coats and enveloped in veils and goggles, would climb out, dusty and thankful, under the locust trees and the swinging sign of 1854.

There are other stage-roads in California through scenery as beautiful, but perhaps not one runs so straight into the heart of Yesterday unchanged. Here the body and soul of Bret Harte's California survives, though the land of which he wrote, Placer and Eldorado and Calaveras and Tuolumne and Stanislaus, lies far to the south and is crossed and recrossed with railroads till Jack Hamlin and M'liss and Uncle Billy and Uncle Jim would scarcely dare to haunt its most unfrequented trail.

The last frontier of the Argonauts lies to the north, up where the

Coast Range flings its tangled ranges back and forth like some giant's puzzle, and the pack-trail still takes honor over the wagon-road; up in Trinity and Shasta and Siskiyou—in Trinity most of all, for here the law of a new day has set no dead line for the miner, and a man may still dream of "pay-dirt" and hidden leads.

The stage-road out from Redding to Weaverville swings up the left bank of the Sacramento river among old sluices and tailing dumps grown over with willows; anchored on the green water a dredge like some stranded sea monster scoops up the gravel from the river-bed and drops it back again sifted of its hoarded gold; and all along, the hills and cañon-sides are scarred with old, old workings.

Little ranches sit beside the road, weather-bleached houses gray as an old man's beard, and moss-grown orchard trees knotted and gnarled like work-worn hands, but struggling yet to ripen loads of dwarfed and bitter fruit that falls into the tall, tangled grass for the birds and ground-squirrels.

These decayed and all but deserted homes, like thumbed and ragged pages out of some old book, still hold a curious interest. There are little old mail-boxes beside the gate where for half a century the passing stage-driver has dropped the "way sack," with perhaps only a patent medicine circular in it, and picked up some parcel addressed to a neighbor ranch farther along the road. And the old water-troughs, rotten and green with moss, have seen generations of stage-horses cool their dusty throats in the clear mountain water and nibble the gate-post while the driver shifted the mail-bags and exchanged a moment's gossip with the miner-ranchman.

The horses have had time to settle into a sober walk and the crisp sweetness to leave the morning air when around a curve in the road Shasta comes in sight—"old Shasta" now; the name lies tenderly, regretfully, on the lips of every northern Argonaut—for Shasta was once mistress of many trails and autocrat of the one wagon-road that led into "the Trinity country."

Down the street where now the cattle browse the pony-express riders once galloped in with horses reeking and pouches of gold-dust in their saddle-bags. The queer, old brick business blocks, now cracked and windowless and long unused, were once the pride of Northern California, and valuables lodged behind the big iron shutters were held safe from road-agent and bandit.

The stores were crammed with miner's supplies, "tom iron," rocker iron, pick steel, red beans, bacon, Chinese brown sugar in the queer mat rolls, Chinese rice in the matting bags, and the miner's heavy, high boots and flannel shirts, and rich silks and linens and strange, gorgeous embroideries, and shawls and laces from overseas—everything to tempt the moment's whim of the careless crowd that

passed through the one long street like some curious, ever-shifting panorama.

In the early 'Fifties, before there was even the one wagon-road into the land beyond, pack-trains pushed and jostled in the street all day long, loading and unloading at the big, double-doored stores and picking up stranded travelers who preferred a pack-saddle "on the hurricane deck of a mule" to walking over the trail. Sixteen dollars, an ounce of gold-dust, or a Spanish doubloon, was the packer's fare to Weaverville, and the passenger was likely to be thankful to limp the last miles on foot while his ungracious mount cheerfully browsed hazel-brush in the rear of the train.

There are still snug little homes in Shasta, hidden under the old



RESTING—THE STAGE FROM REDDING TO WEAVERVILLE

trees in gardens where the oleander blossoms dash the dull walls with color; but the spirit is of yesterday, the glamor of a dream is over it all, and the street seems thronged with the ghosts of men whose dust lies in the graveyard spread wide across the low hill overgrown with dwarfed trees and wild shrubs. Here is many a name that is part of enduring history, and many a one inwoven with local romance and tradition, and the white stones stand like a companionable city as the stage whirls by.

Bret Harte said of California names that for every saint who dropped a blessing some sinner squatted with an epithet, and the straggling row of houses lounging along the road that half a century ago started out primly as "Stella" had long since degenerated into "Whiskeytown," picturesque and unashamed. The big porch of the road-house had its row of arm-chairs carved and lettered with idle



CABINS WHERE "TENNESSEE" AND HIS

pocket-knives like a school-boy's desk, and through the wide door the click of glasses came as in the days of Oakhurst and "The Peacemakers."

Now, too, every hillside was gashed and scarred with old workings and the road wound in and out among heaps of bare and sun-bleached bowlders, tailing-dumps that marked the trails of the early gold-seekers. Little old, old cabins stood fair against the road, so that the driver leaned out of his seat and dropped the dusty "way sacks" into boxes nailed beside the door or on the railing of the shallow porches among the assorted candle- and giant-powder-boxes filled with earth in which flowers were blooming.

Sometimes a ruder cabin, warped and weather-beaten, stood alone in a circle of desolate bowlders like an old boat left stranded by a long-receded tide; the "pay-dirt" had been worked out to the very door-step or even gouged out underneath till the abandoned house stood as if on crutches.

If there were flowers, a woman waited to take the sack and maybe hand up a letter to be mailed. The flowers were always homely varieties, "Wandering Jew," and petunias and bright rose moss and 'zenas" from some country garden of half a century ago, tended here with careful hands because they reminded some woman of "home back yonder."

It wasn't all romance in this land of gold; it was easier to sift out the yellow hoard pan by pan than to make the bare cabin home-



"PARDNER" MIGHT HAVE LIVED

like and find something to cook in a place where supplies came in by pack-train, and water and time were both too valuable to be wasted on a garden.

Those gay boxes of old-fashioned flowers were some woman's flag nailed to the mast—until like "Ma'am Richards" she was called to an easier fight. Ma'am Richards was a schoolma'am married to a miner; she was the only educated woman, almost the only woman of any sort, in many a mile of "diggings." She took her place bravely and mothered every sick and hurt and homesick soul till in her loneliness she faded and died. "Nostalgia" the doctor called it. "What's that?" said one miner to another, with regret for the good woman who had baked him many a loaf of "riz" bread when "sody 'n sour dough" palled. "Well, it's a kind of longin' to go to heaven—just fer a change, I guess."

The passengers on the first overland stage journeys had to carry their food with them; and later solemn tales were told of the station-keeper who backed his culinary labors with the six-shooter and compelled his involuntary guests to eat beans; but the California stage-roads were better provided, and at French Gulch all the traditions of the "Half-Way House" were sustained. The passengers climbed down on a one-story step-ladder set against the wheel, and were brushed and dusted with big turkey-feather dusters (for the stage-road was six inches deep in good white Shasta dust), and

then sat down in the long dining-room to a dinner that included venison and a roast of bear haunch.

French Gulch is one of those hamlets gone to seed and left to live in the memory of the activities of a generation ago that dot the map through all mining regions. It looks out through the old locust trees upon raw, red banks scarred by the "giants" and long trails of tailings where the choke-cherries and wild lilac have grown up through the dry ribs of abandoned sluice-boxes.

Tunnels that were old sluice-ways yawn languidly along the creek bank and the rust-red rim of a battered gold-pan or broken shovel sticks up from many a clump of wild purple asters and yellow fennel. Every day in the year for half a century, barring deep snows and high water, pack-train or stage has discharged its travelers at the road-house door, and the yellowed pages of the register hold a curious record of men whose travels are long since ended.

One of the most interesting things in the occupation of Northern California by the Argonauts is the thoroughness with which they possessed a rough and rugged and all but inaccessible country that had neither roads nor trails, and the short time it took them to build both where they were needed.

Some daring boy who had never seen an ounce of gold-dust or a dozen gold coins in his life would swing a roll of blankets, a few pounds of flour, a rifle and gold-pan, on his back and follow the lead of a little stream into the hills. When his rippling guide ended in a fern-rimmed spring high in some pine-dark cañon he would follow a deer- or bear-trail up over the divide and down into another cañon and on beside some other unknown stream till the gravel left a glint of gold in the pan as he washed it down.

In his tracks came the packer, with his mules loaded with tom- and rocker-iron and whiskey and flour and beans for the new camp; and presently some impatient scoffer at the impossible would slash the mountain sides with an artfully-winding grade a hand-width wider than the high-wheeled wagons, drop a track of logs across the deeper streams, and swing his red-tasseled, brass-belled teams into "town" in triumph.

There was no cheap labor or county-road funds in the days when the gold-hunters carved out their first mountain grades and marked the trails that run like long, twisted ropes along the "hog-backs" and sheer cañon sides. "How much will you do?" was the word from camp to camp, and every man responded according to the strength of his arm and the dust in his pocket. As early as 1857 the first wagon-road was built over the Trinity divide, and half a century has not lessened its wonder, nor the beauty of the country through which it passes.

The stage leaves French Gulch with fresh horses, a lighter vehicle,

and nine miles of steady up-grade ahead. The road plunges full at the steep, defiant ranges rising one above another till the sky seems lost in a mist of pines and silver-green firs. It winds like the mark of a giant finger along the grades too narrow for a horseman to pass the outer wheels—where far below the green and red and bronze of hazel-brush and poison-oak and wild-mahogany enfold the deep slopes like a velvet cloak, down to dark cañons where the gold of frost-touched maples and crinkled green of aspen leaves shimmer.

Little springs, clear as drops of glass, trickle down through moss and tufts of wild-violet leaves into barrels where the sweating stage-horses stop to drink; the tall bracken fronds dip and roll in the wind like green waves at sea; lesser ferns and strange flowers crowd



THE OLD BR CK BREWERY AT NORTH FORK, BUILT IN 1859

along the edge of the grade, and the firs and pines grow larger with hoary trunks overgrown with moss like uncombed hair, as the road climbs higher and higher toward the roof of the world.

Trinity divide is more than a mile above the sea, and here still are the tracks of the gold-hunters. Nearly every cañon has its trail of tailings and its log cabin falling to decay; the black-red bear-berries hide old ore-dumps and the poison-ivy climbs over the decaying timbers at old shaft-mouths. There are the raw dumps of later quartz mines too, and now and again a hoist or a little stamp-mill spits pitch-smoke out to mingle with the fir-balsam in the clean, thin air. Around the new mines little camp-houses cling to the mountain-side like squirrel's nests, and scraps of garden are turned up against the sunny slopes like bandana handkerchiefs spread to dry.



TRINITY

"THE SWEEP OF STEEL-BLUE WATER, LIKE A

From every camp and cabin a foot-trail cuts down through the chaparral to the road and the post with a hook in it on which the stage-driver hangs the "way sack," or perhaps some giant-powder box will yawn for the package of mail tied up at the postoffice forty miles away. The stage-driver is still the genial autocrat of the road, though somewhat of the glory of the days of Yuba Bill has departed; with scarcely a perceptible jerk of the big bunch of lines he slackens up the horses and rakes in the empty sack or leaves the full one.

He picks up all sorts of parcels and deposits them further along the road as the scrawled address directs, and he puts in a good part of his evenings in the town at either end of his line in shopping for the miners, and the women at the lonely little ranches along the road. As he drives along he checks off on his fingers: "Them boys at Brown Bear gits the box; that medicine is for the old lady at Apple Tree Gulch; them packages is for the Lyman girls;" and he dives into the front boot and drops the parcel into waiting hands, or leaves it on some convenient stump or boulder.

He "swaps" a mouthful of gossip with the station-keeper while the fresh horses are being put in, and knows the ins and outs of every quarrel and love-affair along the route. Cupid finds his pocket a convenient underground railroad for the delivery of contraband love-letters and parcels, and he could spin many a romance beside stories of hold-ups and snow-slides.



RIVER
"GREAT HORNED MOON BETWEEN THE HILLS"

From the top of Trinity divide a world of deep-folded mountain ranges and sharp-lined cañons sweeps away to the far-lifted skyline; a mighty and defiant land cloaked with primeval forest—and wilderness still, in spite of fifty years of occupancy. He was a bold Argonaut who first climbed that divide and dared his fortune where the deepest cañon-line below marked the trail of a probable river.

The stage, white with the dust of the long grade, swings over the last ridge and turns down so fast that the horses have only to keep out of way of the wheels; the cañon sides run past and the tall pines far below swim together like a green carpet splashed with the gold of maples and the ruddy bronze of oaks. Soon the silver-blue line of water like a great horned moon sweeps in between the hills—Trinity river, that elusive stream which kept the secret of its road to the sea as a puzzle for the early gold-seekers.

Now its banks are slashed and torn and gouged in long, red scars back against the hills, the face of old placer-banks and ground-sluices. Acres and miles of skeleton-like boulders, clean-washed as naked bones, lie where Poker Bar had its brief glory and forgotten fortunes were taken out by men whose very names are lost.

But always some name persists, and "Old Man Weaver," who was not much more than a smooth-faced boy when he tramped over Trinity divide in 1849 with rifle and gold-pan and shook out the first harvest of yellow dust from the gravel of Trinity basin, left his name to the town that is still of his day.

The planting of a town in the time of the 'Forty-niners was a joyous accident and no matter of survey and forethought. Some man of that restless throng pushed on over a farther range and struck "pay-dirt," and word of the new diggings ran out like fire. There was a rush of fit and unfit, with the devil on the heels of the hindmost; men left ground that was paying an ounce a day to tramp over the mountains, hewing their way through chaparral and underbrush, and fight for claims that often enough proved barren.

Pan and rocker and shovel and pick were the tools; no claim larger than thirty feet square, and no man more claims than he could work; and before the trail of the rush was cold some thrifty soul had set up a tent and was ready to sell flour and beans at a dollar a pound—and some well-dressed vulture had a better tent in which a man could quench a thirst with assorted drinks and lose his dust on the same old games. Whatever the game was, the result was the same, and many a prosperous town had its nucleus in the log or home-burned brick saloon, gorgeous with plate-glass mirrors and mahogany bar and tables packed in over the trail on mules.

In 1851 Weaverville counted one round tent and four log cabins, but the gravel along the little streams that reached back like fingers into the hills, Weaver and East Weaver and Blue Gulch and the rest, was sown and seeded with gold, and all the Trinity basin was rich beyond telling. Men came and took out all the gold they could carry, and traded their claims for a pack mule or a pair of boots, and went on to "go broke" elsewhere.

Gold-dust was the circulating medium, and it is still told of the camp blacksmith that, lacking a weight larger than one ounce with his gold scales, and scorning this slow method of settling accounts, he weighed a pound of horse-shoe nails ounce by ounce, and with them improvised a gold-scale on a more reasonable basis. Picks were scarce, and this same ingenious man took a pack-train down into the Sacramento valley, already settling up with immigrants who had drifted in by the overland wagon-routes; the big-wheeled, heavy wagons were no longer used, and he bought the tires, cut them in lengths for packing, and took them back to his Weaverville shop, where he worked them up into picks at a profitable figure.

The men who whip-sawed the pine trees on the hill-sides into lumber for rockers got twenty-five cents a foot, and rocker- and long-tom-iron was a dollar a pound. "Shakes" were cheaper than lumber and became a prominent consideration in local architecture, and shake-houses of some pretension jostled the more primitive and substantial log cabins along the street.

Before the town had grown to any size, some one discovered that it stood on one of the richest gravel-bars in the vicinity, and it was moved to its present location and the ground of the original site was

sluiced into the gulch. Now it stands on the richest fragment left of those rich lower banks that, reckoning the entire basin, have given up more than a hundred million dollars in dust since '49.

The present site is so rich that "colors" may be seen in the street after a heavy rain, and some of the Chinese residents were making good wages by driving a tunnel from the cellar of their house out under the street and working the dirt secretly. A heavy wagon caved in the tunnel, revealing the trick, and underground placering within town limits is forbidden.

The Golden Era of the basin was from '50 to '62, when the whole region was overrun in that joyous march of the Argonauts that will never have its counterpart anywhere again. Pan and rocker and long-tom soon gave place to ground-sluices and water-wheels and



WEAVERVILLE

pipes that were a crude fore-runner of the later hydraulic; bridges and roads and trails were made and little camps grew up at every turn.

And then the flood winter of '62 descended upon Northern California, and the work of ten years went down the Trinity river to the sea. There was not a bridge or water-wheel or full string of sluice boxes, nor a passable road or trail left in the Trinity country, and many a little camp was wiped out as completely as "Roaring Camp" the night the "Luck" and his faithful friend went down in the wild river flood.

There were good years after that, but never quite so good, and the town dropped into a contented dream under the locust trees. The little, low brick business-blocks sit along the street, quaint and shabby as old soldiers in the uniform of some forgotten war. The

doors and windows are still closed with the big, double iron shutters, heavy and prison-like, rusted and faded to a dingy green; and queer little spiral stairways go up from the edge of the sidewalk to the upper floor, as if indoor space was too valuable to be wasted in stair-room.

Some of the stores have not renewed their shelves since the days when a pinch of gold dust was current "change," and the whip-sawed, hand-planed ceiling is still in place in the oldest hotel. Twice a week the big, brass-belled freight teams pull in up the one long street and the ark-like wagons discharge a varied lading on the sidewalk in front of the little stores. Pack-trains come and go with supplies for the camps beyond reach of wagon-roads, and the buckboard stages come in from the remoter



FREIGHT WAGON ON THE MAIN STREET OF WEAVERVILLE

valleys with a few limp mail-sacks on board, and perhaps a box of butter or eggs sent in by some rancher to the town market.

The coming of the stage from Redding is the event of the day; it is the closest link with the world outside, and everybody turns out to watch the passengers climb down and the mail-bags go off. Everybody asks the stage-driver for the news; everybody waits for a possible letter or paper when the mail is sorted, and then the street is suddenly empty and still and dark—the day is over.

Nothing changes, nothing has changed for years except that there are more stones in the graveyard spread out across the pine-covered hillside. The stage brought back one day a man who had been a boy in the town. The streets were the same, the old signs were there, there were not a dozen houses that he did not remember; only

the faces were different, older, and many missing. He wandered over to the graveyard which had spread down the hill since he saw it last, and began reading the names, idly at first, then with a clutch in his throat—for his friends were there. The last camp under the pines had grown, while the old town dozed and dreamed unchanged.

The graveyard itself is a curious example of local conditions. Like the town, it was moved once or twice because it happened to be located on "pay-dirt," and even now the dust of the gold-seekers must mingle with the yellow glint of the metal that lured them away from the home-land recorded so carefully on the stones above.

Nothing else in all the land speaks so vividly of the life that was as these old grave-stones. The fallen and decaying cabins, the



A HOUSE BUILT OF OIL CANS

worked-out gravel-banks, the barren and desolate heaps of "tailings" all tell of hands that took nature by the throat and grappled strongly with her till she gave up her treasure of ages—but these dim-lettered stones have all of human longing on them.

That swift, eager, reckless, joyous struggle to seek out and possess the wealth of a wilderness, "every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost," flung together such a motley and far-drawn throng as no land ever saw before. The New England ship carpenter worked side by side with the "Sidney duck" and the dark-faced sailor from the Azores on the same bank, and the hulking boy from Missouri and the homesick lad from Ballyleash packed down the same trail.

Every man was a stranger in a strange land; home was over-

seas or half a continent away, and it took months to get a letter there and back; no one asked of any man's coming or going, of his past life or future hope; he could drop out of sight by going over the mountains to the next camp, and if he died he was buried by his comrades and forgotten. No public records were kept, and the camp itself might pass the way of deserted camps before the pine grass grew over the grave; so when a man's last claim was staked it was natural enough to put his home and history on his tombstone, if they were known, along with his name.

And now, as they worked together, they rest along the hillside, the men from Maine and Illinois and Missouri; from New Zealand and the far Azores, and from almost every corner of Ireland, Wicklow and Limerick and Roscommon and Sligo. Many a husky Irish lad sleeps under a stone that would have paid twice over for the bit of land on which he was born; for these old graves are the last evidence of the lavishness of their day and the stones are mostly Carrara marble, carved and lettered in Italy with no common skill, shipped by sailing vessels round Cape Horn, and brought up with wagon or pack-mules from the coast.

The rust-red moss has crept along the edges, but the verses, full of homesick longing and the names forgotten of those who once loved them, are still clear. The longest history and the most elaborate stone is that of a County Sligo boy whose grave looks out across the bare and long-abandoned bank where he met death and other men found fortune. For another fifty years the milk-white marble will keep the deep inscription: *"Erected by Niel Dougherty in memory of his brother Thomas Dougherty, a native of the Townland of Ballykilleash, Parish of Kill McShalligan, County of Sligo, Ireland; late of New York. Who was accidentally killed on Sidney Hill while at work by a bank caving on him, on the 12" day of March, A. D. 1857. Aged 34 years. May he rest in peace, Amen. In life respected, In death regretted."*

Far out in a lonely cañon, more than a long day's ride from any human habitation, is a slender marble shaft over-grown with thickets of hazel and red-bud; tangled vines and tall grass cling to it and hide the dim inscription, and for fifty years no loving hand has laid a flower beside it. Only some chance hunter following the trail to the deer-lick below may catch a glimpse of it through the forest dusk like a pale ghost seen a moment and lost again.

Long, long ago a trail from Trinity basin to the Oregon country ran over the hill beyond, and here, beside the little stream in the remote cañon, a young girl sickened and died and was laid away coffinless under the trees; and when his family were safe at their

destination the father came back with this slender stone carried on a pack-mule and set it over the wilderness grave.

The old trail is lost and forgotten, but the vine-hidden stone still is witness of the tragedy that went always road-mate to the great hopes and brave quests of those days of gold.

Dewey, Arizona.



HALEMAUMAU, THE HOUSE OF FIRE

By D. S. RICHARDSON.



IT WAS five o'clock in the afternoon of July 3rd, and all of Honolulu was on the dock of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, to bid us Godspeed as our brave little steamer, the *Mauna Kea*, pushed out into the stream.

Nowhere on earth are there such greetings and partings as are witnessed on the docks of this dreamland city. The coming of a great ocean liner, bringing touch and communion with the far-off world, restoring loved ones to waiting arms and stirring the imaginations of a poetic people, has lost nothing of its drawing power since cable and wireless telegraph ended the long isolation of Hawaii. A cloud of smoke far down the opalescent sea, a cry—"The steamer is coming"—and Honolulu moves to the water-front to smile its welcome and gladden the heart of the weary traveler with hospitality and good cheer. So, too, when he goes away, the people come again to crown him with flowers and wave him a regretful farewell.

Something in the life experience of this isolated people has made them almost tender in their attitude towards those who come and go. They live very close to each other—are all members of the same great family—knowing each other and caring for each other. So, when the parting hour comes, the world seems very far away, the ocean very big. Familiar as they are with the sea, they do not quite trust it. It would be so easy for the great ship, with all its precious freight, to lose itself upon those trackless wilds! What assurance is there that she will ever come back? This parting may be the last. Who knows?

No spoken word of this. Far be it from the heart of the gentle islander to sadden his farewell. But, subconsciously, he feels it; and so he drops his business when the sailing hour comes and goes to the dock to twine a *lei* about your hat and send you down to the sea with his blessing.

And what a picture that dock presented as the *Mauna Kea* cast off her moorings and moved slowly outward! Can I ever forget the white-clad throng, the smiling faces—yellow, black and white—the waving flowers, handkerchiefs and hats! Back of them nestled the beautiful city amid its tropic foliage, and far beyond were the blue mountains, lifted sharp and clear against a cloudless sky. Berger's band of native musicians, from some vantage point on the pier, played soft Hawaiian airs which finally merged into *Aloha Oe* and *Old Lang Syne*. The crowd joined in the sweet refrain, and there were hails and happy calls back and forth from steamer to dock—and no one seemed just to know whether he should laugh or whether

he should cry. Down the dock came a troop of barefooted Kanaka stevedores, with flowers about their hats, and pulled in the gang-plank. Think of that, ye gods of the industrial world, or imagine, if you can, a gang of stevedores on the piers of San Francisco, twisting posies through their hair and singing at their task! Only in Honolulu is it done this way.

We were off. Slowly the stretch of water widened between us and the waving throng, and the *Mauna Kea* was pushing her way through the narrow passage of the coral reefs and standing out to sea.

And all this demonstration because about two hundred of us were going to slip off the island for a few days for a Fourth-of-July outing to one of the adjacent shores. If our destination had been the south pole, the *despedida* could hardly have been more expressive of good will.

In reality our destination was Hilo, on the eastern side of the island of Hawaii, distant about two hundred miles from Honolulu. The "Elks" of Honolulu had chartered the boat for a special excursion, having for its crowning purpose a visit to the crater of Kilauea on the slope of Mauna Loa.

Two hundred people made a good load for the staunch little boat, and we anticipated some discomfort with three in a room and thirty or forty cots on deck. But the management was good, the table excellent, and the spirit of the crowd most kindly. No lawless adventurers these, such as too often scandalize our home excursions, but a cheerful disposition to make the most of everything and contribute as much as possible to the comfort of the other fellow. It was necessary, of course, in stowing away so large a number in such little space, to split families ruthlessly in two, to separate husbands from wives and so shuffle the bunks that the three occupants of each room should turn up members of the same sex. It was a delicate task for Manager Easton, but he handled it with consummate skill, keeping a diagram, meanwhile, by which the man stowed away in the coal-bunkers could, under stress of necessity, communicate with the ladies of his family in the pilot-house. On deck the boys gambled a little and the bar was well patronized; but there was no disorder or offensive conduct. In our party was quite a large percentage of native Hawaiians who banked themselves against the lee rail of the upper deck and sang nearly all night. To me there is no sweeter music on earth than the plaintive songs of these people, all touched with that pathetic something which marks the passing of a dying race. Not only could they sing, but it appeared to me that no motion of the ocean could make them seasick. In this respect they had a decided advantage over many of our party.

The run from Honolulu to Hilo falls in almost direct line, bearing

southeast, and passing between the islands of Molokai and Maui on the north with Lanai and Kahoolawe on the south. While under the lee of the larger islands, the sea is comparatively quiet; but there are stretches of open channel which try the land lubber's soul. Such is the Allenihaha channel between Maui and Hawaii, and such is the open sea along the entire northern coast of the latter island. Needless to say that the *Mauna Kea* waltzed across these stretches of open sea with a joyous abandon of motion which sent most of the excursionists to cover long before midnight, leaving the Hawaiians and a few of the more persistent gamblers in possession of the deck. I was not a gambler—neither could I sing—but I, too, stayed, for I was immune from the motion of the sea and the night was full of witchery. Stretching myself along the heaving deck with the soft air blowing across my face and a million glorious stars looking down, I listened to the natives singing, and drank in the beauty of the tropic night.

And this is, verily, a land of enchantment. After all that has been written of these beautiful islands why does the world know so little about them? Why was I so ignorant of the wonders that were dawning? How many people know that the city of Honolulu is situated on the island of Oahu and not on the Island of Hawaii? The latter, the largest of the group, and having an area of four thousand square miles, is over one hundred and thirty miles, at its nearest point, from the port of Honolulu. Like others, I knew, in a general way, that Hawaii was a fertile land, producing sugarcane and coffee; but no one ever told me that its northern coast, for fifty miles, was one great cane field. I did not know that the volcanic, fern-lined cliffs, came down in great precipices to the sea, over which countless waterfalls sprang through arching rainbows to the surf below. In one place on the coast I counted eighteen falls, all visible at the same time, and all leaping sheer from cliff to ocean. There were not less than forty of these beautiful cascades between Upolu Point and Hilo bay, their heights ranging from fifty to several hundred feet. Sometimes they sprang from the crest of the rock and sometimes they came through fissures in the splintered cliff. Again they burst upon you suddenly at the far end of narrow gorges breaking sharply back from the shore line. Everywhere the volcano's finger has left its trace and the land is furrowed with fantastic gulches and ravines so deep and dark that the sunlight barely finds a way to enter. Back of all rises the crest of dead Mauna Kea, standing 13,805 feet above the level of the sea. It is a wondrous land to look upon, with its green slopes stretching away in perpetual verdure—its plantations, sugar mills and nestling villages. A practical man would get out his note book and say: What is the value of that land? How much

sugar does it produce? How do they get it to market? What is the labor employed here?

But how can a man burden his soul with sordid economic questions while these sweet breezes are blowing and this painted sea is calling? Away with it all! It was not for us, just now, to inquire how these plantations were worked, what proportion of the laborers were Asiatic coolies or what might be the hope of subdividing these princely estates and converting them into happy homes for American farmers. Let the statesmen and the economists wrestle with the immigration problem, the land question and the sugar business. For us it was enough that the sun was shining and "every prospect pleasing." If "man alone is vile," there are other times to think



THE LAVA FIELDS OF KILAUEA

about it. Just now we were pleased to forget the fact and capriciously inclined to doubt it.

It was morning of the second day when we drifted into the palm-fringed port of Hilo, and there another crowd of flower-decked vagabonds was waiting on the dock to make us welcome. You must see Hilo for yourself. I shall not attempt to describe its tropic charm, its flowers and fruits and sweet-voiced women. If I would, I could not tell you how the sea comes up in soft caress and how the jealous sky bends over. Believe me when I assure you that the world-old dream of Eden has been all adrift as to the location of that favored spot. It was not in Persia, nor in Italy, nor even in Pasadena. God hid it away in the mid-Pacific and pre-

served it during all the years for the generations of today—and here it waits you if you care to come.

Presumptuous man has tried to improve somewhat on Nature's original plan for Hilo and its environment, and I shall have to admit that he has not utterly failed. While I revel in the beauty of tropical forests and tangled wildernesses, of orchid, fern and flowering creeper, I concede that the walking through these jungles is not good. So the roads which have been cut through are useful and conducive to comfort. From Hilo a little railroad has been built, running southward about twenty miles to a point called Glenwood. Its ultimate objective is the Volcano House, ten miles further south, on the rim of Kilauea. In the meantime it taps a great cane- and



LOOKING ACROSS THE CRATER OF KILAUEA TO HALEMAUMAU

lumber-region. The latter industry is interested only in railroad ties, cut from the *ohia* tree, and it is reported that contracts have been let to supply one of the continental railroads with half a million ties yearly for the next five years. I grieved over this as our train ran through the desolated clearings which the lumberman always leaves; and when we came upon a wicked little saw-mill, worked by Chinese coolies, which was eating up the beautiful forest, I breathed an earnest prayer to the goddess Pele, who presides over the volcanoes in these parts, inviting her attention to the fact, and suggesting that the next time she excites Mauna Loa to action she direct a red-hot stream of lava plump into that little mill. If this renders me liable, under the laws of the Territory, to indictment

for the crime of arson, or subornation thereto, well and good. Pele and I are both willing to take some chances.

From Glenwood to the Volcano House you stage it through a wonderful growth of ferns and tropical plants; but heaven help you if there is anything in your anatomy which has not been lashed down, for the road is rough. It is no easy thing to make good roads through ragged lava-beds which refuse to go smooth. And when, over these rocky bottoms, you are hurtled by four frisky mules, in a wagon innocent of springs, it behooves you to pad out the bearings. I know of but one piece of civilized road that is at all comparable to this, and that is the stretch of twelve or thirteen miles between Knight's Ferry and Chinese Camp on the old road to



A CREVASSE CROSSING THE TRAIL .

Yosemite. In view, however, of the ultimate rewards which come to him who subjects his bones to risk on these rough roads, the victim bears no malice. Better see Kilauea or Yosemite and die of broken bones—to become a brother to the jelly-fish and come back pulp—than to pass in peace across the great divide, ignobly ignorant—knowing nothing of the wonders which Nature is performing in these hidden places.

The Volcano House stands on the northern rim of the crater of Kilauea, at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea, and is well conducted by an explosive Greek gentleman who bears the appropriate name of Demosthenes Lycurgus; but that is another story.

My purpose just here is to clarify a certain matter, relative to the



HALEMAUMAU, THE

volcanoes of Hawaii, upon which many careless folk, like myself, get mixed up.

There are three volcanic mountains on the island of Hawaii, all visible at the same time in clear weather, and having bases which merge into each other. The most northern and highest of these is Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet above sea level. Within the knowledge of civilized men it has shown no signs of activity, but the surrounding country bears abundant evidence of the indiscretions of its youth. Hualalai, over on the western shore, is 8,275 feet high and has little life. It is credited with an outburst of lava in the year 1801. Mauna Loa, just south of the center of the island, and 13,675 feet high, is the third member of this mountain trinity and makes up for any sluggishness on the part of its fellows. This mountain has two permanent craters of great size, not mentioning the temporary ones which appear from time to time during periods of violent eruption. The upper one of these permanent craters, situated at the very apex of the cone, is known as Mokuaweoweo. The second one, about twenty miles down the eastern slope of the mountain, at an elevation of four thousand feet, bears the name of Kilauea; and in the heart of Kilauea is the awful fire-pit known as Halemaumau. A failure to understand this nomenclature has led to much confusion in the minds of many readers as to just which name stands for the great active volcano. Halemaumau, the fire-pit of Kilauea, is



HOUSE OF FIRE

the point of wonder to which travelers come from all parts of the earth, for it not only presents the sublimest spectacle, but is more easy of access than any other live crater in the world. It is a part, however, of the mountain of Mauna Loa, and if you are not satisfied with its performances you can climb on above the snow line to Mokuaweoweo, at the top; but it is only on special occasions that you will find an exhibition there which in any way approaches the steady display of Kilauea.

Mauna Loa has been in repeated eruption during the past century, and the story of its stupendous convulsions and lava flows is a matter of official record. The last one, which occurred in 1899, is easily within the memory of most of us. The lava flows of authentic record have mostly come from the summit crater or from temporary vents at different altitudes between the levels of Kilauea and Mokuaweoweo. The former has not been doing much in the lava line during recent years, but devotes itself to pyrotechnic displays of wonderful brilliancy, accompanied by discharges of gas and vapor which undoubtedly relieve the pressure upon the surrounding earth crust. It is the great safety valve of the region, burning forever, a never failing spectacle of unspeakable sublimity and beauty.

From the veranda of the Volcano House one looks down directly into the crater or *caldera* of Kilauea, but not into the pit of Halemaumau, the House of Fire. He sees beneath him a field of awful



A DETAIL OF THE LAVA FORMATION

desolation—a black elliptical depression, having a circumference of nearly eight miles, with encircling cliffs from four to five hundred feet in height. Its length at its greatest is about three miles, and its width two. The area enclosed is officially given as 2,650 acres or 4.14 square miles, constituting the largest active crater in the world. From your observation point on the veranda you can not see Halemaumau, except at night, when its fires paint the sky with crimson. The pit of fire is reached by trail, about two miles in length, leading across the lava bed from the base of the cliff beneath **you**. To reach it you drop over the rim of the outer, or original crater, and pick your way through the most fantastic jungle of tumbled rock on earth. You can ride part of the way if you wish; but if you are the right kind of a mountain enthusiast, you will



ON THE BRINK OF HALEMAUMAU

make it on foot. From the base of the cliff the trail bears upward; for the overflow from Halemaumau has given cone shape to the floor of the greater pit, its surface sloping away in every direction from the active vent to the walls of the original crater.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of July 4th, when, ignoring guides, my companion and I left the Volcano House and let ourselves down the cliff to the lava fields below. Even at the beginning of our journey there were premonitions of the wrath to come, for wraiths of smoke issued from cracks and openings along the route, and now and then a hiss of steam from underfoot or a whiff of hot air warned us that we were invaders of a forbidden world.

Imagine, if you can, four square miles of black molasses candy, tossed while in a molten state into every conceivable shape—twisted into every fantastic formation which the nightmares of

human experience have made thinkable. Touch this boiling, seething mass with sudden rigidity in mid air and you have a feeble conception of the weirdness and desolation of the floor of Kilauea. In places great cracks run away which you cannot cross. One of them has been rudely bridged to give you passage. Here and there are pouting upheavals, like great bubbles in a bank of mud, where little side-show spouters have gasped their life away, leaving the bubble fixed in rock. As you advance the crust grows warmer. The trail, marked by "ducks" of broken lava, leads you over hollow-sounding places which burn your feet. Steam and smoke come out of every crevice, and mysterious noises issue from the bowels of the tangled, ripped-up world, inspiring you with an impulse to turn back and seek the sea. Surely this is Pluto's realm. Long before you stand on the dizzy rim of Halemaumau you revert to the faith of your fathers and believe in a world "Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

An hour of this, if you are a good climber, and then you suddenly stand on the threshold of the House of Fire. It bursts upon you all at once as the great cañons of Arizona do when they drop through the table lands. No amount of anticipation prepares you for it. It cannot be thought out in advance nor can any other man picture it for you. Presto! A new world is born—a supreme moment of realization comes—and you stand mute with awe and wonder.

Halemaumau is a circular pit, or chimney, something under a mile in circumference, with depth unknown. Its walls are perpendicular and you can get right up to the edge of the chasm; but you must be very careful, for the brittle lava seems to hang by miracle in many places and a false step would precipitate you, with an avalanche of rocks, into the abyss below.

At the bottom of this awful gulf ebbs and flows a literal lake of fire. At the time of our visit the surface of the molten mass was about two hundred feet below the rim; but it is not constant at that level. At times it drops to six and seven hundred feet, almost disappearing beneath a pall of smoke and sulphurous vapor. Again it rises to within a few feet of the top of the chimney, and occasionally pours its molten contents over the lip of the chasm, as it did in 1892. Constant change is the law of its being. It varies from year to year, from month to month, and even from hour to hour. The appalling spectacle upon which you are now gazing gives place to one equally weird and terrible an hour hence. Even as you look the whole surface of the molten mass creeps and turns over. Great blocks of lava, like tree trunks, are projected fifty feet above the seething mass to fall back sideways into the churning cauldron amid a shower of fiery spray. Islands are formed before your eyes, banks broken down and new ones shaped. Words convey

no idea of the awful scene. Through the surface of this fiery lake come terrific blasts of incandescent gas and vapor, throwing the molten lava into blinding fountains of flame. Falling back, the ejected matter beats the surface of the burning lake into literal waves of fire, which roll and splinter against the encircling cliffs with loud reverberations as the surf does on the beach at Waikiki. You must hear the voice of that awful sea to appreciate its wizardry. It will never go out of your ears.

For a moment or two there may come a spell of quietude, and then the surface of the pool darkens over where the molten lava strikes the air. A crust is formed and the glare dies down. Suddenly there is a tremor through the sullen mass as though the demons underneath were waking from a doze. Blood-red serpents of fire ramify out in every direction over the darkened surface of the pool. Octopus arms of light spray away in spider-webs of sullen flame which break and unite and then break up again. There are roads and paths of glory leading everywhere. Then a Titan blast comes through from the mysterious power beneath, and the whole surface of the pool rises in a fountain of dazzling splendor, filling the chasm with showers of liquid fire. Do not fear that the fires will die down or the spectacle come to an end. Nature rings down no curtain on this marvellous pageant; so keep your place there in the crevice of the cliff where the sulphur fumes do not reach you, and drink your fill of wonder.

It was five o'clock when we reached the rim of Halemaumau, and the sun was still shining into the pit. In the glare of day the spectacle is beyond all words, but who shall attempt to describe its glory in the night? As the shadow of the western wall fell across the gulf and the night began to gather, the lake of fire took on new and wonderful transformations. The yellow flames turned crimson and a thousand details before unnoticed sprang into view. The blasts of flame seemed to shoot more viciously from their subterranean caves, and the encircling walls, lit up in the lurid glow, towered above the seething lake as Dante might have dreamed them leaning over the depths of hell.

For hours we lingered and the night grew late. Far off on the rim of the outer pit we could see the lights of the Volcano House, which we must reach, and the trail was very dark. Reluctantly, and with many a backward glance at the flame-lit sky, we crept down from the fascinating mouth of Hades and picked our way homeward through the surrounding desolation. There was a little moon to guide us, and all went well; but my comrade was very silent.

"I feel," she finally said, "that we have been guilty of sacrilege. We have been looking beyond the veil."

Such is the spell of this wonderful spot, and its wizardry lingered long after we had climbed the last heart-breaking ascent and thrown ourselves, tired but satisfied, upon the hospitable veranda of the Volcano House.

San Francisco.

SOME EARLY CALIFORNIA SONGS

Gathered by W. J. HANDY.



IN THE Gringo days; the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49, amusements and recreation could only be found in the mining towns, when a strolling singer made an appearance in some saloon, the admission fee paid by frequent visits to the bar. The words, set to well-known ballad tunes, may show some hard edges, not of a symphony-concert or grand-opera class, but they enlivened the long, tedious hours of a miner's winter fireside, met approval and repeated encore. If the singer "caught on," he or she was rewarded by small nuggets thrown upon the improvised table stage.

Here are a few selected not because they were the best, or worst, but to indicate the style. As the old record says, they were "sung with great applause," to which was added the landlord's warning call, "Come, come, gents, don't let the barkeeper go to sleep."

Illustrations reproduced from old prints.



THE SINGER

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

Air: "Used Up Man."

O, I hain't got no home, nor nothing else, I 'spose,
Misfortune seems to follow me wherever I goes;
I come to California with a heart both stout and bold,
And have been up to the diggings, there to get some lumps of gold,

But I'm a used up man, a perfect used up man,
And if ever I get home again, I'll stay there if I can.

I lives 'way down in Maine, where I heard about the diggings,
So I shipped aboard a darned old barque commanded by Joe Higgins.
I sold my little farm, and from wife and children parted,
And off to California sailed, and left 'em broken-hearted.
But here's a used up man, etc.

I got into a steamboat and started up the river,
Where I tho't the darned mosquitoes would ha' taken out my liver.
When I got to Sacramento I buckled on this rigging,
And soon I found a decent place, and so I went to digging.
But I'm a used up man, etc.

I got into the water, where the "fever-n-ager" took me,
And after I was froze to death, it turned about and shook me;
But still I kept to work, a-hopin' 'twould be better,
But the water wouldn't fall a bit, but kept a-getting wetter.
But I'm a used up man, etc.

I 'spose if I should die, they'd take me to the Mission,
Or else the city'd sell me to pay up my physician;
I've tried to keep up courage, and swore I wouldn't spree it,
And here's my pile for five months' work, I'd lief as not you'd see it.
For I'm a used up man, etc.

I don't know what to do, for all the time I'm dodging,
To hunt up grub enough to eat, and find a decent lodging;
I can't get any liquor, and no one seems to meet me,
Who'll take me by the collar now, and kindly ask to treat me!
For I'm a used up man, etc.

CALIFORNIA STAGE COMPANY.

Air: "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

There's no respect for youth or age
On board of a California stage;
But pull and haul about the seats
As bed-bugs do among the sheets.

CHORUS.

They started as a thieving line
In eighteen hundred forty-nine;
All "opposition" they defy,
So the people must "root hog or die."

OUT WEST

You're crowded in with Chinamen,
 As fattening hogs are in a pen;
 And what will more a man provoke
 Is musty plug tobacco smoke.

Chorus.

The ladies are compelled to sit
 With dresses in tobacco spit;
 The gentlemen don't seem to care,
 But talk on politics and swear.

Chorus.



The dust is deep in summer time,
 The mountains very hard to climb;
 And drivers often stop and yell,
 "Get out, all hands and push—up hill!"

Chorus.

The drivers, when they feel inclined,
 Will have you walking on behind,
 And on your shoulders lug a pole,
 To help them through some muddy hole.

Chorus.

They promise, when your fare you pay,
 "You'll have to walk but half the way;"
 Then add, aside, with cunning laugh,
 "You'll push and pull the other half!"

Chorus.

THE HAPPY MINER.

Air: "I Get in a Weaving Way."

I'm a happy miner, I love to sing and dance;
 I wonder what my love would say if she could see my pants,
 With canvas patches on the knees and one upon the stern;
 I'll wear them while I'm digging here and home when I return.



CHORUS.

So I get in a jovial way, I spend my money free,
 And I've got plenty; will you drink lager beer with me?

She writes about her poodle dog, but never thinks to say,
 "O, do come home, my honey dear, I'm pining all away."
 I'll write her half a letter, then give the ink a tip;
 If that don't bring her to her milk, I'll coolly "let her rip."

Chorus.

They wish to know if I can cook, and what I have to eat,
 And tell me should I take a cold be sure to soak my feet;
 But when they talk of cooking, I'm mighty hard to beat—
 I've made ten thousand loaves of bread that the d—I couldn't eat.

Chorus.

I like a lazy partner, so I can take my ease,
Lay down and talk of going home, as happy as you please;
Without a thing to eat or drink, away from care and grief,
I'm fat and saucy, ragged, too, and tough as Spanish beef.

Chorus.

No matter whether rich or poor, I'm happy as a clam,
I wish my friends at home could look and see me as I am,
With woolen shirt and rubber boots, in mud up to my knees,
And lice as large as Chili beans fighting with the fleas.

Chorus.

I'll mine for half an ounce a day, perhaps a little less;
But when it comes to China pay I cannot stand the press;
Like thousands there, I'll make a pile, if I make one at all,
About the time the allied forces take Sebastopol.

Chorus.

A RIPPING TRIP.

Air: "Pop Goes the Weasel."

You go aboard of a leaky boat
And sail from San Francicso;
You've got to pump to keep her afloat,
You have that, by jingo.
The engine soon begins to squeak,
But nary think to oil her;
Impossible to stop the leak—
Rip goes the boiler!

The captain on the promenade,
Looking very savage;
Steward and the cabin maid
Fighting 'bout the cabbage.
All about the cabin floor
Passengers lie sea-sick,
Steamer's bound to go ashore—
Rip goes the physic!

"Pork and beans" they can't afford
To second cabin passengers;
The cook has tumbled overboard
With forty pounds of "sassengers;"
The engineer, a little tight,
Bragging on the Mail Line,
Finally gets into a fight—
Rip goes the engine!

SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE.

Air: "Villikins and His Dinah."

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike,
Who crossed the big mountains with her love, Ike,
With two yokes of cattle, a large yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog?

CHORUS.

Tooral lal looral lal looral la la,
Tooral lal looral, etc.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

Chorus.

Their wagon broke down with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;
A few little baby clothes, done up with care—
'Twas rather suspicious, though all on the square.

Chorus.



The Shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried.
Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey got mad,
The dog dropped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

Chorus.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,
When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay;
But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

Chorus.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,
Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Chorus.

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain,
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again;
But Ike gave a sign, and they fondly embraced,
And they traveled along with his arm 'round her waist.

Chorus.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville.
Ike sighed when he said, as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Chorus.

Long Ike and Sweet Betsey attended a dance;
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings;
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

Chorus.



A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"
"I will, that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
But don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?
Dog on you-I'm chock full of alkali!"

Chorus.

This Pike County couple got married, of course,
And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce;
Sweet Betsey, well satisfied, said with a snort,
"Good-bye, you big lummux, I'm glad you've backed out!"

Chorus:

THE SHADY OLD CAMP.

Air: "Ben Bolt."

Oh, don't you remember the shady old camp,
That stood by the side of the brook,
Where we lay on the ground after many a tramp,
And the fire-place where we used to cook?
The shady old camp has gone to decay,
And the ham-bone has dropped from the pin;
The roof and the door both have rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

The roof and the door both have rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

Oh, don't you remember the cool summer breeze,
So welcome in June and July,
And the table that stood 'neath the shady oak trees
At the foot of the mountain so high?
The table is standing as when we were there,
Though not as we often have seen,
For bushes have grown o'er the ground, then so bare,
And miners have worked our ravine!

For bushes have grown o'er the ground, then so bare,
And miners have worked our ravine!

Oh, don't you remember the mountains of snow,
In sight from the camp all the year,
And the valleys so green, where the wild flowers grow,
And where we went hunting the deer?
The cool little brook, where we used to drink,
Will always be running the same
As when we were talking of home on the brink,
Or cursing the day that we came.

As when we were talking of home on the brink,
Or cursing the day that we came.

Oh, don't you remember the well-beaten trail
That led from the camp to the spring,
And the potpies we made of the squirrel and quail,
And the evenings when we used to sing?
The trail and the spring, we shall see them no more,
Though never forget till we die;
The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever, we bid thee good-bye!

The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever, we bid thee good-bye!



SCHOOL DAYS AND OTHER DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.



IF YOU have ever boarded a Santa Fé train in Los Angeles and traveled eastward through Arizona, you have been newly impressed with your old ideas of what is typical of the territory. You have baked in the air of the desert. You have gazed curiously from the car windows—only to see stretches on stretches of sand, browned, as you have decided, by the oven-heat of that merciless, blue, sun-steeped sky.

At the Needles you have been surrounded by a dirty, chattering swarm of Indian women, all urging you to buy gaudy bead-chains or hideous, thirsty-mouthed clay figures. As the train went on, you have seen an occasional squalid hut, its more squalid occupants all thronging to the doorway to watch the cars go by. Sometimes, far off, you have had a glimpse of a Mexican herder in a brilliant red shirt—any other color would seem out of place in this brilliant, quivering atmosphere—winding slowly along some half-green creek bottom after his little drove.

This is Arizona. It is all like this, of course.

But suppose you change cars at Ash Fork—what an Abomination of Desolation Ash Fork was before the new Harvey House was built! That seems to bring some relief to eyes weary of the low wooden saloons and Chinese restaurants. Change here, and go on to Prescott. Before you reach this town, the landscape changes. You pass through a rocky, broken country and finally arrive at a little city rather airily placed in an undulating plain between low mountains dotted with pines. The air, invigorating even in the heat of the desert, has here a peculiarly bracing quality.

But leave the town. Drive southward along a winding road that mounts up and up into mountains ever higher and greener. Off to your right you may see far reaches of mountains, blue hill and fair valley where sun and shade are mingled.

At last you come to the Headwaters of the Hassayampa (pronounced *Hassayamp* by all old timers) and to the Camp and the camps!

If you had lived here during the last fifteen years or more, a motley collection of people would have passed before you—old timers, always here; mining men, new to the country and the business; ranchers, on a small scale—everything is done on a small scale here; Mexican woodchoppers and owners of pack-trains; a few women, some ignorant, some quite the reverse; now and then a traveled, cultured man, here for no reason that you could discover. The procession is a varied one.

Here lived children, too, and here they went to school. Their lives were strangely like the lives of other children, perhaps—but that, in certain particulars, they were so different!

I

THE FIRST DAY.

The Thornes had company that afternoon. It would have been a treat, too, except that Old Mr. Deakon, the caller, had buried himself in "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" almost as soon as he had discovered that Mr. Thorne was "at the mine" and not expected back for at least an hour.

As it was, Old Mr. Deakon's society was not interesting. Mrs. Thorne, who was not a talkative woman, was beginning to feel that the silence was oppressive, and yet she disliked to disturb the reader even to say little nothings to Baby Dot who played on the floor nearby. Johnny Thorne had become disgusted with the visitor and had gone outdoors to play, where he was lonely without Isabel—who had a great interest in the conversations of her elders and who hoped that perhaps Old Mr. Deakon would presently put his book aside and talk with her mother. She waited, consequently, and inwardly fretted at Old Mr. Deakon's silence,—for Isabel's instincts were distinctly social. Baby Dot and the visitor were the only perfectly contented creatures around.

After a very long time, as Isabel thought, Old Mr. Deakon put the Personal Memoirs back into the home-made bookcase. Then he sighed and looked meditatively out of the open door. At last he turned to Mrs. Thorne:

"I hear, over't The Camp, that the school is going to start up early this year. They're going to have the same teacher they had last year—Eastern woman, you know. Widow—I can't seem to recollect—."

"Mrs. Dean?" suggested Mrs. Thorne.

"Yes! Yes, that's it. I s'pose you'll send Isabel and Johnny this time?"

Isabel observed that her mother stirred uneasily, even while she answered with decision that she didn't think so.

"It's too far for such little people to walk—especially when they must go alone." And she added, "I teach them myself, here at home, you know."

"Well, that ain't the same. It ain't the same at all," contended Mr. Deakon. "They ought to be with other children. Competition, you know. Competition's the thing! Now, Isabel here is getting to be quite a girl."

Here Mr. Deakon stared rather disagreeably at Isabel.

"What reader air you in?"

"I've read the Second through twice," Isabel answered promptly.

"Hum!" Isabel saw with delight that Old Mr. Deakon was quite taken aback by this information. He had hardly supposed that she had finished the First Reader. Still he was not to be downed in an argument.

"Well, you'd ought to—you'd ought to!" he replied. "Let's see, now. You must be nine or ten by now—."

"Seven," said Isabel's mother.

"Most eight," said Isabel.

Old Mr. Deakon looked in astonishment from one to the other.

"Well, now!" he said finally. "Isabel's old for her age! Kind o' big, too, I guess. Stand up, Isabel!"

Isabel stood.

"I don't know, neither,"—Old Mr. Deakon's language was slightly Shakespearean at times—"I don't know. But I always judged you was older. I presume likely it makes her older livin' with grown folks all the time," Mr. Deakon went on with renewed alacrity to Isabel's mother. "She'd ought to be with other children more. And then, most like, if she can read pretty good for her age, she can't cipher."

"Yes! I teach her arithmetic, too," insisted Mrs. Thorne. "You know I taught school—."

"Oh! yes, yes!" Mr. Deakon returned. "Likely, likely! But I believe in children goin' to school. Competition, now! That's a needcessity. If she was with other children, she'd learn faster yet!"

"Well, she wants to go," Mrs. Thorne half sighed. "But I'm not sure that I'd want her to get on any faster than she does now. She reads almost too much for a child of her age, as it is."

"Get her with other children!" Old Mr. Deakon's voice grew quite triumphant. "Get her with other children and she won't have time to read too much fer her good. Now I know—. Why, here comes Mr. Thorne, now!"

Mr. Deakon grabbed up his hat from the floor and walked away to meet Isabel's father. And Isabel, who knew that the conversation would be of ore and assays and mill-runs, let the guest go alone while she turned to her mother to repeat all of Old Mr. Deakon's arguments in favor of school with some additions and improvements of her own.

In a few weeks The Teacher arrived at The Camp and she soon visited Isabel's mother, saying that she had heard that Mrs. Thorne did not intend to send the children to school. She said that she thought the children would enjoy going to school, that the Camp children were nice children—far nicer than she had expected to find in such a place—and that it would be good for Isabel and Johnny to be with other children!

When she was gone, Isabel repeated her arguments just as she had repeated Old Mrs. Deakon's before, and, as in the other case, she added improvements of her own. She had persuaded Johnny that school was a most amusing place and he was ready now to "help tease Mama." It is not surprising that Mrs. Thorne finally yielded, and that Mr. Thorne was likewise talked over.

It was a cold morning in early April when Isabel and Johnny first set out to The Camp to begin their lives anew. Perhaps it would not have occurred to them to express it in exactly that way, but Isabel, at least, felt what was about to happen to them. She thirsted to be away, and she wanted to set out long before the hour, though that must be early because of the walk of more than a mile.

Then, when it was really time to go, Mrs. Thorne feared that it might rain, and tried to persuade the children to stay at home! But they went. How could they bear to be disappointed now, after looking forward so long to School as the Thing Desirable?

There was first a long hill to climb. The trail led up over rocks and through bushes to an old wood-road. Part way up there was an old juniper tree, and there Isabel and Johnny that first morning, instituted the custom of resting beneath its branches, though there was then no sun and consequently no possibility of seeking shade.

Isabel had a new and beautiful Third Reader under her arm and she spent the time of rest in looking admiringly at its bright cover and clean pages. She had already perused the stories which looked most interesting.

"Ain't you glad we're going to school?" She put the question to Johnny with a little wriggle of delight.

"Not much," Johnny was beginning to tremble at the ordeal before him.

Isabel's heart gave a sympathetic little quiver, but she wouldn't have admitted it to herself, much less to Johnny.

"Don't you be afraid! The Teacher won't hurt you."

"It—it looks like it's goin' to rain," poor Johnny went on. "We better go back. Mama'd *hate* to have us get wet."

"'Twon't rain 'fore we get there—if we hurry. We'll see Freddie today, won't we?" This last was a wily speech, for Freddie was a boy who came over from The Camp, occasionally, to visit Johnny, and he was Johnny's very best friend.

And as Isabel rose promptly and led the way up the steep trail, Johnny found himself following her as before. His sister felt that, as long as she could keep Johnny in active motion, she was safe from any more hints of rebellion on his part. If she gave the small boy something to think of, he wouldn't have time to imagine

the Teacher an ogre, nor to be afraid of meeting many strange children. If they stopped often to rest, on the other hand, he would doubtless presently be insisting on going back. So she scrambled on up the hill, panting but resolute.

Then came the easier road, and then—The Camp!

Here Isabel, in spite of being "almost eight," began to be a little scared herself. She had the delightful sensation that doubtless came to the knights of old who so often slew dragons, but who must have thrilled with feelings of suspense as they approached the lairs of their prey. The Thornes had been for more than two years in these Arizona mountains, and during the larger part of that time they had lived where they lived now, more than a mile from The Camp and as much as a mile from neighbors. What child of eight would not have felt a little frightened as she walked through the length of The Camp (a city to Isabel, with its dozen or two houses) and on to the school house at the other end?

At the door she hesitated. Her feelings of suspense were no longer delightful. Her heart was beating very fast indeed. It was only Johnny's voice that encouraged her to proceed—not that Johnny's words were encouraging in themselves, to be sure!

"Let's—let's—go back!" quavered the small boy. He was barely six. How could he be expected to be very brave? Isabel was accustomed to being brave for them both.

"No, *Sir!*" She took a good grip on herself and pushed the door open.

The teacher saw the children hesitating once more as the door swung inward, and hastened to meet and welcome them. That made things easy, for even when she left them it was only to ring the little bell, and then came the pleasant confusion of having seats assigned and the still pleasanter excitement of the roll-call, during which one could find out the name as well as the age of every last pupil in the school!

Isabel listened and gathered several facts. There were, perhaps, fifteen or twenty children in the school, and these were, on an average, of about Isabel's own age. However, there were four who were older than she. Two of these were nine, one was ten and one, a girl called Jennie, was even eleven! A cloud passed over Isabel's smiling sky. There would be children ahead of her! She had become so used to her position of leadership as oldest child in the Thorne family that she greatly disliked the idea of taking a place second to anybody. And here was a girl—. Now, let's see. If she should read her Third Reader through when she was eight, and finish the Fourth when she was nine, and the Fifth when she was ten, she would have the Sixth when she was eleven! Horrors! this Jennie must be in the Sixth Reader, if Isabel had counted straight! She counted again on her fingers—Third—eight, Fourth—nine—. Yes! Jennie must be in the Sixth Reader, *at least*. And if she were smarter than Isabel—!

Isabel felt suddenly that she was a very small girl. She had not been used to the feeling, and she did not like it.

It was a revelation to have the Third Reader class called and to find every *last* one of those bigger children in it—and to find that she could read better than any of the rest! It came over Isabel with a kind of blissful shock that Mama *had* been right after all. She hadn't gotten behind by being out of school! Mr. Deakon—Old Mr. Deakon, who had seemed so wise—was mistaken here, at any rate.

Isabel was with those larger children in all the classes, until it came to Geography. Then the teacher came to her and asked her whether she knew her mother's opinion as to her taking that subject.

"You're rather little for it, maybe, and yet, I'd like to have you with the rest of the class—. Let—me—see!" The teacher hesitated and hesitated. Isabel waited anxiously and hoped and hoped that she was going to study that thing with the long name. And then the teacher said:

"Well, you needn't come into the class today. I'll ask your mother's advice before we do anything about it." And she went away, smiling sweetly at Isabel who smiled back but feebly.

But Isabel listened. She discovered what geography is. And then she listened still. *She* answered the questions that the teacher asked the class.

"What shape is the Earth?" said the teacher, and "Round!" said Isabel's thought very eagerly. Hadn't Mama taught her that?

"Which is there more of, land or water?"

"Land!" Isabel said eagerly within herself. (Hadn't she *noticed* that for herself? Weren't there tiny streams and *ever* so much land between? Of course, there was the Atlantic Ocean that Mama had seen when she was a little girl in Boston and Massachusetts, but—.)

So thought the boy who answered the question, too, but the teacher said "No!" And she showed the class a globe—a picture of the round earth—and told them how the blue places were all water. Isabel felt ashamed, as if she had answered that question out loud so that folks could hear her, and she had to find a balm for her feelings in catching Johnny on the same point as they were going home.

"Did you notice, in the G'ography class today, when Mrs. Dean asked if there's more land or water?"

"No," said Johnny.

"I did," returned Isabel. "Which do you think there's most of?"

"Land!"

"No, *Sir!* *Water!*" Isabel was triumphant. Then she deigned to explain.

"It looks, here, like there's more land, but there ain't. *We* just live in a kind of landy place."

Wearily but happily they made the homeward journey. They had learned *so* much.

"Ain't you *glad* I made Mama let us go to school?" Isabel exulted.

"Pretty," said Johnny.

Maxton, Arizona.

[To be continued.]

AUNT BARBARA GOES BACK EAST

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX.



UNT BARBARA came West under protest. Uncle Peter by no means insisted upon her coming, but she gloried in being a martyr to her husband's roving disposition. It had never been her way to allow him to go alone to a county fair.

"Suppose you stay and look after the property, Barby," remonstrated Uncle Peter, after he had positively rented the farm for an indefinite period to his son Isaac. "Suppose now you do that while I take a run out to Californy alone. I'd like to see the lay o' the land—and then, John's folks ain't had a glimpse of me for twenty year. It's a long trip, and—"

"If you *will* go, I go with you," interrupted Aunt Barbara. "But I'll tell you now, as I've said before, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and Michigan's good enough for me. I should think that earthquake in San Francisco would satisfy any man of sense!"

"I ain't a-going to shovel snow this winter!" declared Uncle Peter, and that settled the matter. He and Aunt Barbara packed their trunks and said farewell to weeping relatives. Aunt Barbara mopped her eyes with a damp handkerchief most of the time for two days out of Chicago. What if little Jimmy Turner had the croup while she was away! What if Grandfather had an attack of rheumatism! Suppose pneumonia should finally claim Cousin Matthew! Would Sister Mary's children remember to put on their rubbers and to bundle up properly? Would son Isaac be reckless as ever about driving to town in the worst storms of the season?

There was enough to worry about and numerous reasons for regret as the Overland swept Aunt Barbara farther and farther from the bosom of her family.

At the same time, there were diversions on board the tourist sleeper. Something happened constantly day and night to keep Uncle Peter from dwelling on his escape from snowstorms. A family of seven children, in possession of their parents, asked the customary questions and behaved actively during the entire journey. Aunt Barbara suggested spanking; but the children were not her relatives. They showed an appreciation of trying positions that irritated the good woman.

Once Aunt Barbara sent Uncle Peter to buy a pie at a railway eating house.

"What kind of a pie is it?" she asked when Uncle Peter returned and placed the pie in a seat.

"I dunno," was the answer, as Uncle Peter crossed the aisle to look through an opposite window.

The train was standing still, and seven children easily heard Aunt Barbara express her opinion of a man who would purchase a pie without knowing what was between its two crusts. When the Overland pulled out of the station, Uncle Peter returned to his seat, and, forgetting the pie, sat down on it. He afterward blamed Aunt Barbara for allowing him to do such a thing. His suit was light gray. The pie was huckleberry, as the children immediately learned.

That was one of several incidents that embittered Aunt Barbara's mind against the State of California. Uncle Peter would have it that she was unreasonable.

From the beginning Aunt Barbara was disappointed in the climate. She arrived in November, and was disgusted because it rained the next day. In fact, Aunt Barbara's attitude toward the rain alienated the affections of John's folks. John, Uncle Peter's favorite nephew, owned a big ranch in the San Bernardino valley. He was prejudiced in favor of winter showers.

"Your Aunt Barby has clean forgot her geog'fy idee of the rainy season," chuckled Uncle Peter. "Now, I remember when I was a little shaver, I thought it rained day and night for six months and no let up."

"Our winter rains are about as frequent as summer rains back East," observed Nephew John, "only, less exciting."

"I'd like to know what you mean by less exciting?" demanded Aunt Barbara.

"Oh, I only referred to thunder and lightning," was the reply. "We never have to worry about our barns here when we see a storm coming. Your barn has been struck by lightning twice, hasn't it, Uncle Peter?"

"Three times—never was burned to the ground but once."

"Thunder storms clear the atmosphere," sniffed Aunt Barbara.

"Tornadoes clear things out some, too," muttered Uncle Peter. "A hailstorm ruined our wheat crop last season."

A year slipped away. Uncle Peter became more delighted with the climate of Southern California with each passing month, and more distressed because Aunt Barbara refused to consider the sale of their old home.

"I wouldn't live here for anything!" Aunt Barbara insisted. "Eat dust all summer and wade up to your knees in mud the rest of the year. I haven't seen a vegetable in California fit to eat, and the fruit has no flavor. Sweet corn is always wormy. Strawberries don't taste any more like Michigan strawberries than mud tastes like bananas. Neither can your potatoes compare with the potatoes we raise at home. I get so riled I don't know what to do because every man, woman and child you meet is eternally bragging about

California. The newspapers, too, are forever patting themselves on the back. Now, what would we think if the *Detroit Free Press* should begin wasting every other column boasting about Michigan climate and Michigan weather? What would we think of the editor if he should write a piece every day about Michigan being the only place for a man to live?"

"We'd think he lied," grumbled Uncle Peter. "That's what we'd think."

"You're getting irritable, my dear," observed Aunt Barbara. "Too much sunshine is getting on your nerves. This is no country for white men. I've been told that when the Spanish missionaries came here they found only naked savages, and you'll relapse into one if you stay here much longer."

Uncle Peter sighed. Whenever Aunt Barbara started on a tirade against the Southwest, he could scarcely shake off the impression that she was thrusting into his hands the old familiar snow-shovel. The sight of that shovel stowed away in the attic between seasons used to give him chills in haying time on the farm—so much Uncle Peter hated severe winter weather. Yet he loved Aunt Barbara; and if she insisted on living in Michigan, it was clearly his fate to shovel snow while he lived, and be buried beneath it when he died. No use opposing the inevitable.

It happened early in March that Uncle Peter was in the Imperial Valley with Nephew John when a telegram was received by Aunt Barbara that caused her to pack her trunk hastily. Grandfather had been taken ill with rheumatic fever. He might not live a week.

John's wife was not ordinarily a hard-hearted woman; but she welcomed Grandfather's illness as a special dispensation in Uncle Peter's favor. Aunt Barbara must leave on the next Overland for the East, and Uncle Peter would be left to enjoy California without a reproachful word. It would be safe for him to mention sunsets and bright stars without being assured that Michigan could produce finer. Aunt Barbara would have it that Michigan could outdo anything ever attempted in Southern California, from the size of the biggest pumpkin at the county fair to the destruction of forest timber.

John's wife enjoyed helping Aunt Barbara pack her trunk. She saw that trunk depart on the Overland and Aunt Barbara on the same train, with the feeling of American revolutionists when the British marched out of Boston.

"Poor Barby!" sympathized Uncle Peter on his return from the Imperial Valley. "She was just a leetle mite homesick. Never been away from home afore in her life to stay over night. Long as she suggested that I better not start back until I hear from her, think I'll turn in and help John pick oranges."

In due time a letter arrived from Aunt Barbara. She advised Uncle Peter to remain at least another month in California. "Grandfather is better," she wrote, "but the weather is unsettled. In fact, it is very disagreeable; so much sleet and snow." Aunt Barbara herself had taken a severe cold and it seemed foolish for Uncle Peter to risk an attack of pneumonia.

"Poor Barby went home in the wrong time of year," lamented Uncle Peter.

"She went home at the right time," agreed "John's folks."

How could they know that at that very hour one little grandchild and half a dozen nephews and nieces were clustered around Aunt Barbara's chair listening to marvelous tales of California. She told them that while they were keeping warm by the fire and looking through windows upon snow-covered fields, roses were blooming in Southern California—most exquisite roses.

"In April," said Aunt Barbara, "the air is sweet for miles and miles with perfume of roses." She told them of hedges of callilies and solid walls of blooming geraniums. She described beautiful pepper trees and palms; and had to stop for breath when she began a description of wild flowers, trying to give the little ones an idea of poppy-fields in bloom. "They call it the *Copa de Oro* out there," said she, "'cup of gold.'"

"And then, children," Aunt Barbara went on, "over all is the most beautiful blue sky in the world; and touching the sky, snow capped mountains, wreathed in white clouds."

"Why, Auntie!" remonstrated little Jimmy Turner. "We thought you didn't like California!"

"Oh, later on," explained Aunt Barbara, "Michigan is all right. Just now it is rather dreary out of doors. You see, I left California all green and blooming, with air soft and warm as a June morning here. I believe I had forgotten how Michigan looks in March. Then, probably I was homesick. I missed you children. Jimmy, dear, did you have the croup last winter?"

"Did I? I think I did! I can't smell anything now but goose-grease. Mamma wouldn't let me stick my head out of doors last winter. Had a horrid time. I wished I was with you and Uncle Peter so I could go swimming in the ocean. Bet you don't know how lucky you were!"

"Southern California would be a good place for you," mused Aunt Barbara, "and for Grandfather and for Cousin Matthew."

In April Aunt Barbara accepted an invitation to visit relatives in Grand Rapids. She was just in time to experience one of the worst floods in the history of that city. Following the flood came an epidemic of typhoid fever. One of the relatives was a victim. During his convalescence Aunt Barbara entertained him with stories of California and its unparalleled climate.

Before Aunt Barbara left Grand Rapids she was accused of being in the employ of a Los Angeles real estate agent.

Early in June Uncle Peter received a letter from Aunt Barbara advising him, for the fourth time, to postpone his return. Aunt Barbara happened to be in quarantine just then. One of Sister Mary's children was ill with diphtheria. There were seven cases of the disease in the neighborhood; but in spite of strictness of the quarantine, Aunt Barbara would manage to mail the letter.

It is a strange thing, but Aunt Barbara lost patience with her only son one day in July. The weather was uncommonly hot. Day after day and night after night there was no relief from the heat although they were on a farm.

"One comfort!" remarked Son Isaac, fanning himself with his broad straw hat.

"I wish you'd name it," his wife suggested, with a spiritless smile.

"Well, only think what Southern California must be like, this minute. I suppose father is fairly sizzling!"

"That shows you don't know what you're talking about," snapped Aunt Barbara. "Sizzling, indeed! I tell you now, he's the only lucky one in this family. Sizzling! Let me tell you we were in Los Angeles most of the time last summer and there wasn't one hot night. Not one! Well, there! I didn't mean to be quite so emphatic, but some way the storms we've had here this summer and the fearful heat on top of it, have gone to my head."

That night Aunt Barbara wrote Uncle Peter that he better stay in California a month longer.

Then came what the farmers called a "dry spell." It burned the fields and ruined the pastures. Son Isaac fed grain to the cattle, and his wife made only butter enough for the family. A neighbor who owned the creamery in town went out of business.

"You better stay another month," Aunt Barbara wrote to Uncle Peter.

In September it rained six weeks—at least so said little Jimmy Turner. At any rate, it was still raining the second week in October when Aunt Barbara decided that Uncle Peter might defer his home-coming until time to do the spring plowing.

"I'm coming West for the winter," said she. "I'm going to bring Jimmy and Grandfather and Cousin Matthew, so perhaps you better rent a house. If you think best, and still wish to invest a little money, I don't know as it would do any harm to buy that little ranch adjoining Nephew John's. You could plant eucalyptus trees, as John suggested, and even if you chose to sell in the spring when we come home, I believe you would make a fair profit."

Before Uncle Peter had time to reply, a cold wave swept over the East. Son Isaac's potatoes were dug and waiting to be harvested. They were fine potatoes, but roasting or boiling would have made them more marketable than freezing. Late apples, too, were left on the trees one night too long. The entire crop was lost.

"Don't step out of the house, Grandfather," cautioned Aunt Barbara that morning, "because if you do you're sure to slip and break your leg. I want to get you safely to California before winter. Just now I'm going to drive to the telegraph office."

Uncle Peter's next communication from home was the following telegram:

"Name price wanted for farm. Isaac coming West to live. Our furniture sold at auction week from today."

"Has Barby lost her senses?" enquired Uncle Peter as he folded and unfolded the telegram.

"I think," ventured John's wife, "I think, Uncle Peter, that Aunt Barbara has just come to her senses!"

Los Angeles.

THE TRUMP

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY.



IG placards announced the ball. Biggs, the stage-driver, was weazened, middle-aged, and a coward, yet he felt brave enough (with Shotgun Hughes nowhere in sight) to try his luck inviting Flossie Hicks. So he hurried into the hotel dining-room. A stranger still lingered, a red-headed youth with picturesque pistol, straddling legs, and college-looking corduroys. Flossie was sugaring this young man's tea, a service not exacted of its waitress by the hotel management.

"Ahem!" coughed Biggs diplomatically.

Flossie started, and came dutifully towards him, but with such indifference in her pretty looks that Biggs's ambition faded. Some younger fellow would get the little belle—this stranger, maybe; or Shotgun. Flossie had quarreled with Shotgun yesterday, but Flossie was a flirt. Biggs sighed, condoning the defect.

"Corn-beef an' cabbage," he said, complainingly. "I know I'm late."

"Where's Shotgun? He's late, too." The girl put the question idly.

"Lookin' after the express box, I guess."

Flossie brought his dinner, tripping along past the stranger's table in her high-heeled shoes, dimpled arms lifted daintily.

"There's bullion in the box today, you bet," boasted Biggs. "They never send it unless I'm drivin'. It's plumb crazy to send Shotgun along as messenger. Ain't that jest advertisin' it? Some day he'll fetch out a robber sure, an' then who'll ketch the bullets—him inside the stage, or me outside? Shotgun's blame reckless. I don't call it brave. There ain't any profession calls for courage an' good judgment like stage drivin'!"

"That so?" smiled Flossie.

"Look here, I'll prove it." Biggs drew a roll of handbills from his pocket excitedly. "These here is rewards now outstandin' for the apprehension and conviction of bandits. Look! 'Lone highwayman, Betton Valley stage, \$500.' 'Black Jack, robbed the Granger stage last month, \$500.' 'Red Top Bill, the Arizona Bullion Specialist' (there ain't a red-headed lobster I don't look on suspicious, Flossie) '\$1000.'"

"That's a whopper," admitted Flossie, deeply amused.

Biggs eyed the sheet valiantly.

"I'd ketch him, you bet, if he tried to hold me up. I'm prepared 'most any day to meet a robber. Say, Flossie, how much d' you s'pose is in the box today? Ten thousand dollars!"

"What?" Biggs had lowered his voice impressively, and Flossie was forced to bend her head; for to her appealing beauty was added

a dangerous charm—she was the least bit deaf. Again, as her loose yellow curls neared his face, he remembered the ball, and in the same instant he caught the stranger's glance—interested, amused, contemptuous. He jerked himself up—had he gossiped too much? Flossie's pink ear waited.

"Say, I want to take you to the ball," he blurted.

"Oh! I thought you were talkin' about the box!" she laughed, the brown mole at the corner of her mouth twinkling out of sight completely. "You make another one! I guess I'll have to get a broom and let you men draw straws!"

"It would take a whole broom, wouldn't it?" called the stranger.

"What say, Mr. La Montagne?" welcomed Flossie.

"La Montagne!" muttered Biggs in disgust. "Frog-eater!"

But the youth with the Frenchy name was approaching eagerly.

"Flossie, you've got to let me in on this. Why, I wouldn't miss a ball for anything—I'd rather dance than eat. And you're the only girl I know."

"But you're going away prospecting. Ain't that your horse saddled and ready now?"

"I know. Fortune for me this week, but fun too, by jinks. I'll be back, all right," he swore.

The stage rattled up outside. Biggs rose with dignity.

"I'll take my answer before you begin fixin' straws," he announced.

"Cut out the straw pile," laughed La Montagne. "I'll take you!"

No one had noticed that Shotgun, lean, aggressive, handsome, had entered the room. Now he came striding forward, filling the place with noise.

"I don't care who else has invited you, young lady," he said vehemently. "You're going with me! Didn't you promise to, a month ago? You can't play fast and loose with me—not with *me*! I'll give you just a minute—" he jerked out a watch. "Do you mean to break off everything, or are you going with me? Yes or no?" His devil-may-care eyes were ablaze.

Flossie drew up, scarlet with surprise. "It's *no*!" she said promptly. "I've just decided to go with Mr. La Montagne."

"At your service," grinned the red-headed stranger with a bow. "Maybe she'll give you the second dance, old man."

Shotgun was angrier than Biggs had ever seen him. He dropped his hand to his hip, then turned on his heel and started out. Biggs followed him.

"Say, I'll look after your interests at the ball," he whispered. "I don't go much on red-heads."

Shotgun favored the stage-driver with the look one might have wasted on a puppy.

"I'll be at that ball, Biggs, and I'll look after all my interests," he

declared in a loud voice. "If I can't, there'll be something here that can!" And once more his hand dropped to his pistol pocket.

"Whee-you!" whistled La Montagne as the door slammed shut. "You let your pirate down pretty hard, Flossie. Handsome watch he timed you with!"

"Yes," acknowledged Flossie carelessly. "He got that for killing a man."

* * * * *

On the trip out, Biggs was nervous.

There was, in truth, enough to upset him. He was a disappointed beau, with the bitterness in store of seeing Flossie dancing with an outsider—a fellow with French name and Yankee looks—doubtless a scamp. His love of bragging had led him to betray a trust; who knew but that La Montagne was Red Top Bill himself, even now riding to rob him of the ten thousand in the box? Moreover, he had been witness to a threat of murder.

He whistled dismally as he drove. Shotgun, sitting inside, nursing his short-barreled gun, was the only passenger. Conversation was impossible. The road out of Big Horn was lonesome. To cheer himself, Biggs sang, in a squeaking, unreliable voice. This seemed to him too bold, too defiant, as if he were inviting the silent woods to yield up their worst, and he subsided into mute anticipation.

For it was Biggs's fate never to carry a loaded box without suffering a thousand robberies in his imagination.

Three hours passed of toilsome climbing. One by one the bad turns were approached, endured, and left behind. In his dreams he had undergone just such strain, trembling emotions culminating always in the nightmare shock of whizzing bullets. It came, therefore, with scarcely any surprise that when he turned the bluff known as Robbers' Roost a masked man should be standing there covering him with a gun. It was his bad dream taking shape in daylight.

"Throw down the box," ordered the robber cheerfully.

Biggs's teeth began to click together. Nevertheless he grappled with the box and threw it down.

"Thanks, so much. Drive on," said the same voice gratefully.

It seemed to be the close of the incident, and Biggs was amazed. He looked at the masked man wonderingly, and observed that it was a barley sack that covered his head, and that his feet were tied up in barley sacks. In his nightmares horrible things always happened, so that he never had time to take in details.

"Drive on!" said the voice, more urgently.

Biggs lashed the wheel horses, and the stage started with a lurch. He heard his own quaking tones urging the leaders—he was wild with fright now, expecting bullets in his head. Something terrible smote his ears—Shotgun had fired! Biggs turned around and saw

the messenger leap through the door of the swaying coach, and run back. The horses were going like mad, thank the Lord! Yet the echo and rumble of shots struck from cliff to cliff till it seemed to Biggs that guns without number were being discharged—yes, ahead of him! Shivering in every limb he drew in and waited.

Twenty minutes later he saw Shotgun toiling up the hill with the box on his back.

"Did you kill him?" squealed the driver.

Shotgun did not exert himself to answer. But he smiled like a boy.

"You did kill him, Shotgun?"

"Didn't hurt him." Shotgun lifted the box. "Didn't want to hurt him. Want to get him alive."

"What for?"

"For a cur-i-os-ity!"

"Git right up here by me," pleaded Biggs, wriggling in his seat. "Keep yer gun p'inted! Like as not his confederates 'll kill us an' git it yet!"

"Get what?" said Shotgun, pointedly.

"That ten thousand in bullion—I don't know there's any ten thousand, Shotgun," he quibbled, whiningly. "But the agent, he hinted it."

"You didn't hint it, did you? Didn't hint it where any stranger could hear, did you?"

Biggs's eyes almost popped out of his head. Then he turned a sickly pallor, and shook.

"Cold?" questioned his companion.

"Malaria. I've had it for quite a spell, and havin' to toss out that box brought on a chill."

Shotgun laughed heartily.

The episode had acted on the taciturn messenger like wine. He was warmed, mellowed. Presently he began to talk, and on his own initiative.

"I peppered his legs that first time. Down he squatted, but he didn't forget what he was there for, and he kept tight to the box. Robbers' Roost is impervious to bullets, and more was fired than hit. We dodged about awhile, and then he took a chance and went sliding down the hill, dragging the box. I adopted the same style of locomotion and followed, now and then raising the dust alongside of him, just to let him know I was coming. So he stopped in a brush-pile and wheeled round. But the box, it went on! That's where he lost—he should have straddled it and stayed with it."

"Might of bucked him. That hill's steep as a roof, ain't it?"

"I had him covered when he turned, and he had me. 'Retreat, citizen!' he says. 'Doodle-bug back up that hill!' 'Can't do it,'

says I. 'Gravity's got me.' So I slid past him. When I caught up with the box I was able to stop, all right.

"My name," says I, "is Shotgun Hughes. Ever hear it?"

"Pleased to meet you," says he. "I'm incognito myself today. Pardon me if I don't remove my veil and hat." Just then an old pine limb reached down and lifted it for him. Lord! It lifted his hat right off!"

"You seen his head?" excitedly demanded Biggs. "What color was it? Could you identify it? Could you swear to it in court?"

"If you've got business, I guess I can excuse you," continues I. "Go any way you want to, which will be the way your horse is tied. I won't shoot if you don't; but remember, if you shoot, I shoot first."

"I never shoot unless I have to," says he, polite. "Besides, I know your fame. *Good day!*"

"We'll meet again, most likely," says I, "and when we meet we won't be strangers. Your hat is hanging on the hat-tree."

"Accepting this as permission to resume it, he reached up and picked it off. The barley-sack veil over his face was still in place, and I didn't ask him to lift it. It wasn't necessary."

"You seen his head, you say?"

"It wasn't necessary, as I say, because we parted most polite anyhow. Our politeness was almost oriental, and we kept facing each other till the mountain was between us.—Now, Biggs, I want to deliver this box and catch that fellow. Wake up, and drive like Jehu!"

Biggs lashed the horses, and drove as he never had before to Smelterville. There he followed Shotgun around like a dog while he delivered his box at the express-office, sent a lengthy telegram to Wells-Fargo, looked to his guns, and mounted the best horse he could hire in the town. It was then that Biggs's curiosity broke once more into faltering speech.

"Say, what was the color of his head, anyhow?"

Shotgun looked down mildly.

"His head was red," he replied.

* * * * *

This was the freighted thought that was to weigh down Biggs's mind during the coming week—the highwayman's head was red! La Montagne—Red Top Bill of Arizona! It was awful. Flossie's admirer—the fellow anyone would get a thousand dollars to apprehend! Biggs dared not say a word about the red hair of his assailant, but from the inspired moment when the identity flashed across him, he was like one possessed of devils. The imp of gossip tormented him to tell—to enjoy the sensation—to astound Flossie—to bring her grateful notice to his own sagacity. The devil of ambi-

tion put plots in his head for catching the fugitive, schemes so wild that Biggs broke into cold sweats merely cogitating them. The fiend of guilt pointed out to him the degree of his own criminality; for had it not been his own tongue that had boasted before La Montagne of the ten thousand? In vain he reminded himself that everything would end safely for him. The bullion was rescued; La Montagne, with Shotgun on his heels, was as good as caught. He spent a most unhappy week. In the shuffle he seemed to have lost all chances with the girl.

But when the night of the ball arrived, and La Montagne and his pursuer were still unheard from, Biggs once more offered himself as escort to Flossie.

"Like as not La Montagne's struck a prospect an' ain't counted the days," Biggs explained. "Or maybe he's temporarily lost in the woods. I got lost once."

"That's no sign Mr. La Montagne is bat-blind—or Shotgun either," pouted Flossie. "They both said they'd be here!"

"Pshaw!" deprecated Mr. Biggs, to whom indeed there seemed something monstrous in this speech. The girl was high-spirited, but did she want to promote homicide?

"I'm going to that ball, if neither of 'em comes," she declared, twirling her rings impatiently.

"Well, git ready an' come along with me," urged Biggs in a fatherly tone, but with a clumsy feeling of encumbering the earth. "You don't want to let on you're disappointed."

"Disappointed!" Flossie's color heightened. She was watching the window. Biggs heard someone dismount and cross the porch. The dining-room door opened.

"Hello! Did you think I wasn't coming?" cried a jolly voice.

It was La Montagne!

Around Biggs the long dining-room, with its empty chairs and oil-cloth-covered tables, whirled giddily. He was steadied at last by the observation that neither Flossie nor her companion took note of him.

"You look like you'd done some work," smiled the girl. "What luck?"

"Rotten! But I'm back for the ball. Look at these boots!" They were scuffed to a pulp. "Look at this coat!" It was split as if branches had caught at the seams. "Will you go with a fellow that looks like this?"

"Well!" Flossie tossed her head. "I mightn't, if I had any choice. Did you hear about the stage robbery?" She began setting him a place.

"Stage robbery? No."

"You didn't? Why, the stage was robbed the very day you left. Tell him about it, Mr. Biggs."

Biggs's lips worked futilely. Tell La Montagne about the robbery! Tell the bandit himself, Red Top Bill of Arizona, on whose hip bulged handily the very weapon that had covered him, Biggs, but a week before!

"Wasn't any bloodshed," he managed to say at last. "Shotgun, he got rattled an' fired. Never meant to."

"Shotgun—why, Shotgun is your friend, isn't he, Flossie? The chap that's a little quick about this?" La Montagne clapped his hand suddenly on his revolver.

Biggs dodged. But the minx of a girl laughed heartily.

"That's Shotgun," she acknowledged with the least spice of malice. "His guns don't keep new long. Going to wear that nickel jewelry of yours tonight?"

"It's my only decoration," apologized the young man. "It's a shame to offer myself to a girl in this get-up, anyway! But I guess I'll preserve my costume in its simple and modest entirety."

"You don't need to, if that's what you mean," she jeered, eyes fixed on his weapon.

"Suppose you tell me what *you* mean."

Flossie wiped the edge of the butter dish and studied its effect. She smiled archly to herself. "Shotgun's in the woods after the robber."

"He is!" La Montagne almost shouted with laughter. "You don't mean it! Think he'll get him?"

"I wouldn't like to be the man Shotgun's after," said Flossie blithely.

"By George, I hoped he'd be here," chuckled La Montagne, sitting down hungrily to his meal.

Biggs, much shaken, made a hasty escape.

"Hell's poppin'," he muttered in the hall.

The town was beginning to fill with people, and Biggs laid low. The ball began. He was almost beside himself with avarice. A thousand dollars for that rascal red-head! With a thousand dollars he could pay off the debt on his business, and retire from the perils of driving. A thousand dollars would go a long way towards winning Flossie. Shotgun would have had her long ago if he had had only half Biggs's assets. The girl was no fool. A thousand dollars just to get that free-and-easy outlaw in a corner, and get his weapon away from him— But the goose-flesh rose all over Biggs's body. How? There was the sticking-point; how?

In a corner of the ball-room he brooded, watching Flossie whirl by, all smiles. Jealousy helped him to a wonderful solution.

The hall was built strongly, with high, small, inaccessible windows,

and only the one door. With a mute, appealing glance at Flossie, who was flirting with La Montagne as only one woman in a thousand could, Biggs hurried to the stage office, which was also the telephone office in Big Horn. Manipulating the switches himself, by the aid of a candle, he called up Smelterville.

"Give me the sheriff's house," he directed.

The sheriff's wife answered. The sheriff had just stepped out.

"Tell him to ride to Big Horn as fast as he can. I've got the stage-robber captured!"

"The stage-robber? Who is this, please?"

"It's Biggs, the stage-driver. Tell him I've got him hard an' fast—"

"I don't understand. Isn't there some mis—"

"No, there ain't no mistake," almost shrieked Biggs, "an' you don't have to understand! All you've got to do is to tell the sheriff to come lickity-scoot, fast as he can, an' not waste a minute on the way, for I can't agree to hold the fellow more'n six hours at most. Get all I say?"

"Yes. But—"

"Then tell him," commanded Biggs, and hung up sharply.

This done, he hurried back to his prisoner. He took up his position at the door, a silent jailer, alert and watchful.

Flossie could not have controlled the situation with more cunning if she had been his acknowledged confederate. The first part of the evening she flirted ruthlessly. Then her mood grew more subtle, more confidential. She declined dances, and sat with La Montagne, talking to him demurely with her big, child-like eyes fastened on his face. Biggs even observed that once she let him hold her hand. Flossie could do such things and still keep her infatuated companion in suspense.

All this was highly satisfactory. Yet as midnight approached Biggs found himself growing very nervous. He began to walk up and down outside the door, his hearing strained to catch distant hoof beats. The sheriff should be coming.

At last—*rap-a-ty, rap-a-ty*—it was some horseman, anyway. Over the rotten bridge the gallop came on unbroken, in defiance of the warning to all citizens to ride slow. Without doubt it was the sheriff!

Straight up to the lighted hall came the rider, a big figure sitting tense in the saddle. Biggs scuttled out into the moonlight.

"I'm Biggs. It's you, ain't it?" he asked in a cautious undertone.

"I guess it is," admitted a familiar voice; and Shotgun Hughes lowered himself to the ground.

Here was a pretty how-do-you-do! But he'd rather trust the job to

Shotgun than to the sheriff anyway. It would be only fair to give Shotgun half the profits if he would perform the actual capture of La Montagne.

If that young man looked bad in his damaged clothes, Shotgun looked worse. He was streaked with horse-sweat, splashed with mud, and his chin was covered with a week's growth of black beard. His eyes, moreover, were mere black gleams in his head. "Fine night!" he observed genially.

Biggs clutched his handbill for courage, and followed at his heels.

It chanced to be an intermission between dances, and with Shotgun's entrance a silence fell. The sense of danger deepened in Biggs's bosom. Flossie and her partner sat at the farthest corner of the room, and across all that empty, unprotected space Biggs had to pass if he walked with Shotgun. Shotgun strode rapidly, with jangling spurs. Biggs took perhaps ten steps; then he dropped ignominiously back to the side of the room, among the women. Flossie was perhaps the last to see the situation.

"Why, here's Shotgun," she cried, springing up.

"Shotgun!" echoed her companion, who was, of course, La Montagne.

The girl gave a mocking little laugh.

"Sure. Didn't you both agree to be here?"

La Montagne had risen when she did. He transferred her spangled fan from his right hand to his left.

"Something was said about it," he smiled.

Shotgun dropped his hand to his pocket. With incredible swiftness La Montagne followed the motion. There was the flash of the thing Shotgun had reached for, an answering flash from La Montagne—then Flossie threw her arms around Shotgun's neck.

"You old fraud, I thought you was going to shoot!" she giggled.

A slow, dumfounded grin overspread La Montagne's face. He put up his weapon sheepishly.

"So did I," he acknowledged. "So diamonds are trumps in this game!"

"It's what I've been aiming to play some time," admitted Shotgun.

Flossie's eyes were almost popping out of her head. Shotgun turned her in his arms so that she could better regard the thing that gleamed. It was not a revolver, but a solitaire, that flashed with a hundred lights.

"My, what a swell sparkler!" she gasped. "Where did you get it?"

Shotgun smiled happily.

"You see, I didn't want another gold watch for saving the company that ten thousand, so I just telegraphed 'em that if they thought

I ought to have a reward-of-merit card or anything, to just send along a diamond ring. Notice how they sent it? Lady's size. I told 'em to."

"You didn't either," expostulated Flossie, crimson with blushes. "Did you, sure?"

"Sure thing. It came valued at a hundred and fifty."

"It did? Oh my!" She sank deeper into his arms.

"Like it, Flossie?" he said diffidently.

She nodded her head, deeply impressed.

"Wear it?" he suggested.

Flossie let him slip it experimentally on one finger. A look of awe on the girl's saucy face rewarded Shotgun, for the stone blazed on her plump finger as if it, too, had a message for her heart.

"Keep it there?" he whispered.

The girl closed her fingers.

"I guess it fits. But mind—it don't mean anything, Shotgun. Not till you get a cage to keep your bird in. I'm used to comforts. I'd take you without your flashing diamonds on me, but I won't take you till you can show me some kind of a house to live in." Flossie softened her ultimatum with an appealing look.

"A thousand dollars 'll buy the best house in Big Horn!" boasted Shotgun blissfully. "And I've got that coming. Who do you think I turned over to the sheriff tonight? Red Top Bill of Arizona—"

"No, you didn't!" exclaimed Biggs wildly. "Here's Red Top Bill right here, waitin' his chance to shoot you dead! Ain't he jest what the description says on the handbill? 'Five feet ten, slim, youthful, hair a light red'—"

People began to crowd around.

Shotgun's disturbed attention wandered to the agitated speaker, and he listened. Suddenly he roared with laughter.

"Get out, Biggs!" he yelled. "You're clean wrong! You're cracked. This kid will be a dead game sport when he grows up, but he's no more Red Top Bill of Arizona than you are. Why, the bandit confessed. I made him."

"An' you're goin' to git that whole thousand—after all I've risked, keepin' this fellow here a prisoner?"

"Every cent of it, Biggs. Every cent of it, Flossie," Shotgun repeated tenderly, returning in the face of everybody to his love-making.

"Well, that beats me," muttered Biggs bitterly, giving La Montagne a look of unspeakable hate. But that young man had found already his consolation.

"To think they took me and my pretty little six-shooter for a robber!" he rejoiced. "Thank you, Mr. Biggs! I don't care now if I never strike a gold mine. Say, Flossie, did you think I was a cut-throat, too?"

But his hopeful inquiry met with no response.

"Oh, the mellow wedding bells! Golden bells!" he murmured, smiling impersonally, on the two. The music started up, and he rushed off to find another partner.

Seattle.

A WHITE SOUL

By *NETTIE MASON.*



IN the little Catholic cemetery of the San Gabriel Mission in Southern California there is a low mound, somewhat apart from the rest. At the head of this grave there is a stone on which is carved a name, "Gabriel Dumar." That is all; just a name, nothing more.

Who was Gabriel Dumar? Was he man, boy, or child? What was the story of his life? Was there a tragedy connected with his death, that nothing but a name had been carved on his head-stone? Or did he die long ago, when carving names and letters on stone was only done with infinite labor?

Thirty years ago, in a little adobe house near the San Gabriel Mission, a child was born. His mother was what the Indians call a half-breed, and his father was a Frenchman, who had wandered down from the fur-trading stations in the north to the little settlement of Indians, half-breeds, and Spaniards, around the Mission.

The boy was named Gabriel, and he grew to boyhood among the other children of the settlement; but there was something about him that was not like his playmates, something that made the Indians gaze at him with reverence and made them more kind to this child, who was not as other children. His great black eyes looked out at them, seeing, yet not seeing, and six years had passed before he would utter a word, and then he spoke but seldom, and with a slow utterance. His great eyes saw everything about him, but without seeming to see, and the Indians said: "He is afflicted of the Great Spirit."

They were somewhat in the wrong when they spoke thus, for Gabriel was not without a mind, without the power of thought, and Father Garcon, the old priest of the Mission, seemed to understand the strange and seemingly simple-minded boy. The good priest had become interested in Gabriel, and finally he had asked if he might take the boy to the Mission and see if he could teach him to think and to understand. Gabriel's parents readily consented, and Father Garcon took him to live at the Mission. The boy went with him not unwillingly, because he had come to know the priest and to love him in his strange, child-like way.

One day the priest found him watching a colony of ants that had made their home under the steps of the Mission doorway. Unseen by the boy, Father Garcon watched, and was surprised to see the intense interest on the face usually so expressionless. Going closer to the boy, he spoke: "What are you watching, Gabriel?"

The boy looked up with a strange smile. "I am watching the little people, Father. Come and see. That one is carrying a dead

fly. Tell me about them, Father. Why do they go down that little hole into the ground?"

It was the first time Gabriel had spoken about the things around him, the first time he had shown any desire to know more concerning the things he saw. The good priest was full of joy. He knew that the boy's mind was working, slowly but surely. He explained to Gabriel how the tiny ants lived beneath the ground in cells and store-rooms, where they stored their food and reared their young. More than this, the priest spoke of other things, of the rivers and mountains and forests, for he was a great lover of nature. Taking the boy's hand, he led him about the garden, calling his attention to the roses and vines that the priests, who had lived at the Mission, had planted and tended so patiently.

Gabriel seemed to understand, and listened to the good priest's talk, but his eyes seemed always to look beyond the flowers, beyond the things of which Father Garcon spoke.

As the days passed by, Father Garcon, slowly and with boundless patience, taught the boy to read and to write, taught him to pray to the Virgin and the saints. Then, still more slowly, he taught him the catechism. Slowly but surely Gabriel learned his lessons, and what he learned he did not forget. Under the priest's care, his mind slowly developed, and Father Garcon came to love him greatly.

One day as the priest knelt before the altar, praying for the boy he loved so well, a new thought came to him. It seemed like an answer to his prayer. He would train Gabriel for the priesthood, and see if the boy's soul was ready to begin the holy work. Accordingly, from that day on, Father Garcon began to teach Gabriel more of the work and prayers of a priest of the holy Catholic church, and the boy seemed interested. He studied the books that the priest put into his hands, and his soul grew wiser in prayer and hard study of the holy books.

Gabriel was a lover of nature, and he would often wander alone among the woods and mustard fields. He loved to watch the many-colored butterflies and gay insects as they fluttered among the bright flowers. In course of time, he had learned the habits and ways of many a bird and insect. He would climb the trees and peep into the mocking-birds' nests as they swung on the limbs of the pepper-trees, but never a thought of harm to the nests or to the tiny birds within came to him.

Thus his boyhood passed, and he was growing into manhood. He had reached his nineteenth year with a heart and soul as pure and trustful as a child's.

One day a strange Frenchman came into the Mission settlement, with his wagon and team of mules. He had brought plenty of

whiskey with him, and on his arrival he drank freely of the liquor.

Gabriel was walking past the man on his way to the Mission from a long ramble in the poppy fields. He bore a great bunch of the flowers in his hand, and as he passed slowly along, the Frenchman, now drunk enough to be quarrelsome, came up to him and suddenly dashed the poppies to the ground, Gabriel stopped and looked at the drunken wretch with a great surprise on his face. Never before had he met with such an adventure, and he had never known anger.

The Frenchman gave a coarse laugh, and turning, he kicked viciously at an ugly little cur that stood in his way. His boot caught the dog under the ribs, and the poor beast gave a yelp and tried to scamper away; but the man was bound to vent his spite on something, and following the dog he gave it another kick, which broke one of its hind legs, then, grabbing up a whip, he started after it again.

Gabriel stood in silent astonishment, for, strange as it may seem, he had never seen cruelty like this before. He saw the little Frenchman snatch up the whip and start for the disabled dog, who was howling in pain and trying to limp away. Without a moment's thought, the boy ran and stood quietly in the man's way. Gazing at him with his great calm eyes, he asked: "Why do you hurt that dog?"

With a curse, the man struck him across the face with the whip, making a red gash along his cheek and brow. With a cry like that of a wounded panther Gabriel sprang at the Frenchman and struck him to the earth. Seizing the whip, he gave the man one slash across his forehead, then suddenly, with a wild cry, he flung the whip away, and rushed toward the Mission. Near the Mission doorway he picked up the still whimpering cur, and carried him carefully in. Seeking his own little room, he laid the suffering dog on his bed, then he flung himself on the floor in a passion of weeping.

A moment after, Father Garcon found him. "My son, my son!" cried the priest in great alarm, "what has happened to you? And your face! Merciful Saviour! Tell me quick!"

Gabriel sobbed out his story as best he could, and added, "I hit him, Father, with the whip. Do you think I hurt him much? O Father, will the blessed saints forgive me?"

Holy Virgin! What a soul! He did not think of the cruel gash on his own face. He thought only of the harm he had done the man. Father Garcon's wrath had raged within him when Gabriel told him how the Frenchman struck him across the face.

"The boy's soul is stronger and more full of grace than mine," thought the priest, and for a moment he was silent, then he said humbly: "My son, let us pray for the man and for ourselves."

That was the first and only anger that Gabriel ever knew. Afterward, there was always a quiet gentleness about him that made the Indians reverence him even more than they had in his childhood.

Not yet freed by the Catholic faith from their old superstitions, they said: "The Great Spirit is within him."

Gabriel had a little black horse that the Indians had given him, and one day, as he was riding slowly through the fields to the Mission, he saw Father Garcon coming toward him with a great spray of mustard flowers in his hand. When they came near each other, the priest said, "See, my son, how beautiful they will look on the altar. Let us gather more."

As they began to gather the flowers, Gabriel, looking toward the north, saw a cloud of dust in the distance coming toward them, and he knew instantly what it meant. The great herd of cattle from the stock-yards had escaped. Nothing could withstand that avalanche of horns and hoofs. The Mission was two miles away, and the pony was not strong enough to carry both Father Garcon and Gabriel.

The priest was busy with the flowers, and knew nothing of the danger that threatened them.

"Father," said Gabriel, with his quiet smile, "get on my pony. I want to see how you look on him."

So Father Garcon laughingly climbed on the pony's back. Instantly, Gabriel's hand was on the bridle, and he was running along before the pony, urging him into a gallop, and laughing all the time as if it was all a joke; but the priest soon heard the thundering hoofs of the on-coming cattle. He gave a frightened glance behind. "Gabriel, Gabriel!" he cried, "stop, let me off. My son, my son!"

For answer, Gabriel gave the pony a cutting lash with a mustard stalk, which sent the animal off in a frantic gallop. There was a thick clump of sage near Gabriel, and he crawled behind it, and lay patiently waiting for death.

The priest reached the settlement in safety, and the cattle rushed past toward the south. In an agony of fear and grief, Father Garcon called a troop of Indians and half-breeds about him and galloped back to the place where he had been forced by Gabriel's own hand to leave him. There, behind a clump of trampled sage, they found him lying, white and still. A smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to the face; for, by a strange chance, the face was untouched by the pounding hoofs, but the body was crushed and mangled, and the soul had fled.

Tenderly and with many tears, the Indians bore him back to the Mission. All that night the body lay in state before the altar. All night long, candles burned at the feet and head; all night long, the grief-stricken priest knelt on the hard floor. "He died for me! He died for me!" he cried, as the morning light crept through the grated windows. "Santa Maria! A white soul! Let him be numbered among the saints!"

That morning, when the sun was high in the heavens, and the mustard fields were bright and gay with the birds and butterflies Gabriel had loved so well, the body was laid in a quiet spot back of the Mission. "His grave shall not be marked with a wooden board that time will soon destroy," said Father Garcon. "It shall be marked with a stone, a stone that shall last for ages."

So the Indians brought a great slab of granite from the mountains, and Father Garcon carved, with much labor and patience, on the smooth face of the stone, "Gabriel Dumar."

IN DON ANTONIO'S GARDEN

By GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.



HE men with whom he dealt punctiliously on his infrequent visits to Vallecita would have laughed at the idea that the "Old Don" hated them, severally and collectively, for usurpers. His stilted Castilian courtesy, his voluminous cloak, and silver-trimmed sombrero, were a tradition of the town, pointed out with pride to the casual stranger as part of its inheritance from the old regime. Nevertheless, there had been a time when Antonio Yznaga, like many another native-born caballero, had hoped for California's independence and its rise into a great State. And now, grown old, and brown, and dry, like an ancient parchment, like a parchment he still bore the marks graven upon him in his gallant youth—still cursed in his inmost soul the dominant alien. Too true a son of the soil to emigrate to old Mexico, as did so many of his neighbors, upon the formal American occupation of the 'fifties, he had sold all else and buried himself in his furthestmost rancho. Gathering around himself a few remnants of the oldest families, here he had held sway for more than half a century, blocking the occasional attempt to buy into his circle with no uncertain hand; and only grudgingly acquiescent that a Spanish-American townlet had clung to the foot of his mountain since his declining years had made hundred-mile trips for sales and supplies a veritable hardship. Therefore it was that when Don Antonio heard that Esteban Martinez had sold Bella Vista to a "Gringo," he sprang upon his horse before his business was half-completed, and, giving the willing beast the quirt, scarcely drew rein over the fifteen rising miles to Los Olivos.

He flung his bridle to old Tomás, following gasping at his heels, before the gateway of the enclosure where Doña Jacoba slept beside her sons, and dashing the covering from his white head against the rail gave volcanic vent to the turbulence within.

"*Gracias á Dios*, thou seest not this day!" he cried aloud to the spirit of his heart's companion. "*Caramba!* It had to come! The whole country is overrun with these land-grasping Yankees. But it is hard in my old age to see them at my very doors. . . . This upstart! This Brownlee! He will be but a thief like the rest—bringing in hordes of his kind to crowd out our peons; branding our loose stock perhaps—*Madre Santissima*, it is well the *zanja* lies between us!"

His angry eyes blazing upon the distant, pepper-bowered roof of his expected enemy met the cool outlines of the Sierra beyond, cut like a cameo against the blue, and his futile protest ceased.

Slowly his gaze traveled back to his own rambling hacienda,

half-hid by the silver grey olive trees, and the prim green and gold of his orange-orchard. The live-oaks rustled drowsily in the breeze, a whiff of roses wandered across the low mounds lying in the shadow, and a sweet, high voice floating from the garden above threw the turmoil of his thoughts into a more immediate channel.

"It is necessary that Concepción should know," he said wearily; and slowly, his activity spent with his passion, he made the sign of the cross over Doña Jacoba's grave, and moved again into the sunlight up the hill.

From her babyhood the rose-garden had been the perfumed heart of Concepción's isolated kingdom. Don Antonio pictured her always among the blossoms, her hands heaped high with their brilliant plunder. She came flitting toward him now as his heavy step crunched the gravel, and love's habitude read his distress from afar. "What is it, *Papacito mio*?" she demanded merrily. "Did Don Luis fail of his appointment? Or has that lazy Pedro not yet begun cutting the brushwood?"

The old man smiled at her—as she had intended—but the shadow pent his brows. "I have news for thee—news I would were untrue, Concepción, my daughter," he replied gravely. "Bella Vista Ranchita is sold, and we are to have a new neighbor."

The girl's eyes danced. She was very young, the child of his old age, and an event rarely broke the monotony of that cloistered valley.

"Ah, my father, hath this stranger sons and daughters?" she besought him. "Truly it has been lonely here since the Señor Martinez took away Tomaso and Lisa to Los Angeles."

Don Antonio frowned, as he had done upon his wild ride from Vallecita. "I like not to disappoint thee, *Niña mia*," he said heavily. "But the children of this intruder can be no playmates of thine. Don Esteban—traitor of traitors—hath sold out his trust to a Gringo!"

Concepción gasped, paling and flushing. This, then, was the meaning of her father's perturbation: the ogre of her infancy was about to materialize amongst them. And a shrinking, guilty thrill shamed her daughterly chagrin. To deny it she summoned disdainful speech, and the mountain grandee's pride rekindled.

"Light of my life," he cried. "Thou sayest but truly. What matter a dog at the outer gate, so he may not enter the court within! I will trouble myself no more." And, true to his word, he put the bitterness of defeat under lock and key as he could not have done in his vigorous youth. Only when others spoke of Esteban Martinez, his friend, his eyes flashed fire. And stanch Doña Ysabel Paul was not deceived.

"You he can tolerate—for my sake, and for your British birth,"

she stilled her husband's joking tongue. "But this latest inroad is costing his prejudice dear; and you will see that Edgar Brownlee, *ranchero*, will never make love on Los Olivos doorstep."

For it came to that in a breathless term of weeks. Young blood leaps to young blood, and Don Antonio's daughter was very fair, while that the new owner of Bella Vista was both young and handsome burst upon the valley like a lightning bolt.

"They say he hath eyes like grey stars, my Concepción," babbled brown old Ana over her embroidery, whiling the long afternoon in the arbor of her nursling's beloved retreat. "And he rides—ah, he rides like the men of Monterey, where I was born, in the days when to ride was as to eat! Paquita, snuff-colored old fool, is so puffed up of his service she can talk of nothing else. He hath mined in old Mejico, and speaks the Spanish like a native born."

"What a pity a Señor so perfect boasts not a Castilian name!" quoth Concepción lightly. "If he had been Luis, or Rafael, or José, even my father might have welcomed him with open arms to our midst. What is it reads their English Shakespeare?—'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'"

The dame glanced birdwise at her mocking lip. She, too, long before Doña Ysabel, previsioned complications when fire and tow should meet, and sought in her own subtle fashion to forecast the direction of the wind. Only the old Don himself, blindly secure in his child's strength of purpose, took no steps to forestall the inevitable, laid no commands upon his bright bloom-lady's will.

Imbued from the beginning with a definite idea of what her feelings in the matter ought to be, the high-strung, affectionate girl duly smothered her young curiosity under a veil of disparaging indifference.

Yet, when she faced the invader in Don Richard Paul's great *sala*, her wilful pulses rioted him greeting, her gaze fell before that of her too-observant hostess. And afterward Fate marched rapidly—although she fought it from that hour when maiden modesty permitted realization of her involuntary perfidy. By paradox of the eternal feminine, the very outlawship with which she had invested his race drew her. The man himself did the rest.

"I feel a good deal like a burglar who, having entered an owner's premises by connivance of his majordomo, goes about to possess his chief jewel," he confided to Doña Ysabel when she taxed him with his desire. "Had I known this sky-valley's whole story when he first came to me, that suave Señor Martinez would never have persuaded me to a purchase.

"But I am not going to back down now—not until I know that I am as unacceptable to Concepción (her name alone is a poem) as I am to her stubborn sire. Why, he will not even recognize

me on the road—a common country courtesy! It is nonsense to condemn a man, not for anything he has done, or is like to do; not for religion, nor for politics, but simply because he belongs to the breed that has swallowed an old fossil's past."

But wise Doña Ysabel only shook her stately head. "What you are like to do is not going to mend matters," she said gravely. "I could find it in my heart to wish you ill of your wooing, Señor Neighbor, though I know too well '*Don Viejo's* day is done.'"

And Concepción, sick with the worry of her apostasy, holding her lover uncertain by force of a determination that did violence to the very fibre of her being, confined herself daily more and more to her own garden, curtailing her dangerous visits to Casa Loma, and her still more dangerous rambles by the creek-side, until his inmost soul despaired.

It was brown old Ana, freighted with anxiety at her nursling's altered mien, who precipitated the crash. Don Antonio found the comfort of his grey age curled up on the bench beneath the white rose-tree from which they two had been wont to overlook the little graveyard that held their all, and even to his unsuspecting eyes the piquant flash of her spirit was gone. His mentality jogged into startled attention, his rusty memory recalled her three-months-old plea for companionship; and his fatherhood prepared to mock his years. "Thy *dueña* says thou art pining, Niñita. Thy wicked old *padre* forgets that young lives long for youth. Shall I take thee to visit Precita next week? Or wouldst thou rather we ride to the good ladies of María Dolores, where thou wast at school? I love no longer that impious aggregation which was once the Pueblo de los Angeles of my young manhood; but if thou wish it I will put thee for a time in the Sisters' care, to visit among the family friends still left in that whirlpool of Mammon."

But somewhat to his surprise, the recipient of his promise faltered. "Do not send me from home, *Papacito*," she begged. "All that I love lies enclosed in this valley." And covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Struck with a strange thought, the old man drew her to his bosom.

"Thy mother was married scarce older than thou art, my Niña. I must find thee a suitable husband, that thy girlhood may come to its flower. Ah me! Had the Gringo but been of our people! From thine infancy, to mate with Bella Vista hath lain in my heart. But Esteban Martínez, God curse him, has other, strange, plans for his cub."

The girl slipped from his arms and stood before him, white as the drifted petals at her feet. "Marry me to the man of Bella Vista yet, my father," she murmured. "You may hold him an alien beast, but he is my choice."

Don Antonio Yznaga came of an ebullient race. And the tenets of a lifetime do not yield to sudden shock. For a moment he sat stricken dumb; then the hot blood flooded his brain. "My child, are you crazy?" he cried. And reading the confirmation of his nightmare in her eyes, wild speech broke all decent bounds.

"Never would I have believed the daughter of Doña Jacoba could so demean herself! You are no offspring of mine, or your tongue had refused its confession! When have you met this hound? How has he dared to address you? You, who bulwarked my soul with your pride of lineage. You to disgrace my whole life by proclaiming your love for a Yankee! Tell me the worst at once! How far on your stolen trysts has he forced your complaisance? She who ignores sacred obligation is not proof against dishonor—" Maddened by rage and grief, the whole intent of his words was to scourge. "Go!" he lashed out fiercely. "Go! And grovel in your guilt!"

If *concepción* had been wiser in the weakness of mankind, she would never have taken his first outburst at its face value. But she was very young—and self-accused. Even in her moment of daring, she had expected him to condemn. Only his exaggerated injustice kept her from falling at his feet in an agony of renunciation. "Nay, father—he is not like that!" she sobbed. And her instinctive defense of the absent male added fuel to the old man's flame.

"Go!" he cried violently again. "*Concepción* Yznaga is dead! Would God she lay safe yonder in the shade!" And sweeping his great cloak close, he strode stiffly toward the live-oaks' still, green dome.

Edgar Brownlee gathered the exhausted girl to his breast as if she had been a child. "You will send for the priest, dear Señora!" he commanded rather than begged of the mistress of Casa Loma.

And good Doña Ysabel answered: "I have sent."

Her own eyes were red with tears wrung for the motherless waif who had claimed her protection. In her aching heart she steadfastly believed that the friend of her youth would go down to his grave unforgiving toward them all for that day's work. But, the severing step being taken, it was better for the cowering *Concepción* to shelter in a husband's love, than for two more lives to be spoiled in a hopeless suit for her father's blessing.

And Padre Aloysius gave the same verdict, after questioning the fugitive with care. His riper experience could but deplore the girl's frightened exit from her father's house. In that, he knew, lay unpardonable sin. But what was done, was done, and to the best of his ability matters should be put right.

So the hastily wedded pair went subduedly to housekeeping among the peppers—to the clamorous rejoicing of old Paquita Real. And Concepción Brownlee haunted the bush-grown *zanja* for glimpses of the stern parent for whose clemency she dared not sue.

Once Don Antonio caught sight of her in the lower orchard, and sent old Tomás to insist, in a stammer of divided loyalty, that the trespassing Señora keep to her own side of the waterway. Once they met face to face on the open road, and, although she leaned flushing toward him, he made no sign.

He rode about the ranch as erectly as ever, but his visits to Vallecita ceased with the winter rains, and to Casa Loma he went no more. The few with whom he came in contact found his habitual suave courtliness unchanged; but not even Padre Aloysius spoke to him openly of his daughter. Fond old Ana risked his displeasure in stolen visits to Bella Vista, and a whisper passed fearfully among his servants; but none dared his offended eye, and the veteran *habitador* heard not at all.

The season warmed, and he slipped insensibly into the practice of glooming for hours on the bench under the white rose-tree overlooking his lonely graves. His household learned not to address him unnecessarily when he came heavily up from the garden with his face like a carven brown mask; but the place drew him as a mighty magnet. All the sweet and bitter of his existence seemed tangled in its odorous, thorny ways. He told himself over and over, with grim determination, that Concepción Yznaga was dead. And, dreaming that one more white stone hid under the live-oaks' near, green canopy, his fancy wandered unchecked among the scenes of his children's childhood. Again he saw Ysidro and little Luis breasting their prancing steeds up the lower hill. His best-beloved played before him, babe, girl-sprite, and maiden-grown, with blossoms in her hair. Then the grey roofs across the vale would thrust themselves upon his vision, and the pain would grind as before.

"She is still as the core of his heart—and if it continue thus cankered he will die," mourned Doña Ysabel protestingly. But her ruddy English spouse warned against an officious word. "We are in it too deep our dear selves," he reminded her whimsically. "And, according to your own count, fifty years' habit of thought, backed by hard-bitten Spanish pride, and his own spoken curse, have locked horns with his natural affection. All you can do for him now is to watch how it works out—and pray."

If the flouted mountain grandee had had a conscious thought in his hideous frenzy of discovery, it had been that Concepción, come to her senses, would seek his forgiveness on bended knees. That she was too truly the child of his blood to imagine his recession from a stand once taken, never entered his head. The de-

layed announcement of her disappearance, followed quickly by a copy of the marriage certificate, forwarded by thoughtful Padre Aloysius, turned the white-hot, flowing lava of his anger into stone. But being a man, not a mountain, that enduring burden of wrath brought its own punishment.

The years he had worn as a sovereign crown weighed his staggered spirit like lead. The polished accustomed carriage with which he cloaked his hurt covered a consciousness of decay galling beyond measure to one whose mastery had been sure. His interest in freehold and *hacienda* waned; they would pass to a distant cousin, who would cut the land into picayune American quarter-sections, beyond a doubt.—All but the graveyard and garden; he promised himself fiercely that these two should be kept inviolate, so far as legal entanglements could enforce his will. And his obsession prompted a clause that the perjured Concepción should never again set foot within their bounds. He could dream only under the roses, and in his active thoughts his cherished hate, long a sore cicatriced, rawed merely on its raised surface by the coming of the stranger, struck inward and consumed his soul.

His step grew slower, and the white thatch under his broad sombrero grew whiter. The reins of government fell more and more to faithful old Tomás, seeking his orders with clock-like regularity ere "*Don Viejo*" retired to brooding solitude for the day. The April Easter burst of blossoms passed, and the radiance of May dulled toward dusty June. The buttons of promise on the orange trees swelled globular, and donned a rougher green; and briars rioted unrebuked across the paths which it had been Concepción's self-imposed duty to define. The poppies' flaunting roadside gold grew small; and shrivelled brown Ana, hobbling by leafy shortcuts on her frequent errands of love, missed a pathetic small figure at the unofficial plank over the ditch. The stubby Doctor from Vallecita drew Edgar Brownlee aside, and laid down the law:

"This matter is more serious than perhaps it looks. Your wife has long been in no condition to regard life normally. Either you must take her away from here, which might prove only an aggravation, or she must be reconciled to her father out of hand. Else I will not answer for the consequences." And the young man, staring at him with startled, unseeing eyes, felt his own mordant pride give ground. He had sworn in his outraged heart that the valley's overlord might rot without hint of peace from him. But Concepción's life and reason were in danger, and the world was naught beside.

He lay awake long into the night elaborating an argument to capture the hard old veteran's redoubt; but it was Ana again who cut the Gordian knot. "There be just one thing maybe fetch him,"

she said between smiles and tears, "and Concepción no will know, for she only lies and cries."

Don Antonio sat leaning forward, with his weight on a stout oak staff. His eyes were on the grey gable across the vale, and the old pain gnawed apace; but it seemed that today he was even too tired to hate. He lifted his gaze to the high Sierra cut like a cameo against the blue, and a whiff of rose forced recollection home.

One year ago! One age-long year ago! Stifled, he raised lean fingers to his throat. The Yankee had left him stock and soil, and stolen his only child instead. Slowly, and with torturing exactitude, his mind re-lived the details of that day. He saw the girl's expectant flush, he heard again her eager plea. He had been blind! Young blood leaps to young blood. The horror of lone senility encompassed him afresh. In time he could have condoned a slip. But never unfilial abandonment!

Far down among the spreading orchard rows a bent old figure crossed the *zanja* plank, and hidden from the house-crowned height above, crooned upward through the silver olive-trees.

White petals drifted to the old man's feet. His thoughts drove forward to a deeper thrust. But in his anger he had bidden her: "Go!"

His words came back in their entirety. He knew at last their full significance, hid heretofore in hatred's turbulence. And the image of Doña Jacoba rose before him in proud reproach. How else might her daughter construe?

Below, in the listening distance, a little baby cried. Don Antonio's drooping head bowed stiffly, lowlier still. Once he had pictured Concepción's children at his knees. Now, if they came, he prayed he might not know.

A bent, black figure pressed the brambled path. The old nurse stood beside him, tremulous. The sound earth reeled and wavered in his sight.

Edgar Brownlee, *ranchero*, climbed the *hacienda* shortcut with hasty strides. Concepción was conscious, and calling for her boy.

At a wicket arched with roses, he met others issuing—a little old woman with her face wreathed in smiles above her burden of white, and a stately old man for whom, in choked silence, he stood aside.

But Don Antonio's stubborn wrath had been scored from the parchment scroll; the blood of the new California flowed in his grandchild's veins. His Spanish cloak fell back in heavy folds, and he held both hands to the man who had sent him joy.

"Concepción!" he cried. "My baby girl! Come, son, I go to her!"

San José.

FELIPE'S SUGARING-OFF

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THE great water-wheel was trundling as fast as ever the white impulse from the old stone aqueduct could kick it along. The wheel, indeed, grumbled at so much hard work; but the water only laughed and danced as the big iron jaws of the *trapiche* chewed up the yellow culms of sugar cane and spat to one side the useless pith, while the sweet, dark sap crept sluggishly down the iron conduit toward the sugar-house. In front was a very mountain of cane brought from the fields by bullock carts; and half a dozen sinewy negroes were feeding it, an armful at a time, between the rolls of the mill. Behind it others with wooden forks were spreading the crushed cane to dry for a day, after which it would be used as fuel to boil its own plundered juice. Off beyond the sugar building gleamed the white Moorish walls of the tile-roofed chapel and manor house, built three hundred years ago, when Peru was the richest crown jewel of Spain. Everywhere else stretched the great fields of cane—to the very foot of the sandhills of the encroaching desert, to the very rim of the blue Pacific. What an immensity of sugar it all meant!

The same thought struck the grizzled *administrador* this morning as he stood on a pier of the aqueduct—just where its stream pounced upon the lazy wheel—and swept the scene with those watchful old eyes. "Of a truth," he was saying to himself, "the world must be very large, as they say, and many must eat nothing else, for here we make every day forty thousand pounds of sugar, three hundred days of the year, and there are many other sugar haciendas in Peru, though maybe none so big as Villa. Truly, I know not where it all goes. *Hola!* Always that fellow!" and, springing to the ground as lightly as a boy, in two bounds he was at the mill.

There four of the negro laborers were in sudden struggle with a newcomer from the quarters—a huge black fellow, whose brutish face was now distorted by drunken rage. He was naked to the waist, and his dark hide bulged with tremendous muscles, as he swayed his four grapplers to and fro, trying to free his right hand, which clasped a heavy *machete*. This murderous combination of sword and cleaver, which lopped the stubborn cane at a blow, had found worse employment now, for a red stain ran down its broad blade, and on the ground lay a man clenching a stump of arm. Old Melito paused for no questions, but, plucking up a heavy bar of *algarroba*, smote so strongly upon the desperado's woolly pate that the ironwood broke. The black giant reeled and fell, and one of the men wrenched away the *machete* and flung it into the pool below the wheel.

"He came very drunk, and only because Roque brushed against him with an armful of cane he wanted to kill him," said the men as they knotted their grimy handkerchiefs upon the wrists and ankles of the stunned black.

"You did well to hold him," replied the *administrador*. "Bring now the irons and we will put him in the *calaboz* till tomorrow. Then he shall go to Lima to the prison, for we can have no fighting here, nor men of trouble."

A slender, big-eyed Spanish boy coming out a few moments later from the great castle arch of the manor house saw four peons lugging away between them the long bulk of the prisoner, and stopped to ask the trouble.

"Ah! That bad Coco. That he may never come back from Lima," said the young Spaniard earnestly. "He is a terror to all, and now I fear he will kill Don Melito, for Coco never forgets. I shall ask my father to see the prefect, that they keep him away. And the sugar?"

Felipe never tired of following all the processes with a grave air, as if it all rested upon his small shoulders. A boy who never felt that he was "helping"—if such a very helpless boy ever existed—has lost one of the best things in all boyhood, and Felipe could not have understood such a boy at all. He went on now and joined Don Melito, and the two stood together watching the vat with professional eyes while two negroes plied their plashing hoes. It was very hot work even to watch it, but a good *administrador* would never trust this to the laborers.

"Now you watch it a little," said Don Melito suddenly, with a roguish gravity, looking at the boy's preoccupied face. "As for me, I must see how are the *pailas*," and he climbed the steps to the platform where the caldrons were hissing with their new supply of sap.

Felipe, thus left alone with the heaviest responsibility he had ever borne, knit his smooth brows very hard and peered into the vat as if the fate of nations hung on his eyes. For the first time he began to doubt them. He wondered if it were not worked enough—if he had not better stop the hoes and get the molders to work. If only Don Melito would come back and decide for him!

But Don Melito was not here, and there were no signs of his coming. Perhaps he was leaving Felipe to find out the difference between knowing how some one else does a thing and how to do it one's self. The boy fidgeted up and down and looked at the vat first from one end and then from the other, and grew more doubtful the more he looked.

"I don't know, and I don't *know*," he cried to himself. "But sure it is that I must do something, for he left me in charge and perhaps

is busy with other matters, thinking I would not let it be spoiled. Put it in the molds!"

The men leaned their candied hoes against the wall. The molders began ladling their buckets full, and, in turn, filling the shallow molds. The color there darkened again as sudden crystallization set in; but Felipe felt a great load lifted off his shoulders. He was very sure now that it was a good color—not a hint of the hateful underdone black, but a soft, rich brown, shading to gold at the thin edges.

Now he was free—the laborers could attend to the rest, as usual—and he would go and hunt for Don Melito. He ran up the steps and along the platform—and half way stopped short, as if he had run against a wall.

The rusty irons should never have been trusted with that giant's strength! They might do for common men, but for Coco—as soon as consciousness came back to him, and with it the old rage, he had snapped them, and, wrenching out the iron bars from the window of the *calaboz*, had come for his revenge. Even now he was shaking his wrists, one still hooped with the iron band, before the old *administrador's* face, and hissing: "You! *You* did me this! And now I will boil you!"

Don Melito stood still and gray as a stone, looking up into Coco's eyes. His hat was in his hand on account of the heat; but now he put it on as if scorning to stand uncovered before the fellow—put it steadily upon the curling gray hair that reached barely to the level of those great naked chest muscles.

"I did strike you down and ordered you to be ironed, Coco," he said quietly, "and I would do so again. Now I am going to send you to Lima. There is no place at Villa for people like you."

But Coco leaped upon him like the black jaguar, and clutched him with those long, knotted arms. Melito was sinewy and lithe as a cat, but he was no match for this huge foe. He fought for life, but Coco with the equal desperation of hate. Struggle as he would, he was borne back and back until his legs cringed from the glow of the *paila*. At this he made so wild a lunge that it bore them back a few feet; but it was only for a moment. Inch by inch the negro urged him toward that bubbling roar which seemed to drown all other sounds. And even now, with a wild chuckle, the giant doubled him backward against the edge of the *paila*, with a black, resistless palm under his chin.

Only an instant had Felipe stopped, frozen, at sight of Coco; in another he had sprung to the rail, shrieking to the men below: "Juan! Sancho! Quico! Come!" And then, rushing at the struggle, he flung himself as ferociously upon Coco as Coco had attacked Don Melito. But it seemed as if he were back in some dread-

ful dream. He hammered with futile fists upon that bare and mighty back, and caught a fierce hold about one of those gnarled legs and tugged to trip it, and kicked it with crazy feet. But it was all with the nightmare sense that he was doing nothing by all his efforts. Indeed, it is half doubtful if the infuriated Coco knew at all of this attack in the rear. What to him were the peckings of a twelve-year-old boy?

Would the men never come? Felipe redoubled his kicks and blows, but with a sickening fear. Don Melito was weakening—already his head was thrust back over the steam of the *paila*. Only for his arms locked about the giant's waist, he would go in. And now Coco's huge hand came behind him and wrenched at the old man's slender ones, tearing open finger by finger resistlessly. In another moment it would be too late to think.

Aha, Mr. Coco! The boy sprang to the second *paila* and snatched the long-handled skimmer that leaned against it, and, dipping it full from the caldron, flung the molten sugar squarely upon Coco's back. Howling, the negro whirled about, dropping the half-senseless *administrador* from him, and sprang at Felipe. But the boy stood stiff and very white, holding the ladle back aloft. "This time in the eyes!" he cried, hoarsely. "If you touch Don Melito again, or me, I will throw it in your face!"

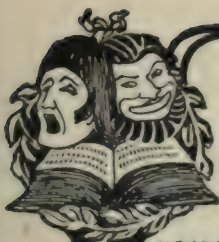
Even Coco hesitated at this. He was not too drunk with rage to know what boiling sugar meant. Plainly, this little fool had the advantage. He must be tricked—and then—. But just then a wan smile flitted across Felipe's face, and, as Coco half turned his head to see what pleasing thing could be behind him, he got a glimpse of Pancho, the horse-breaker, and something dark and wavy in the air. He ducked forward, but a rope settled upon his broad shoulders, tightening like iron, and he was jerked backward to the ground, and a dozen men were upon him.

Coco made no more trouble on the hacienda of Villa. At Lima he found the prompt justice which sometimes happens in Peru. Don Melito was in bed several days, for he had been roughly handled in body and in nerves. The first day on which he could sit up a little, Felipe brought him a cake of *chancaca*.

"Thank you," said the old man, laying it on the coverlet. Sugar was an old story to him.

"But you must taste this, my *administrador*, and see if it is all right."

"It is good," answered Melito, munching submissively. And then, with a sudden light: "It is *very* good—as good as I could have made myself. Quite right. And I think you sent it to the molds at just the right time!"



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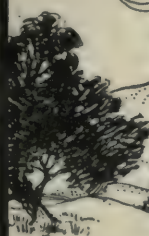
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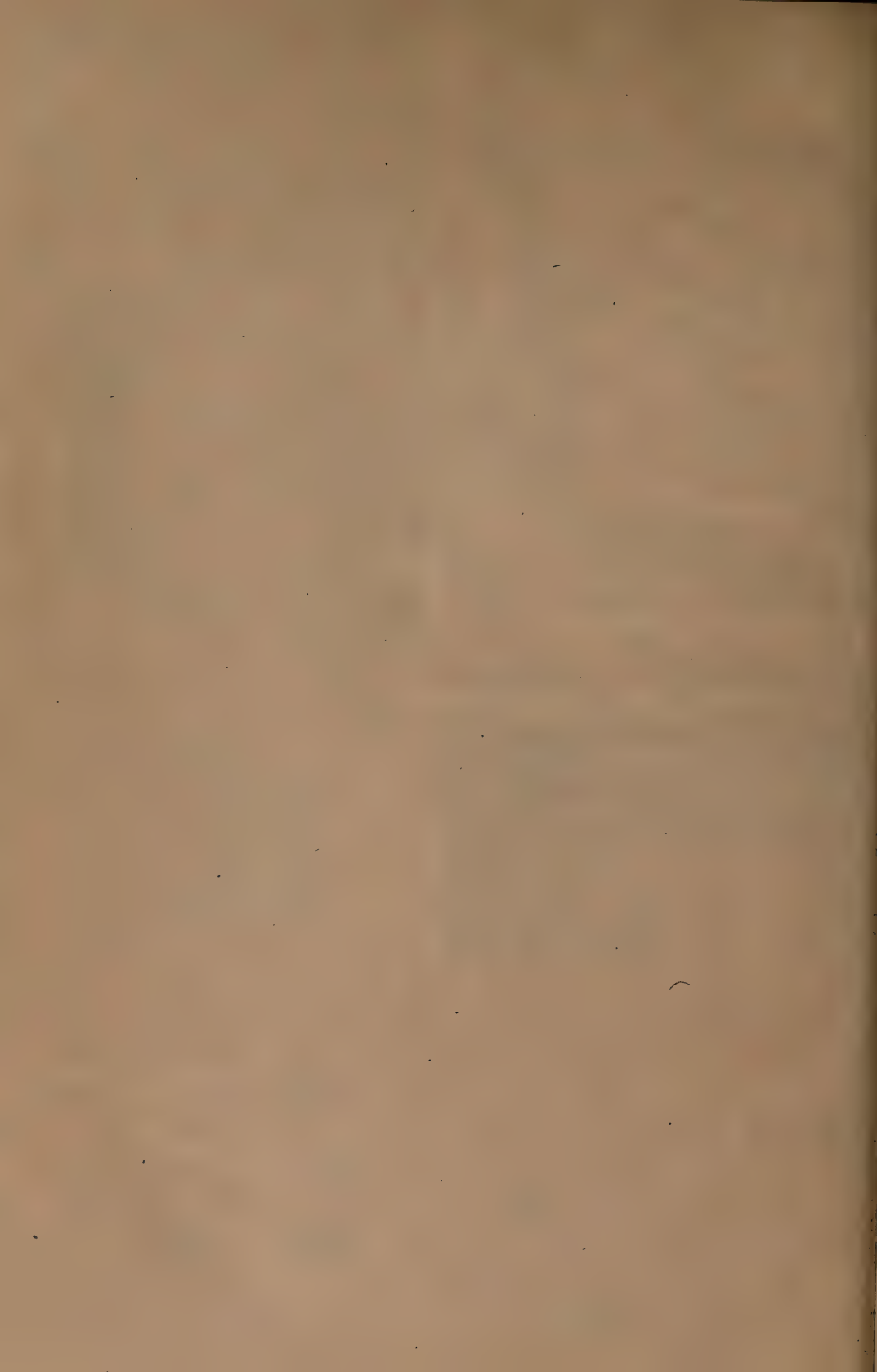
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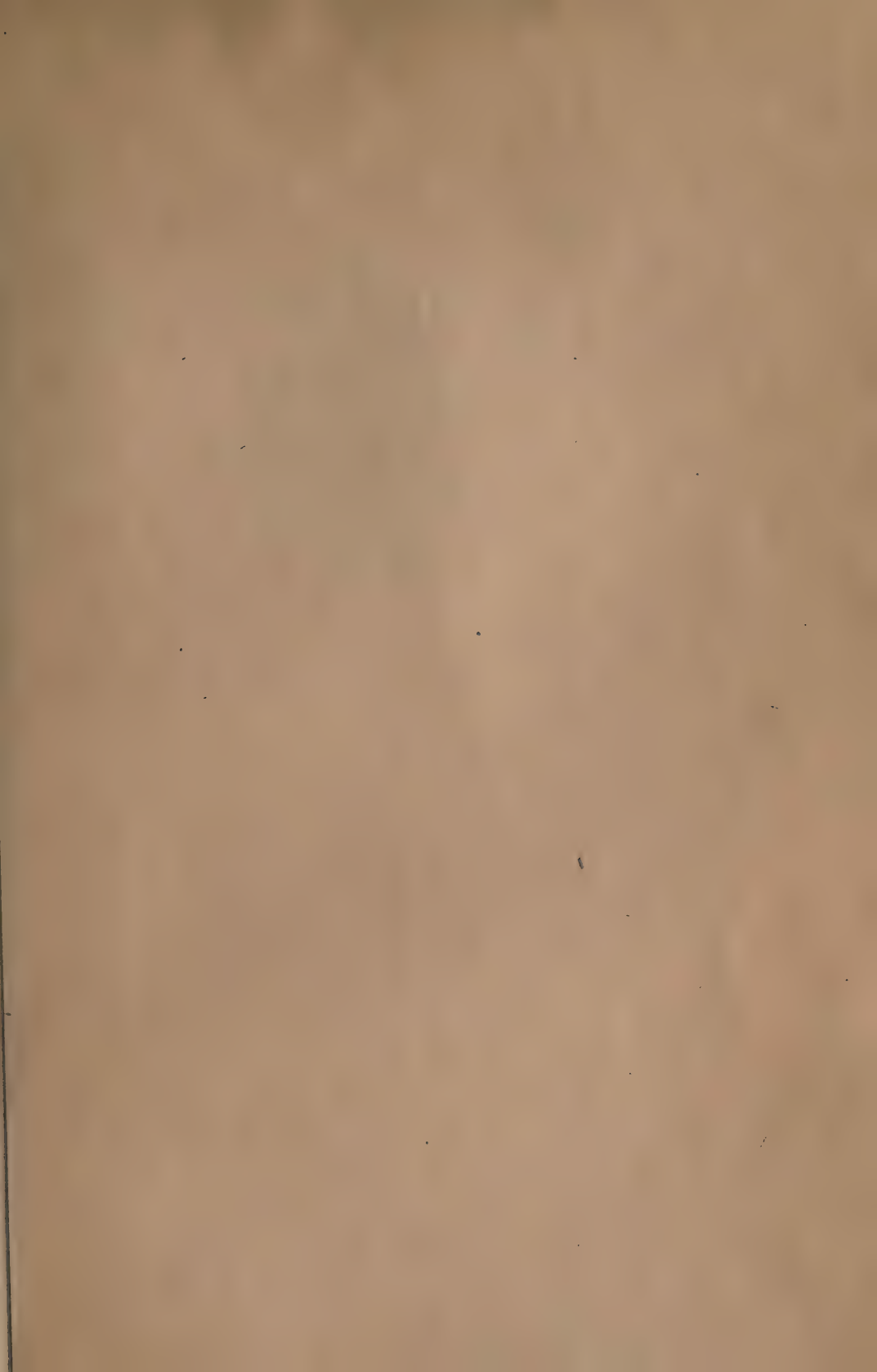
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Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps

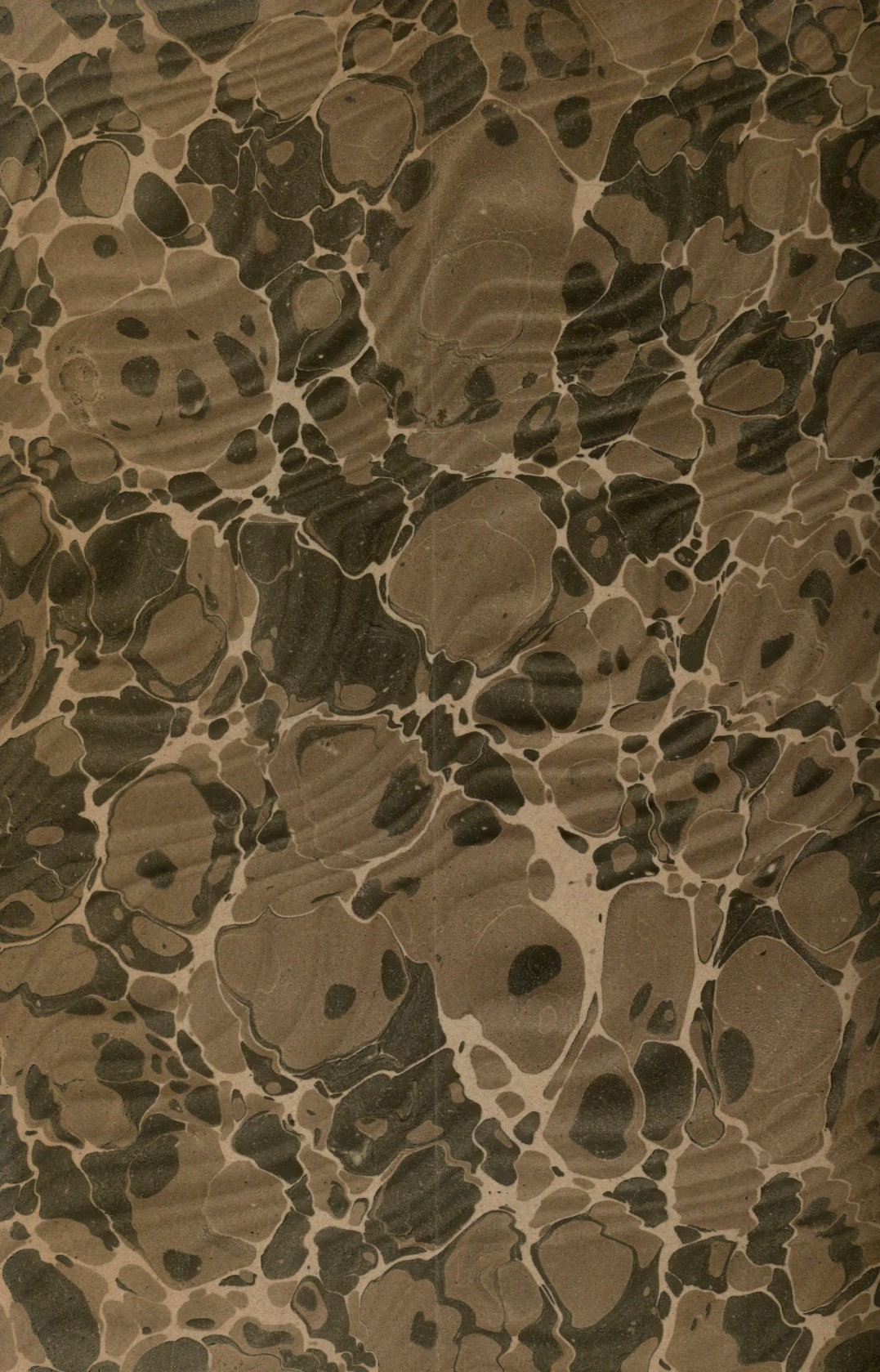
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
Eeeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada











The image shows a close-up of a book cover with a marbled paper pattern. The pattern consists of large, irregular, organic shapes in shades of brown, tan, and cream, creating a complex, cellular texture. A light-colored, triangular paper label is affixed to the upper left portion of the cover. The label is oriented with its hypotenuse towards the bottom left, and the number '176957' is printed in a dark, sans-serif font on its surface.

176957

